



**MOOKHTAR-OOL-MOOLK**

*Sir Salur Jung Bahadoor G. C. S. I.*

ECOSIA





Expressly designed and prepared for the  
 Great Exhibition of 1851

THE  
ENGLISHWOMAN'S  
DOMESTIC MAGAZINE.

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL,

COMBINING

Practical Information, Instruction, and Amusement.

NEW SERIES.

VOL. V.

LONDON:  
S. O. BEETON, 248, STRAND, W.C.



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## CHAPTER XVIII.

As Christopher sat on the edge of Madgie's little table, watching Constance darn his uncle's grey stockings, and waiting for her answer to the perplexing question he had just put, 'Duke came into the kitchen with his ship to ask him when he would take him down to the river to sail it.

"Oh, we'll see about that after tea," Christopher said, smiling at the intense relief which Constance could not hide at the interruption.

"And, Conny, you must come too," said 'Duke, patronisingly. "May my sister come with us, Christopher?"

"Certainly."

"And Merrylegs?"

"Well, yes, Merrylegs can come if your sister has no objection."

This was said a little mischievously, for the Poplar and Merrylegs had been by no means good friends at Lymp-ton, where he flew at her heels almost every time she went out. Christopher's tone brought this back to her, but she only smiled, and readily extended the hand of forgiveness to Merrylegs, saying, as she held his broad paw—

"Oh, no, Christopher! I am sure I shouldn't like Merrylegs to stay away for me on any account. If we can't agree, of course I know he is your oldest friend, and I must give way to him."

"Well, then, Merrylegs shall go," said Christopher; "and I'll answer for his being on his best behaviour. I'm going up to Limerish now, but you go down to the water-side when you've done your teas, and Merrylegs and I'll soon make our appearance. Good-bye for the present."

"Good-bye, Christopher," said the child; "we will be sure to be there"—and her face flushed and lighted up with a ray of genuine pleasure as she once more bent over her work—and oh, how the little brown fingers flew! A vision floated before her eyes—a vision of the shining river, with its pale green banks, where she was going to walk with Christopher, in the still evening, and taste her first and last of liberty, and rest, and peace, before work, real hard work, must begin. Yes, the fingers flew, and so fast and so deftly, that, when Madgie came in with the

milk for tea, the grey stockings were finished, and the little sempstress was ready to assist in preparing that comfortable meal.

"Where's Kit?" inquired the landlord, as he sat down at the table and saw his nephew's place empty.

"Oh, gone to look at Mister Dale's new threshing-machine; there's something wrong with it, and they've sent for him," answered his wife.

"I wish folks 'ud leave him to keep to his own trade, and not go making him think he can understand everything. What does he know about engineerin'?"

Constance thought tea would never be over—and, indeed, it was usually a heavy meal on Saturdays, to make up for the bread and cheese dinners which Mrs. Standish always inflicted on the household on that day, to save cooking. Before the meal was over, Constance saw, through the back window, the shadows creeping higher and higher up the stable wall, and, at the front, she saw the crocuses closing, and feared that all the brightness and sparkle must die out of the valley before they reached the river-side.

"Where are *you* going, young sir?" inquired the landlord, as 'Duke, when the meal was over, got down from his chair, and took his ship in his arms.

"He is going to try his ship in the river, please," Constance answered for him, quite at a loss how to ask leave for herself.

"Then get on your bonnet, lass, and go with him," said Mrs. Standish, kindly. "It's pleasant down there by the water-side; go—it'll do you good."

So they went out together joyfully, and up the quiet village street, passing the chesnuts, where the old man sat, and the prim church, and the school, and then over the stile, and through the hushed market-gardens and fields that went slanting down to the river. They came upon it suddenly at last, for, as they had got low down in the valley, the thickening trees had hidden it from their view, but now, through a break in the trees, they came upon it, and stood on its brink, following with thoughtful eyes the shining little waves as they rolled along.

Just here the river seemed to have a separate world of its own, shut in from the outer world by ranks of trees towering grandly one above another, till the chesnuts showed their pale, crimped leaves against the sky. Though, as Constance had feared, the sunshine had died away from the spring foliage and the water, she did not miss it here, for this river-world possessed a faint, mysterious lustre of its own. It seemed to Constance that every tree—from the limes and chesnuts high above to the willows and young aspens fringing the banks—gave forth a light of its own, each tender and faint, but each different. The white buds on the black thorn glimmered like strings of pearls, and the tufts of primroses shone clear and luminous on the river's brink, like a reflection of the coming stars; the water itself kept breaking into little circles of silver light, as the trout leaped in it, snatching at the gnats buzzing and whirling above. And even as the light of day, so also the sounds of day, were not missed, for the river sang as it flowed—sang in its strong, calm voice, reminding one of a happy life flowing on and on, in faith and strength, to the sea of eternity. And the child sat down on the stone beside it, and listened to it, and drew comfort and peace from its song.

She had not sat there many minutes, listening to the river, and watching 'Duke flitting hither and thither along the bank, before her ear caught another sound, and she smiled without taking her eyes from the grey water. It was Christopher's whistle—that same clear, brilliant whistle she had heard piercing through the

March wind in the avenue where she fainted—the same, indeed, that she had often and often listened to as she sat at her little bedroom window in the early summer morning at Lymp-ton. She smiled to herself now as she remembered how she used to wonder who it was that whistled with such wonderful clearness and accuracy, and how she mingled this whistle with the wild old romances she used to take, one by one, from her father's shop, and read and dream over in her dreary attic.

"Hullo!" shouted Christopher, leaping down the bank, with Merrylegs after him. "What, here first?"

She looked up, and made room for him on the stone; and, being tired, Christopher sat down, and Merrylegs went tearing off to where he saw 'Duke, far away along the bank, looking like a speck on the water's edge. Christopher took up the ship from where it rested against Constance's feet, and, while examining it and tightening the sails, broke out again with a whistle, not sharp nor brilliant now, but modulated to the low, soft river music, and the sighing of the trees as the wind made their crisp young leaves brush together. Truly, there must be music in Christopher's soul, Constance thought (though she could not put her thoughts into words), as she gazed up in his face with childish wonder and awe, that he was thus able to make his whistle blend so perfectly with the trees and the river that it no more destroyed the harmony than did the waving of the rushes, or the breathing of the blue hyacinths.

"Christopher," she said, under her breath, and without moving her wondering eyes from his face—"Christopher, I wish you would sing the same thing that you are whistling. Are there words to it?"

Christopher looked at her in surprise.

"What was I whistling?" he asked.

"I don't know. It was a soft, sad tune, like the sound of the water."

"Was it this?"

And, setting down the ship, and leaning his head on his hand, he hummed the refrain of a plaintive old love-song that Constance had often heard her mother sing over her work long years ago, and she looked up, with tears in her eyes, and nodded, though it was not the air he had been whistling; and then Christopher, smiling at her earnestness, began the first line of the song, and sang it through, in a voice so full, and sweet, and exquisitely modulated, that the "Little Poplar" was too much stirred to sit still. She rose up on the stone, and stood listening, with her brown hands clasped, and eyes brimming over with tears, while the sound flowed round her; and it did not seem to be Christopher alone who sang, but the river and the reeds along its brink. The sighing willows and rustling hawthorns, taking their key-note from his voice, seemed to swell the sound till it filled all the little river-world, and rose up—up—beyond the limes—beyond the highest chestnuts, and out into the blue space where the evening star shone all alone in its tender beauty. Yes, the "Little Poplar" wept, for her heart struggled and rebelled under its heavy weight of care, and yearned with a strong and passionate yearning to be released. "Why did you tell me life was all dark and bitter?" it cried to her. "Is there such beauty and joy in it as this I feel go by me, and must I be shut out from it for ever and ever?" At this instant, as she stood there, she might, indeed, have been the poplar, and Christopher's voice might have been the south wind whispering round it, laden with the sweet odour of distant hay-fields and bruised clover, and making it moan and lash the sky, and turn this way and that, in wild longing,



as it hears of all the wondrous wealth of summer beauty lying beyond its desolate wold.

Christopher finished his song; the last notes died away down the river, and lingered quivering among the rushes as on the strings of a harp; yet the dark, lithe figure on the stone stood motionless. He had watched it all the while he sang, and thought how eerie and elf-like it looked, as the wind blew its scant robe and short, jetty hair all one way, showing the sharp outline of its face and form. As he looked at her now, without knowing whether he had pleased or pained, she met his eye, and, crouching down upon the stone, hid her face in her hands, and he could hear her low, half-stifled sobbing. Christopher was much perplexed; never having had a sister of his own, he understood nothing of the nature of little girls, and generally disliked and avoided them, Madgie alone excepted; but then she was two years older than himself, and of a calm, lazy temper that never troubled any one. Yet, though they annoyed and perplexed him, these outbursts of the "Little Poplar" seemed to tell of an earnest, passionate nature that was not without its charm to him, strange and new as it was. He looked at the young form that he had twice borne in his arms as a dead thing—looked at it bowed down beside him. A wish, too strong to spring merely from curiosity, possessed him to fathom the mystery that enshrouded it. He hardly knew the sound of his own voice as he touched her on the shoulder, and said—

"What is the matter? Why don't you tell me?"

Constance did not move, but the strange, sweet kindness of Christopher's voice went straight to her heart, and a great lull came over her—such a lull as fell upon the troubled waters when One said unto them, "Peace, be still." Would she hear that voice again—just the same, low and somewhat unsteady, but oh, so sweet, so very sweet, for its kindness? She sat still, waiting, in trembling, happy silence.

"Come, let me help you, if I can. You could trust me, couldn't you?"

She raised her face, just as it was, wet with tears, and radiant in its happiness, and looked into his.

"Christopher!" she said, "do you remember that dreadful, dreadful night?"

"Look!" said Christopher, smiling, and holding out his hand.

She bent over it, and he saw her lips turn white and quiver as she looked at the half-healed burn.

"For me," she murmured—"for me. Oh, Christopher!"

"Well," said Christopher, laughing, "I don't suppose it would have pained the less if it had been for anybody else. But what about that night, then?"

"You asked me, Christopher, if I could trust you, and I was going to tell you that, since that night, I have felt as if I could trust you before any one in the world, because you were the only one in the world who thought me worth risking life for."

"Well, then," returned Christopher, "if you really feel so, Pop—Constance, I mean—tell me what all this is about, for your own sense must tell you how impossible it is for me to be a friend to you, and help you as I would, when I stand in this curious position between Mr. Chorley and my uncle, actually cheating them both."

"All I can tell you, Christopher," she answered with mournful firmness, "is this: I have him"—and she pointed to 'Duke, who was guiding his ship, which he had taken away while Christopher was singing, along the edge of the river—"I have him to work for and bring up all by myself. We have no home, no father—

yes, yes, I know what you mean—he lives, but I tell you we haven't any father—no, Christopher, we are alone in the world."

"Then, of course," said Christopher, "if that's all I'm to know, it's impossible for me to help you."

Those large, liquid eyes, gazing down at the river, grew so full of anguish and despair, that he half repented of the tone in which this was said.

"Ah, Christopher, Christopher, how I wish, oh, how I wish, there'd never been a lie told since the world began—so that you wouldn't think, so that you wouldn't dream, of disbelieving me when I tell you that, as sure as there is a river at our feet, as sure as there is a God in heaven, Christopher, it is not anything I have done that has brought us to this. If it were, Christopher, and if it were for myself that I have left home and him, I couldn't have borne all that I have—I must have gone back long before. I couldn't feel this great thankfulness to you, Christopher, for saving me that night, but should hate you for not having left me to die."

It was not easy to sit there and listen to that childish voice, and doubt the truth of what it uttered with such passionate vehemence; nor to look into that childish face without perceiving that it was conscious truth ennobled it.

"Constance Chorley," said Christopher, forgetting for the moment she was a child, "I do believe you. I promise I will help you in whatever I can, without wanting to know more."

"You do!—you will?" she said, and such a smile illumined the sallow little face! He had seen that smile twice before—once when she lay under the fiery beam, and once when she looked at him from the window of "The Waggoner's Rest." He had thought then it must have been the glare of the yellow crocuses that gave it its strange charm; but now he could see it was the heart's own sunshine breaking through the clouds.

"Then you are satisfied now?" he said, smiling also. He half expected another outburst of gratitude, but she merely nodded as she looked down on the river, and answered, in a low, quivering tone—

"Yes, Christopher, thank you—quite—quite satisfied."

'Duke shouted and sang to his little fairy ship. The daylight fled, and the pale moonbeams stole in through the branches, and each leaf and flower gave forth a lustre more soft and bright than ever.

It was strangely out of keeping with Christopher's restless nature to spend two whole hours in idleness, and he could not understand how they had passed so quickly, nor could he understand the dreamy, exquisite pleasure which stole over him with the voice of the river and the faint moonlight. Was it thoughts of Madgie? Perhaps it was. Constance wondered—he wondered himself—if he had been fancying that quiet little companion at his side, across whose clear brow and cheek flickered shadows of the overhanging leaves, to be his cousin Madgie. He was half inclined to believe he had.

And yet, when in his dreams that night, and long after, the sweet April evening and the shining river came before him, it was not that cabbage-rose face of Madgie's, with its lips reminding one of the cherry season, and roving blue eyes, but a little face as pure and fragile as the hawthorn-blossom that he looked for in his vision—a little face with a thin, pensive mouth, and dark eyes swimming in happy, holy light.

## CHAPTER XIX.

"Go, Madgie," said Mrs. Standish, on Sunday morning, as she took one of the best table-cloths from the old press—"go out in front, and see if there's any signs of your uncle's 'shay.'"

Madgie, who, with her father and Kit, had just returned from church, put down her prayer-book, and went out to the gate.

"Yes, here they are!" she cried, coming back instantly.

"No, you don't say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Standish, adjusting her cap by the aid of one of her bright tin covers, and hastening out, followed by the landlord and Christopher. "Are they all there?"

"Yes," said Madgie. "There's Uncle Vallon, and aunt, and grandfather, and the baby, and the fiddle-case."

"What did they want with both?" Kit grumbled, as he watched the tardy approach of the "shay." "As if the baby wouldn't have given us music enough!"

It had been no easy task for Uncle Vallon to get the "shay" to accommodate its wheels to the deep ruts made by the waggons on the previous day. At last, by allowing the wheels on one side to roll along a rut, and those on the other to remain on high ground, it was managed; but then it came along in so tipsy and indolent a manner as to give the impression of a dinner-party returning rather than of hungry guests impatient to take their places at the table. Very high up on the one side appeared, in black and glossy array, with a daffodil nodding from his button-hole, Uncle Vallon, bending down, intent on the horse's legs. Very low down on the other side, looking over the baby's splendid feather, was the pale, careful face of Mrs. Vallon, Christopher's mother; and supported on end between them was the fiddle-case, almost concealing "grandfather," who was behind it.

"Well, father," was Kit's salutation as the horse kicked and scrambled to find a firm spot on which it might stand still in front of the gate, "aint you afraid o' being taken up for furious driving, cutting along on the Sunday at this break-neck rate?"

"Eh, Kit, are we late?" said Mr. Vallon, springing down lightly, whip in hand, and passing his son by with a hearty thump on the back. "How do, Standish? Beautiful weather!"

"Quite well, thankee, Jack—how are you?" said the landlord, and the brothers-in-law shook hands, while Mrs. Standish, Madgie, and the small servant made a rush at the baby.

"If we're late, Margaret," said Uncle Vallon to Mrs. Standish, as she helped her sister-in-law down from the "shay," "you must blame your gingerbread roasts and baby; but Eppie will tell you all about it."

"Why, you see," said Mrs. Vallon, apologetically, "we always trust to baby to wake us, and he overslept himself this morning, bless him! and then we had such a hunt for one of his red shoes, which he had hid in the toe of his father's boot; but I do hope you haven't spoilt your dinner for us, Margaret."

"Lor', no, dear! Where's that girl? Here, Madgie, take your aunt up-stairs to right herself, and see that there's towels, and pins on the cushion, while I go and take up the dinner. Go into the parlour with Jack, Standish. It is a pity if

Jemmy can't see to that 'shay.' I'd keep a hostler, I would, and give him what you do, and feed him on the fat o' the land, jis to lay about in the stables from mornin' to night."

"Heyday! who have we here?" said Uncle Vallon, laying his hand on 'Duke's fair head.

The landlord turned and winked, to attract his brother-in-law's attention, and beckoned him with his pipe into the little back parlour.

"There's your business going to be settled for you," said Kit, as 'Duke climbed up into the "shay" to be driven round by Jemmy to the back premises.

Dinner was soon announced by the little maid; and the company, collecting from bedroom and parlour, adjourned to the kitchen.

"What are you two laying your heads together about?" asked Uncle Vallon, as he saw his wife and sister whispering together. "No good, I'll be bound."

"Why, we was saying, if you gentlemen make no objection, we don't see why them poor little strangers shouldn't sit down along with us, and have their dinner while it's hot," said Mrs. Vallon.

"Not I, not I! and if Kit does, he's no son of mine."

Kit, with whom the idea originated, could not forbear a smile as he seated himself opposite Daniel Chorley's children, for he wondered what the "old gentleman" would say to see his boy, so daintily bred, so tenderly nurtured, allowed as a favour to take his place at table with a wheelwright and a publican. Soon all were seated, and Grandfather Vallon said grace. Humphrey Standish, attired in his Sunday suit of pepper-and-salt, sat at the head of the long table, sharpening his carving-knife. His wife, in her shot-silk dress and amber cap-ribbons, was on his right, and Mrs. Vallon, in black satin, and blonde cap trimmed with pale blue, on his left. Next her was the baby, then Constance, then 'Duke. Uncle Vallon occupied the end of the table, and Grandfather Vallon, Madgie, and Christopher filled up the other side.

Now, ever since the two families had been allied by marriage, the custom was, when any important family business had to be settled, to hold a consultation-dinner at "The Waggoner's Rest." Kit remembered several of these dinners—indeed, more than one had been holden on his account; but not a single instance could he recollect when he had not felt considerably greater interest in pondering and conjecturing what lay beneath these bright, but battered, old dish-covers, than in listening to the discussion carried on by his elders. Now, however, when, on this first Sunday in the eighteenth April of his existence, his relatives were gathered together to decide by which of the numerous handicrafts he was master of he should earn his bread through life, he felt, as he sat before his untouched dinner, that peculiar strain at his waistcoat-buttons which in former times he never knew until after the third course of pudding. In vain he tried, by chatting lightly with Madgie, to keep up an appearance of unconcern; his hand shook as he passed the loaded plates to their various destinations, and all he said wanted point. His aunt and uncle saw and attributed his unusual behaviour to simple excitement, but his mother's soft brown eyes were fixed upon his face with a look that showed sympathy with a much deeper feeling she knew to be astir in Kit's heart just now. Up to this day Kit's life had been one bright advance. He knew no regretful yearnings after the past. If he looked back at all it was to view with pleasure the progress he had made, for nothing did it contain brighter than what he saw in the future. If

yesterday took a hope away, to-day brought a more radiant one to lead him on. But now had come a time when this bright advance must stop—when his airy dreams must be confined within the narrow limits of the workshop—when the line of social distinction, which his eyes as yet had scorned to see, should be made for ever impassable—and, as he looked into the gleaming cover where passed before his eyes a series of consultation-dinners, marking all the important stages of the “set grey life” he was about to enter upon, far in the future he saw himself sitting at the end of the table—where his father sat—deciding the fate of his son. And would it go on so for ever? he asked himself. Were his sons, for generation after generation, to sit at that table and make their choice, simply between the mallet and the spade, the shop and the plough? Yes, Kit asked himself these questions, and a spirit of fierce, but smothered, rebellion against he knew not what, swelled his heart.

During these consultation-dinners it was customary to allow the company to take off the edge of their appetites before commencing business. Then, ere the second tending of meat, Grandfather Vallon arose, and drew attention, by an appropriate speech, to the occasion which had brought them together.

All manner of noises filled Kit’s ears, and a film came across his eyes as he saw the tall, lanky figure of his grandfather rise and stick its yellow fists on the table, and bend over it; and, one by one, each knife and fork ceased to clatter, and was laid in brief repose across the plate. Humphrey Standish covered over the great round of beef that was before him, and leaned forward with his arms on the table. Mrs. Standish laid a finger on her cheek, and assumed an air of grave responsibility. Mrs. Vallon had enough to do to keep the baby from crawling right across the table to its grandfather, who, it fancied, invited its approach.

“Humphrey Standish,” began old Vallon, looking, not at the landlord, but at his son Jack, who now and then encouraged him in his speech with nods and—“Right, right—just so, just so”—“Humphrey Standish, according to the old, original rule—”

“Yes, yes—just so,” said Uncle Vallon, with an approving nod.

“My family,” proceeded old Vallon, “is come over for the purpose of consulting your family on an event, or a piece of business—”

There he paused, and looked doubtfully at Jack.

“Yes, yes—it doesn’t matter which; go on—event, or piece of business.”

“Likely to prove of great importance to both families.”

“Ay, that’s very true,” said Mrs. Standish, emphatically, wiping her eyes as she looked at Madgie and Christopher. “Go on, grandfather.”

“And this event is,” old Vallon proceeded, “the deciding on some respectable trade for my dear grandson, Christopher, by which he may earn his bread like an honest man, as his father, and grandfather, and great-grandfather did before him. There, Jack! I think that’s what you wanted me to put before Humphrey Standish, isn’t it?”

And grandfather sat down and wiped his forehead.

“Yes,” said Uncle Vallon; “I think grandfather’s put it all before you very neat; and now, Standish and Margaret, what say you?”

“I say this,” answered Mrs. Standish, folding her arms, and gazing admiringly at Kit, “that there never was, nor never will be, a lad so hard to choose a trade for as him; and why? because he’s got every trade going at his fingers’ ends.

I'm sure, where he picked 'em all up beats me to this day. One time I see him mendin' Madgie's little table, and I says to Humphrey, 'Oh, there's no doubt about it, Kit's heart and soul a joiner!' but turn my back a minute, and there's the old clock on the stairs, as stopped a week before he was born, a-ticken as if there had been nothing the matter with it! But Lor'! it's the same with everything; and, as I say, how did he come by it all? How come he to understand everything like this, from the Latin gibberish in his prize grammar to the workings of a clock's inside? He goes about things in such a knowing, easy way, and looks at 'em as much as to say, 'I understand all about you—don't have any nonsense with me!'—and, if you'll believe me, I can't help fancying, sometimes, when I'm expecting of him down, that the clocks keep better time, and the doors stop creaking, as if they was afraid of him."

"Ay, ay—that's all very well," said the landlord; "but he wont get a honest living by being a Jack-of-all-trades—that's quite certain."

"Well, and what's your advice, Humphrey?" asked Uncle Vallon.

"Why, that he sticks to his father's business, and knocks all the other nonsense out of him."

All the company looked at Kit and Kit's father, to see what they thought of this advice. The son remained immovable, with his eyes dull and fixed—not a shadow of a smile had his aunt's rhapsody brought forth on his face. The father leaned his elbow on the table, and his bright black eyes searchingly and seriously gazed into the uncertain grey ones of the landlord.

"How do you mean, Humphrey Standish?" said he, in a tone of mild reproof. "Why do you call the talents it has pleased God to give my boy nonsense?"

"Because they seem as if they'd keep him from settling to one honest trade," growled the landlord.

"Stay! I think, Humphrey, you are wrong there," said Uncle Vallon, a little excitedly. "I used to think, when I was a boy—and it has grown upon me year by year—that, to get one trade to perfection, you *must* have some knowledge of all. Still, I grant it makes it very difficult to choose for him at the outset—so difficult, indeed, that I have been years making up my mind about it."

"Perhaps you have made up your mind," said the landlord, shortly; "because, if you have, you had better tell us at once, and not go asking advice just to puff it away."

"Yes, Humphrey Standish," Kit's father answered, quietly but firmly—"I have made up my mind."

Jack Vallon made up his mind on such an important affair as this, and before a consultation-dinner had been held upon it! His father, sister, and brother-in-law—nay, even his own wife and Kit—were overwhelmed with amazement, and fell to wondering whatever would come next.

"And pray what might your mind be?" inquired the landlord, as soon as his astonishment found voice; and every eye, save Kit's, was turned upon Uncle Vallon.

The wheelwright hemmed and coughed as if he had got something in his throat he couldn't swallow; and the upper halves of his cheeks which were not concealed in his stiff, stand-up collar, became, by turns, red and pale. Kit, in the midst of his anxiety, was aware that Madgie was laughing in her sleeve at his father's ridiculous appearance just now, with his hands twitching one another, and the long

daffodil all a-tremble in his button-hole. It was the last time in his life Kit was ashamed of his father. Suddenly, as they all looked at him, as at one whose brain had given way, Uncle Vallon threw off his nervous, hesitating manner, and, leaning forward, with his hands clasped on the table, and turning his eyes, brimful of modest pride and tenderness, upon his son, said, in a voice loud and distinct, but trembling with emotion—

"Yes, I have decided on what I will make of Christopher: not a carpenter, though I humbly believe he wouldn't find his equal, if I did; nor yet a wheelwright, though he could shame his father. He knows much; but, to be that which I would make him, he must know much more—must labour and strive harder than he has ever done yet. It's no trade I am going to put him to—it's a profession."

"A profession!" was echoed on all sides.

"Yes, I am going to put him in a position to fight his way amongst the best of 'em. I've got the money to do it—money earned by the sweat of my brow on purpose for him, when I might have been taking my rest—and I will do it! Yes, Humphrey Standish, with God's blessing, I will make my son an engineer and a gentleman!"

Christopher sat still, looking down into his plate, all unconscious of the amazement, the panic, which followed his father's speech; his very soul seemed to reel with the giddiness of a bird burst from its long imprisonment into boundless space. Christopher, I say, sat still.

The landlord rose to his feet, trembling with some unaccountable emotion.

"Jack Vallon, you're a fool!" he said, hoarsely.

His brother-in-law regarded him in pained, stern surprise.

"Humphrey, what is the matter with you?"

"Matter, Jack Vallon! I take it to heart, this yer. I thought better on you, Jack—I thought better things on you. Make him a gentleman! Are you so fond o' the tribe as you'd make more on 'em to suck the poor? Is that your speret, Jack?—is that your grandfather's speret?"

"Listen, Humphrey!" said Jack, in a calm tone, that at once made him the landlord's superior; "I have my reasons for doing this thing."

"I don't want to hear 'em!" cried the landlord, almost passionately. "Reasons! You can't give me no reasons for making a gentleman of a chap as was workman born and workman bred. I put this to you, what'll the people as he's to go among say to his family—ah, I put that to you—'What's your father?' 'A wheelwright.' 'And what was your grandfather?' 'A carpenter.' 'And your great-grandfather?' 'A tramping tinker.' Fine ancestors for a gentleman, eh, Kit? Tush! Jack, I tell you they'll none of him; he'll be trod under their feet like dirt. I thought you'd 'a' had more pride for your family."

"I am sorry to say it, Humphrey Standish," Jack returned, shaking his head mournfully; "but, to tell the truth, leaving out o' the question what Kit may do, I haven't much cause to be proud o' my family. They're mostly been of that set o' men who rave and rave against the gentry, and hide their own slaviahness and ignorance under wrongs other folks has to bear, and which they cry out about as if they were their own—a set that has 'My son sha'n't be better than me' for their motto, and acts upon it age after age—a set that wouldn't thank you for bettering of them. No, Humphrey, I've no call to be proud of my ancestors, but

my grandsons sha'n't say that. We'll get out o' this somehow, or, if not, they shall know that Jack Vallon, the wheelwright, made a hard push for it. I know, to my sorrow, Standish, I've been as bad as the rest in my time; and when Kit stood at my side at three years old, in his little paper cap, and played with the tools before he could lift a hammer in his two hands, I'd as soon 'a' thought of dashing his brains out as of making him a gentleman. But my eyes have been opened since then, and I see there's wrong on both sides. What do we do to make these people, who we rave against, place confidence in us, and treat us more as equals? Why, teach our children to hate and suspect them. Of course they judge us by the worst of us, as we judge them; and before things can be any different between us, we must learn to look on their best side, and show them ours. What with the beam in our eye, and the mote in theirs, we can't rightly see each other; before there's any change each must attend to himself. I have thought this, and thought, when I saw Kit showed skill and promise, I would bring him up a workman true to the name—strong, industrious, and with as much learning as he could get without turning weak-eyed and yellow—and then to give him the same chances as a gentleman's son of making his way in the world, that is, giving him a good profession—one he likes and is fitted for—and see what he would turn out. As for the trades he has learned, will he make any the worse engineer or gentleman for being able to put his finger in the middle of a twelve-foot wall without measuring, or for knowing, at a look, a seasoned plank from a green one?"

"Well," growled the landlord, "and if he comes to be a rich man—a master—don't you suppose he'd be just as hard on his workmen as the rest of 'em?"

"No, Standish," returned Jack, earnestly; "I can answer for it, no! Let's get masters who have once looked to the mallet and the hod for their daily bread, and who know, by hard experience, the weight they lay on our shoulders, and there would be no more under-wages and long hours for us then. And why shouldn't we—why shouldn't the poor man have such masters? Why, if we're too broken-spirited and far gone in years to make ourselves such, shouldn't we make 'em for our sons? I have thought of these things—I have thought over them, year by year, as Christopher has grown up—and I have worked hard to lay by this money for him, unbeknown to him or Eppie, or anybody in the world, for fear he should foil me by turning out a rogue or an idler. He has done neither; and, to keep my purpose, Humphrey Standish, Kit shall be an engineer and a gentleman. But you know now what I mean. None of your idle gentlemen, but a man who can show, by his brains and his character, he has a right to make use of the good luck that falls to him. His ancestors won't disgrace him if he doesn't disgrace them; and if he does, may our family end with him, for anything more I shall care!"

"And pray," said Humphrey, with a scarcely-concealed sneer, "how is this fine scheme to be managed?"

"Why, Gwynne and Hardell, the great agricultural machine-makers, have seen him two or three times, and taken a fancy to him, and I have agreed to pay them a pretty stiff premium."

"Ay, indeed; and how much, now?"

"Why," said Uncle Vallon, after a moment's hesitation, as if to pluck up courage, "I know I have done well; for I am to pay only half of what their last pupil paid them." Still he did not mention the sum, but wiped his warm face, and seemed to forget the question had been put.



"But the figure, Jack?" remorselessly continued Humphrey.

"Well, it's a stiffish sum, as I said. No less than £200—but there are many advantages."

Humphrey gave a prolonged whistle, and Mrs. Standish coughed rather gravely, and altogether there was an uncomfortable idea pervading the place that Uncle Vallon had done a wild thing. But the latter sat quiet, and ceased speaking.

With his hands clasped between his knees, looking down upon the floor, Christopher all this while had never once raised his eyes. Whether he was abashed by his father's confidence, or whether he felt an unworkmanlike sensation of something pressing at his lids, I cannot say, but now he raised them, and turned them on his father's face—a plain, sallow, pock-marked face it was, in an ordinary way, but to Kit, just now, it was a countenance too truly noble to gaze on unmoved. Presently the silence was broken by a heavy kitchen chair being pushed back from the table, and then Kit stood at his father's side. He did not speak a word, nor did his father. Their hard hands touched for a second, and they looked into each other's eyes one long questioning and answering glance. That was all. Kit returned to his place. Yes, he returned to his place, but his soul was down at Uncle Vallon's feet, and Uncle Vallon was bending over it with the blessing that he never breathed in words.

### THE PAINT WASHED OFF.

With a merry laugh and a shout,  
The Jester performs his part,  
A comical leer on his painted face,  
But a sorrowing pain at his heart.  
For oh! for oh!  
You little know

That the brightest eyes cherish the deepest woe.

Ha! ha! an excellent joke!  
You laugh in your misplaced glee,  
And think what unsullied happiness  
A merryman's life must be;  
And yet, and yet,  
You quite forget

What troubles the poor clown's home beset.

Hard at work in a garret dim,  
His wife is pining away,  
And his starving children cry aloud  
At the father's long delay,  
Delay, delay,  
Every day,

For the hungry must starve to please the gay.

He who sings the glory of war  
Has a Quaker's dread of strife;  
He who praises a Roman's death  
Seems fond of an Englishman's life.  
What then, what then!  
Oh! fellow men,

The heart of the writer belies his pen.

The kindest of nature may stoop  
To the satirist's bitterest gall,  
And the poet who sings of the stars  
Prefers his warm bed to them all.  
Ah me! ah me!  
I grieve to see,

Chief mourners are weeping where bridal  
should be.

So he, at whose jokes you laugh,  
Whom a capital punster deem,  
Has cares hid under that smiling front  
Of which you little dream.

So I, so I,  
How often sigh,  
To think that your Mirth is his Misery!

W. H. C. N.

## HISTORICAL FEMALE BIOGRAPHIES.

### I.—BARBARA MOUBRAY AND GILLIES MOUBRAY, MAIDS OF HONOUR TO MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

BARBARA MOUBRAY and GILLIES MOUBRAY were the youngest daughters of Sir John Moubray, Baron of Barnboulgal, a nobleman of ancient Norman descent, whose ancestors had settled in Scotland and acquired wide domains there.

Barbara Moubray was born in the year 1559; Gillies was some years younger. They were educated in the Reformed faith—their father being one of the lords of the congregation, a leading member of the presbytery, and a vehement adversary of the Church of Rome. He arrayed himself with the rebel lords against Queen Mary, and was one of the most strenuous opposers of her cause. This must have been purely on religious and political grounds, not from any unfavourable opinion of her conduct or character, since he did not prevent his daughters, Barbara and Gillies—who had conceived an ardent affection for their unfortunate sovereign—from carrying into effect their romantic desire of leaving him, and abandoning their country, to wait upon her in her English prison.

Two vacancies occurred in the household of the captive queen in the year 1584, by the death of Mademoiselle Rallay and the resignation of Mary Seton, who had retired to the convent of Rheims, her health being entirely broken by the hardships she had suffered during the sixteen years she had voluntarily shared the imprisonment of her royal mistress. The first application of Barbara Moubray to be permitted to enter into the service of her hapless queen in the land of exile and the house of bondage was made in that year, through the French ambassador, Mauvissière de Castelnau. More than twelve months elapsed before the consent of Queen Elizabeth and her council could be obtained; and then Gillies determined to accompany Barbara, who had succeeded in getting her sister's name included in the passport granting them liberty to travel through England. The fact of their being Protestants, and the daughters of a nobleman who had taken a very decided part against Queen Mary, was probably the cause why this favour was granted to the two Moubrays, which had been inexorably refused by the English government to the Countess of Athol and her daughter, who had made repeated applications to be added to the devoted company of Scotch ladies who waited on their incarcerated sovereign.

The two elder sisters of Barbara and Gillies, Agnes and Elizabeth Moubray, were richly and honourably married—one to Archibald Napier, Baron of Merchiston; the other to Crichton of Ellick, the king's advocate, the father of the "Admirable Crichton"—but the loyal damsels, Barbara and Gillies, preferred the nun-like vocation of becoming unpaid maids of honour to their unfortunate queen in her captivity to the chances of forming the most brilliant matrimonial alliances the court of Scotland could offer to their acceptance. If they had ever seen Queen Mary, it must have been in the days of their childhood. They had been associated with none but her foes—they were members of a different Church from her—yet they had conceived feelings of love and reverence for her, in her adversity, which prompted them to leave their own country and kindred, and seek her service in the unfriendly land where she had been withering, in damp, dismal prisons, for sixteen long years.

## HISTORICAL FEMALE BIOGRAPHIES.

father's stately castle and lordship of Barnboulgal is situated on the bank of the Frith of Forth, about seven miles from Edinburgh, and is now amalgamated with the Earl of Rosebery's beautiful domain of Dalmeny. It must have cost the sisters some pain to bid adieu to so fair a scene. They left it in the month of August, when the rich woods were in their greatest luxuriance, and the corn ripening for harvest.

The journey from Edinburgh to London was a serious undertaking in those days, and seldom performed by gentlemen in less than three weeks. How its perils and difficulties were surmounted by Barbara and Gillies Moubray no surviving record tells.

Queen Mary, in a postscript to an autograph letter to Sir Francis Walsingham, dated from Tutbury, the 30th of September, 1585, says:—

"Monsieur de Walsingham, I am informed that one of the daughters of the Laird of Barnboulgal has arrived in London with the intention of coming to serve me, from the report some have made to her of me. If you will be so good as to give her a passport, I will arrange to receive her, instead of one of the others for whom I have solicited, inasmuch as her journey is so far accomplished, and I have to prepare myself against the winter for the relief of my invalided servants. Therefore, if you find this good, I beseech you earnestly not to refuse her a passport, it not being well for one of her sex to remain without a home in such a place."\*

Thus we see Mary was not aware that Barbara was accompanied by her sister Gillies. She, however, gladly welcomed both her young countrywomen, and admitted them into her diminished band of maids of honour.

The locality of Tutbury Castle was anything but agreeable, seated on a bleak, bare rock in the centre of ten miles of undrained fen, and approached by a fortified bridge over a broad moat thirty feet in depth. The discomforts of the apartments to which the captive queen and her ladies were confined are best described by her eloquent pen, in a letter to the French ambassador, requesting him to represent them to her royal gaoler, Queen Elizabeth.

"Tell her," she emphatically observes, "there are a hundred peasants in the wretched village at the foot of this castle who are better lodged than I am. In order to convey to you a correct notion of the situation of the place where I am kept, that you may remonstrate in my behalf with this queen, who has never, I presume, been properly informed on the subject, I must tell you that it is surrounded with high fortified walls, seated on the summit of a mountain, exposed to the assaults of all the winds of heaven. Within this inclosure is a ruinous building of lath and plaster, similar to the old hunting-lodge in the wood of Vincennes, falling to pieces on every side, the plaster broken away from the wood-work, and 'cracked in' all directions. This edifice is about twenty feet from the walls, and lies so low that the rampart of earth behind the walls is on a level with the highest part of it, so that the sun is entirely excluded on that side, and can never shine upon it, nor can any fresh air visit it; for which reason it is so damp, no furniture can be put in that quarter without its being, in four days, covered with mould. I leave you to judge how that must affect the human body. The only apartments I have for myself are two miserable little rooms, so excessively cold, especially at night, that, but for the ramparts and intrenchments of curtains I have had

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\* "Lettres de Marie Stuart." Par le Prince Labanoff. Vol. VII. Appendix, p. 325—6.

made, I should not be able to exist. Scarcely one of the ladies who have sat up with me at night has escaped without inflammation, catarrh, or some other malady. Sir Amyas Paulet" (her new, unsympathising keeper) "can bear witness that he has seen three of my damsels ill at once from this cause alone. My physician, who has had his share, declares positively that he will not take the charge of my health this winter if I am to remain in this house."

These discomforts, and many others which Mary piteously describes, had the two daughters of the Baron of Barnbougal voluntarily abandoned the social pleasures and freedom of their paternal castle, and the festivities of the Scottish court, to share.

The only place in which they and their royal mistress, and the other ladies in her prison retinue, were permitted to take air and exercise, was about a quarter of an acre of newly-dug land, near the stables, which had been recently inclosed for that purpose with a rough wooden paling;\* neither ladies nor gentlemen were ever permitted to pass the castle gates.

In this dreary seclusion from the outer world an attachment was formed between Queen Mary's grave Scotch secretary, Gilbert Curle, who had been in her service more than twenty years, and the new maid of honour, Barbara Moubray. Their love was sanctioned by the approbation of their royal mistress, and the gloom of those lugubrious towers was enlivened by the unwonted event of a bridal. The wooing had been a brief one, for their marriage took place on the 2nd of November, less than a month after the arrival of Barbara and her sister at Tutbury Castle. Queen Mary presented them with 2,000 crowns as a wedding gift. The liberality of their royal mistress to the newly-wedded pair excited great jealousy among her dependants both within and without the castle.

"I pray you to reflect," writes she to Père la Rue, one of her ecclesiastical correspondents, who had taken the liberty of accusing her of too great partiality in lavishing her bounty on her Scotch secretary and his bride, "how difficult it is for princes, however just and conscientious they may be in their actions, to satisfy every one about them, many being more intent on their own selfish interests than the weal of their masters. If I have favoured Curle about his marriage he has well deserved it of me, and I hold myself in conscience bound to reward him, he having been with me during the whole period of my captivity."

On the Christmas-eve, little more than seven weeks after these hasty prison nuptials, Barbara and her husband and Gillies Moubray were transferred, with their royal mistress and the rest of her retinue, from Tutbury to Chartley Castle, in the same county of Staffordshire.

Queen Mary, who was suffering severely from rheumatic gout at the time, took cold on the journey, and was confined to her bed for many weeks, occasioning, of course, great uneasiness and fatigue, with night-watching and nursing, to her faithful ladies. They, as well as herself, were subjected to the tyranny of her pitiless keeper, Sir Amyas Paulet, of whom the captive queen thus speaks:—

"He is one of the strangest and most ferocious men I have ever met with; more fit for a gaoler of criminals than for the guard of a lady of my quality."

This uncourteous official placed the harshest restraints on all the ladies of Mary's prison household, not suffering one of them to receive letters from their friends or nearest relatives, or to take the slightest exercise in the open air. He

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\* Queen Mary to Mauvissière and M. de Châteauneuf. Labanoff, Vol. VI.

planted sentinels in every passage leading to their chambers, and outside every window and door in that quarter of the castle where they were lodged. Their beds were of the most miserable description, there was a great scarcity of pillows, curtains, sheets and blankets, and he proceeded to cut down the daily allowance for their table, so as to render it barely sufficient for the absolute wants of life.

"If he continue these retrenchments," observes Queen Mary, in a letter to her faithful minister, Beton, Archbishop of Glasgow, "it is for the purpose of making my servants leave this prison by rendering it intolerable to them."

The two Moubrays, the youngest and last-come of these, resigned themselves with uncomplaining patience to the hardships of the lot they had voluntarily embraced, and nobly emulated the self-devotion of Jane Kennedy, Elizabeth Curle, and Marie Courcelles, who had for nearly twenty years shared all the trials of their royal mistress in the spirit of martyrs.

It was during this joyless winter and spring of 1586 that Queen Mary rashly allowed herself to be drawn into a fatal correspondence with Anthony Babington, a romantic young Roman Catholic gentleman who had, during her imprisonment at Wingfield Manor, devoted himself to her service, and been employed by her in the transmission of her letters to and from her friends and adherents. He had now entered into a confederacy with five other young, hot-headed men to effect her escape, and was goaded on by Gifford, Maude, and Pooley, three false priests, spies of Walsingham, to unite with this design a project for the assassination of Queen Elizabeth. There is no evidence of Mary having any knowledge of the latter intention, though that accusation was the pretext used for bringing her to the block.

Her two secretaries, Nau and Gilbert Curle, the husband of Barbara Moubray, wrote the letters in cipher in reply to Babington's letters. These were inclosed in a little wooden box which was placed within a barrel of ale that was brought weekly from Burton by the brewer who supplied the castle. The box was taken out by Queen Mary's butler, and delivered to Curle or Nau, by whom the answers were written and transmitted in the empty barrel.

The Burton brewer was a perfidious person, who betrayed the trust unwisely reposed in him, for both letters and replies were regularly transmitted to the office of Elizabeth's Secretary of State, Sir Francis Walsingham, where they were opened, read, and interpolated with passages tending to criminate Mary.\*

The arrest of Babington and his associates, and the fearful accusation of implication in the plot against Elizabeth's life, were kept secret from the captive queen and her servants. On the 8th of August, Sir Amyas Paulet invited her to take a ride on horseback with him. She did so, attended by part of her prison retinue, amongst whom were her two secretaries, Nau and Curle. They were encountered in the park by a company of armed horsemen, whose leader, Sir Thomas Gorges, told Mary "that, in consequence of her conspiracy against the life of his sovereign, he had orders to conduct her to Tixal." Her indignant denial of the charge was unavailing; she was forcibly carried thither, and Nau and Curle were arrested and transported to London under a strong guard. All the ladies were shut up in solitary confinement.

As all Mary's attendants were separated and kept in separate chambers, it

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\* See "Life of Mary Stuart," by Agnes Strickland, Vol. VII. "Lives of Queens of Scotland," pp. 338 and following.

is probable that Barbara and Gillies were forced asunder. Barbara was expecting to become a mother at that time of terror and consternation; and while uncertain of her husband's fate she gave birth to her first child.

In the inventory of Queen Mary's effects, taken by Sir Amyas Paulet on the 29th of August, 1586—the day before her return from Tixal—the following articles are noted by him as being in the custody of Gillies Moubray:—"A pair of gold bracelets, a jewel of crystal, set in gold, and a little ox of gold, enamelled red; also 150 French crowns. In the wardrobe department she had the keeping of a plaine black velvet gown, a gown of cypress, a kertell of tawny taffaty, a cloak, and a velvet hat. This young lady had also the care of two pair of virginals belonging to her royal mistress, a citheren or guitar, and a saddle covered with velvet."

At the end of seventeen days Mary was brought back to Chartley. Her first inquiry, on entering the castle, was for Mrs. Curle, whose situation she considered claimed all her sympathy. On being informed that she had been delivered of her child, Mary insisted on being permitted to visit her before she would enter her own apartment; nay, more, she carried her point, though Sir Amyas Paulet rudely followed her into the lying-in chamber. Regardless of his presence, she did her best to cheer and console the anxious young matron, bidding her "be of good comfort," and "promised to answer for her husband in all that might be objected against him." Then observing that the infant, a little girl, was weakly, she inquired if it had been baptised; and being told it had not, she asked Sir Amyas "to allow his chaplain to baptise it, with such sponsors as he could procure, so as it might bear her name." He churlishly refused, and her majesty left the chamber, but presently returned, and, placing the babe on her knee, proceeded to administer the rite of lay baptism, taking water from a basin and casting it on the face of the child, with these words: "Mary, I baptise thee in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost!"

When Sir Amyas Paulet and his assistant myrmidons searched Curle's chamber, they found two canvass rolls, each containing 1,000 crowns; and though informed that they were the Queen of Scots' gift to Mrs. Curle on her marriage, he sealed and took possession of them in his sovereign's name, with the rest of the plunder.

Barbara and Gillies were separated on the 21st of September, when Queen Mary was removed from Chartley, on her fatal journey to Fotheringay; Gillies being included in the number of those who were chosen to accompany their royal mistress, while Barbara was detained at Chartley with the others, in strict confinement.

The two sisters spent that dismal autumn and winter in their separate prisons—Barbara in agonising uncertainty of her husband's fate, or what his conduct would be in regard to his hapless sovereign; Gillies in attendance on her royal mistress at Fotheringay Castle, equally precluded with her from air, exercise, or communicating with kindred and friends.

Gillies Moubray was present when the sentence of death was announced to Queen Mary by the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent, kept tearful vigils with the other ladies round her bed the last night of her life, and assisted in her toilet on the fatal morning of her execution.

Mary had mentioned all her servants in her will, including Mrs. Curle and the others who were left at Chartley, but had forgotten to name Gillies Moubray or

Mademoiselle Rallay Beauregard. Bourgoigne, her physician, told her "they complained that their names were not mentioned in her will, not that they were greedy of bequests, but feared the omission might cause it to be said they had not performed faithful service to her." Mary acknowledged the justice of the remark, and, though she had just knelt down to pray, rose and inserted both their names, devising to each a legacy of 1,000 francs. She also added a paragraph, recommending Gillies Moubray to her aunt, the Abbess of St. Pierre, with a request "that she would either place her in some good situation, or take her into her own service." Gillies Moubray's vocation was not to be that of cloistered seclusion.

After the last act of the tragedy had been perpetrated, Barbara Curle, and the rest of the murdered queen's faithful attendants, were conducted from Chartley to Fotheringay Castle, by Sir Amyas Paulet's servants. On the way they were met by a gentleman of the name of Catlin, who, in a letter\* to some person of influence, whose name is not mentioned, details the particulars of a conversation which, he says, "passed between him and Mrs. Curly, the daughter of the lord of Barnbough, surnamed Mobray. She spoke of the trouble her husband was in, and his imprisonment, and her intention of becoming a suitor in his behalf." She passionately declared her opinion that the young king, her sovereign, could not be so graceless and monstrous in nature as to leave his mother's death unavenged; but if he would, other princes, her allies, would make common cause for that purpose. Barbara intrusted a message and token of credence to this gentleman for her father, together with a direction to Ralfe Lawson, of Catterick Briggs, in Richmondshire, who was probably the person on whom she relied for its being conveyed.

A sweet, yet sorrowful, reunion it must have been for the noble-minded sisters, Barbara and Gillies, when they met, after their five months of separation, in those gloomy towers, where their beloved mistress had been lawlessly done to death under the mockery of a trial, and where her mangled remains lay confined, but unburied. Gillies had much to tell Barbara of the melancholy scenes by which those months had been marked. The murdered queen had been persuaded that her secretaries had saved themselves from the rack, the halter, and the quartering-knife by bearing false witness of her. But Barbara refused to believe that her husband, Gilbert Curle, had done aught in prejudice of his royal mistress. Indeed, presumptions of innocence might be inferred from the fact that both he and Nau were still incarcerated in the Gate-house at Westminster, instead of being liberated with the rewards of treachery.

Barbara and Gillies united with the other faithful attendants of Queen Mary in petitioning to be permitted to return to their own country; but no! all were detained in the like rigorous restraint as when she was living. Spring clothed the rich plains of Northamptonshire with flowers and verdure, and summer suns smiled on the silvery bosom of the broad Nen; but Sir Amyas Paulet sternly denied the captive band the solace of an occasional stroll in those pleasant meads. Barbara and Gillies were Protestants, but he treated them no whit more favourably than those zealous members of the Church of Rome, Elizabeth Curle and Renée Rallay.

Six months passed away, and the gloomy monotony of Fotheringay was suddenly broken by the arrival of *poursuivants*, heralds, and officers of state. Queen

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\* This letter is preserved in the State Paper Office.

Elizabeth had suddenly decided on giving "her dearly-beloved sister and cousin, the late Queen of Scots," a pompous state funeral, and to perform the office of chief mourner by proxy. The funeral was to be solemnised at Peterborough Cathedral, at which all the faithful servants of the said queen were to assist, and to be clad in suitable mourning, at the expense of her gracious majesty of England. Officers of the royal wardrobe and tailors arrived with bales of black cloth, crape, and mourning silks, both for the gentlemen and ladies. She had, moreover, sent a French gentlewoman to make caps and hoods for the ladies in the most approved fashion, for a royal funeral procession. But these true mourners unanimously answered—

"Such poor black as we had, or could procure, we assumed when deprived of our dear queen and mistress six months ago. We have worn it ever since, and desire none other, nor will we accept anything that is the Queen of England's gift."

Though all Queen Mary's personal attendants, both male and female, walked in procession at her long-delayed funeral, none would attend the prayers and sermon, except the two Moubray sisters, Barbara and Gillies, and Sir Andrew Melville, who were Protestants. They united, however, with the others in refusing to attend the funeral banquet, to which they were all pressing invited, and were remanded back to prison, in consequence, perhaps, of the indignant manner in which they had repelled all the proffered civilities of the Queen of England.

Barbara and Gillies are said to have been more hardly dealt with than the other ladies. The particulars of their treatment were at last communicated to the young King of Scotland, who despatched their own father, the Baron of Barnbougal, as an accredited ambassador to the court of England, to offer a remonstrance to Queen Elizabeth in behalf of the faithful servants of the late queen his mother. Elizabeth had no pretence on which to ground a refusal, and all were released, after three months' rigorous detention.

Mrs. Curle and Gillies Moubray joined their father in London with Elizabeth Curle, and they all remained together till the liberation of Gilbert Curle was at last obtained. The sisters then parted for ever. Barbara embarked with her husband, their infant daughter Mary, and Elizabeth Curle, for Antwerp; Gillies Moubray returned with her father to Scotland. There she married a rich and honourable gentleman, the Laird of Pennicuik, from which marriage the present possessor of that fair domain, Sir George Clerk, Bart., is lineally descended. He possesses the following relics of Queen Mary, which are said to have been given by her to Gillies Moubray when she divided her trinkets among her ladies the evening before her decapitation:—A necklace of oval gold beads, the size and shape of redbreasts' eggs; each bead is delicately punctured with holes in a lace pattern, and unscrews for the purpose of being filled with cotton saturated with scented essence, the fragrance of which exudes through the perforations. One bead, considerably larger than the others, is suspended from the centre like an amulet. There is also a beautiful gold locket, enamelled with the miniatures of Queen Mary and her first husband, Francis II., in very small size, garnished with pendant pearls, suspended by little gold chains from the bottom of the setting.

Barbara passed the residue of her days in Antwerp with her husband, Gilbert Curle, and his sister Elizabeth, in tranquil happiness, for four-and-twenty years. She had eight children, of whom only two survived her and their father. Gilbert Curle, who was many years older than Barbara, died first. He wrote and published an explanation of his conduct in regard to the Babington plot, proving that he



had not wilfully done anything to injure his royal mistress, though his alleged testimony, and that of his colleague Nau, had been cited against her on her mock trial in the hall of Fotheringay Castle; for, though the most frightful threats had been used, and he had been shown the rack several times, he had persisted in maintaining her ignorance, as well as his own, of any evil designs against Queen Elizabeth, solemnly protesting "that the object of Babington's conspiracy, as far as they knew of it, was merely for the emancipation of the queen his sovereign from prison."

Barbara died in the year 1616, having survived her husband and his sister Elizabeth five years, and her beloved queen twenty-nine. She and her sister-in-law, Elizabeth Curle, were interred in the same grave, in the little church of the Scotch College at Antwerp dedicated to St. Andrew. They had brought with them from England the beautiful original portrait of their royal mistress, which is placed over their tomb between two angels, one of whom is in the act of recording, the other of proclaiming, her virtues and her wrongs.

The monument is of black and white marble, and the tablet containing the epitaph of these faithful attendants on their murdered queen is supported between the statues of St. Elizabeth and St. Barbara. The inscription is in Latin, from the pen of the youngest surviving son of Barbara Moubray and Gilbert Curle. The following is a literal translation:—

"Traveller, thou seest here a tomb where rest, awaiting the awaking of the just, two noble British ladies. One of these, Barbara Moubray, daughter of the Baron John Moubray, was lady of honour to the illustrious Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, and was married to Gilbert Curle, who, during more than twenty years, was secretary to that queen. The husband and wife lived four-and-twenty years in the most perfect union, and had eight children, of whom six preceded them to heaven. The two who survive were brought up in the paths of learning. James, the eldest, entered the Society of Jesuits at Madrid. Hippolite, the second, is an Associate of the same company in Belgic Gaul. This last, weeping the best of mothers, who passed from this life to the life eternal the 31st of July, 1616, at the age of fifty-seven years, has raised this monument to the best of mothers.

"The other, Elizabeth Curle, descended from the same honourable house of Curle, was likewise lady of honour to Mary Stuart, and, after having been during eight years her faithful companion in her prison, was present at her immolation, and received her last kiss."

It was Elizabeth Curle who presented to the Scotch College at Douay the noble whole-length portrait of Mary Stuart on the scaffold which is at present preserved in the College of Blairs, near Aberdeen.

If we may venture to give credit to the statement of a curious contemporary Flemish MS., Barbara and Elizabeth Curle brought with them to Antwerp a case containing the severed head of their royal mistress, which they had succeeded in abstracting from her coffin while her remains continued so long unburied in a chamber of Fotheringay Castle, and which they caused to be deposited in a silver urn at the foot of a pillar in the same little church of St. Andrew's where they were themselves afterwards buried.\*

AGNES STRICKLAND.

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\* Cited by Mark Napier, Esq., in a note to his invaluable edition of "Spettiswood's History of the Church of Scotland," Vol. III., p. 116.

## WAYFE SUMMERS.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## AN INTERRUPTION.

Soon after breakfast, on the morning following my excursion with Mrs. Donhead, I learned that she was going out shopping, accompanied by Mrs. White; and, as I heard them propose to visit some mutual friend with whom I was unacquainted, it was agreed that I should stay at home and await their return to dinner, which had been fixed at a late hour, when my guardian and Mr. Donhead would join us. It was a rather dull but not a wet day, the blue of the sky seeming almost wintry in its steel-like hue, and traversed by clouds which, though laden with rain, were driven by the gusty autumnal wind too swiftly to discharge their showers. It may seem remarkable that I should remember this, or rather that I should have noticed the skyey aspects in a not very broad London street, where no great expanse of cloud could be observed beyond the opposite house-tops; but it was an old habit of mine to muse dreamily upon this aerial scenery, and watch the moving flecks which massed themselves at last into fantastic and fleeting shapes of peak, and ridge, and tower.

On this particular morning I had determined to spend the time till noon, at least, in the library; for I had almost ceased any regular course of study, and the advent of visitors had given me some semblance of excuse in abating the usual readings for a time.

To the library, then, I went, and, having selected a book which I knew would enchain me for an hour or more, drew a stool to the window, and, half shaded by the curtain, began to read. Is it true that, in some peculiar states of constitution, mental or physical, we have within us subtle premonitions of external influences, good or evil—much more frequently the latter? Does some magnetic quality warn us of approaching harm, to strike the weak and irresolute with nerveless fear, and to rouse the determination of the stronger will and more undaunted heart? I believe it does, and that in this subtle, true, and potent force may be discerned that mysterious sympathy or antagonism between living beings which needs no *medium* to enhance its power.

Not the most unscrupulous spirit-rapper who ever interpreted lying statements and bad spelling by explaining how disembodied ghosts—caught on the point of an odylie corkscrew in their wandering through strata of circles—visit back-rooms to play tunes on cheap accordions, has yet produced a juggle half so wonderful in seeming as is this strange reality, which comes upon hundreds of men and women every year, and points to a practical and easily recognised result.

My book lay upon my knee unread as I gazed upward at the strip of sky just visible beyond a corner house, and watched a dim sea rolling in white foam upon a rocky coast of slate. I was conscious of no fully-formed thought; my musings were vague and misty as the scene I had conjured up; but mixed with them somehow were the pictures which hung behind me, and to which I have before referred, of the sea-bird on the rock—of the tossed and solitary wreck. I had been sitting long—or I believe I had—before this new element became connected with my day-dream, and, turning round, half involuntarily, to glance at the pictures themselves, found that the curtains had fallen over me so as to shut out that side of the room,

leaving only a small space through which I could see the opposite wall and the door. Not rectifying the accident, I was turning to the window again, my cheek resting on my hand, when I heard the lock click, the door open, and the woman, whom that instinctive sensation might well have foretold, entered with a hurried glance, which seemed confident of the room having no inmate.

She laughed slightly to herself as she closed the door after her without noise, and approached the bookcase, which stood opposite me, with something in her hand, which, in the half-obsured room, looked like a key. This she applied to a drawer beneath the shelves, which, together with the glass doors of the bookcase itself, was always kept locked, and, after haggling for a moment, contrived to force back the bolt and draw down the front, which opened in the manner of an *escritoire*. I sat almost without breathing, uncertain whether to spring to the bell-rope and pull it until cook came from the kitchen, or to be still and watch her. It was evident that she had had precise directions, but that there was still some difficulty in finding what she sought there.

"He said in the right-hand drawer, I'll swear!" I heard her mutter to herself; "but I can't find no spring. The old fool's been and hid it somewhere else, perhaps, though. I wonder what the papers inside can be about! I've a good mind to break the seal and look, and I will, too, if I once find it; an' then, perhaps, I shall get you under my thumb, Mr. Willmott—and that young hussy, too, with her quiet airs an' cat's eyes, suspectin' everything—yes, and *him*, too—and perhaps *her*—who knows? I'll empty this drawer."

She removed some papers and rolls of pamphlets as she spoke, and laid them on the table. When she turned to the *escritoire* again, I could hear her scraping with her fingers round what appeared to be the inside of some cavity in its interior fittings. Presently a sharp but scarcely audible crack sounded so suddenly that she started back, and a flat piece of wood shot forward and fell upon the carpet.

"It give me quite a turn," I heard her say; "but there's the package, I s'pose, right enough. He swore no harm to me could come of it if I wasn't discovered takin' it away; but how do I know that? It's robbery, I suppose. No, no, I'll have a look at 'em first, and if they're wrote plain we'll see, mister, who's the sharpest of us two."

It was rather a bulky packet that she took out of a recess which had been revealed by the displacement of the front—a packet of white paper, sealed at both ends and in the middle with a large red seal.

"It's so plaguy dark I can't make out what it is," she said. "I'll chance openin' them curtains, for it looks like French." She was looking at some indorsement on the outside of the packet, and as she spoke came forward towards the window.

There was no time for reflection; but I saw that some personal struggle was almost inevitable, and felt a strange excitement rise up within me—an excitement which was still allied to a sort of calm which kept my pale face steady, I knew, and enabled me to keep my clenched hands quiet.

Another moment, and her hand was on the curtain. I let her draw it half back before I rose, then sprang to my feet, and, snatching the paper from her hand, dashed away her uplifted arm, and, wrenching open the door of communication, burst into the drawing-room before she could stay me.

Almost without reflection, and yet with some dimly preconceived plan, I forced

up the sash of the heavy front window. With a curse she came after me, her face, which expressed both rage and fear, flushed in dark, purple patches, and working frightfully, the white foam standing on her dry lips.

"Stop!" I shouted in a voice which sounded strangely unlike my own, as it rang through the room and sounded its own echo on the piano. "Dare to lay a hand on me, or try to take this away, and I will scream for help till I bring a crowd round the door."

She clenched her hands, but suffered them to drop by her sides; then, hoarsely, and as though, she attempted to swallow by a spasmodic effort—

"Hah! cowardly beast! you know what you deserve, do you? You know I'd murder you outright with half a hand—you poor, pale-faced minx! You're come of a nice stock, you are—of a nice father an' a nice mother—oh, I know you!"

I am writing my own story, and I feel bound to write it truthfully. Away with false shame, then, and let me at once acknowledge that, during the first part of this address, I felt as I suppose men must feel. I was almost ready to humour her, and spring on at once to the attack, deciding the issue by wager of battle. It was most unfeminine and unladylike, doubtless; but, for a moment, indignation held me undecided, and I took a step forward. One idea in connexion with this woman vaguely recurred to me even then, however, and I fancied she might have a concealed weapon somewhere. Whether or not, the warlike impetus was too transient to grow into action, and I stood firmly to my first advantage.

"I know you too," I retorted, "and everybody in the street shall know. Leave the room instantly, or I will call 'Thieves!'" I raised my voice at the last word sufficiently to frighten her, for she cast a frightened glance round, and, with a malignant face, opened the door and walked out.

I felt that I should be safe only at the window, and yet I shrank altogether from calling for assistance. The whole scene was not more repugnant to my nature than would have been this termination to it; and, in a confused uncertainty how to act or what to do, I stood holding the paper in my hand. I had just glanced mechanically at the inscription with which the packet was indorsed—it was in French, and consisted only of the words, *Les témoignages*, when Cook burst into the room, her broad, honest face flushed and agitated, her fat hands wringing each other in utter distraction.

"Oh, Miss Wayfe, Miss Wayfe!" she ejaculated, "whatever *have* happened? That creetur down-stairs is goin' on like a Bedlamite; she's turned my whole mask o' blood with her awful language. Whatever are you a-standin' at the open winder for? an' she a-vowin' vengeance against you."

"Look here," I said, pointing to the open escritoire. "She came in here to commit robbery; I was sitting at the window and saw it all. What is to be done? she ought to be punished."

Cook dropped into a chair, still wringing her hands, and seeming to be threatened with hysterics.

"Don't touch nothing till master and Mrs. White comes home," she said; "we can't do nothing without them, not if we was to raise the street—and a pair of fowls to truss and the pies not half made. I think she's up-stairs a-gettin' her things on to go away."

"Stay here a moment, then," I replied, as I went out into the passage. I had some vague thought of following her; but before I had reached the stairs the

street-door banged with a concussion that shook the house, and, as cook and I rushed to the window, the woman, who was walking rapidly away with a bundle under her arm, stopped to shake her fist at us, and ground her teeth together in ungovernable rage. It was half-an-hour before we left the window, and, having shut it again and locked the doors of both rooms, leaving the papers on the ground, I went down with my companion into the kitchen, and helped to prepare the dinner; but not before she had insisted on my swallowing some liquid which she said was "cordial," tasting, as I thought, like a spirituous compound of unknown ingredients.

"Well, the place is more wholesome now she's gone, anyhow," she said; "for she was always threatening about something; and what Mrs. White should have had her here for I can't make out, except it was because she knew about Mr. Willmott's son."

I stopped with half-frozen pulses, leaning my hand heavily on the dresser, where I had been arranging a dish. "What did she know about him?" I asked.

"Oh! I can't tell, I'm sure; and if I did I oughtn't to let you know it, miss; but she told me once as she was more to him than anybody in that house, and that they'd find it out some o' these days."

"And you never mentioned this to Mrs. White?"

"No; why should I? Lor' bless you, she used to run on like a mad creetur at times about young Mr. Willmott's wife, an' once or twice I wondered why she wasn't afraid o' talking to me so; but I don't think she could help it, you see, she was that wild; and of course Mrs. White knew best why she came here."

"I don't think Mrs. White knew anything about it," I replied. Further parley was ended by Mr. Willmott's knock at the door, and, with my hands all covered with flour, I ran up to let him in.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

### CHANGE.

My guardian looked at me sharply as he came into the hall, followed by Mr. Donhead, who seemed to take in every point of my dishevelled appearance in one slow, icy glance from his unaltered eyes.

"Why, Wayfe," said the former gentleman, "have you commenced a new course of study, meaning to qualify yourself for a good plain cook? You see, Donhead," he added, turning to his companion, "she takes advantage of our having a good dinner in your honour by securing a lesson in housekeeping."

I suppose something in my face conveyed to the clergyman that there was a greater anxiety than the success of the dinner to account for my hurried manner and negligent dress.

"Has Mrs. White or Mrs. Donhead returned?" he asked, his eyes dwelling on me with a scrutiny which seemed to fix itself on my trembling lips.

"No, they have not arrived yet."

Mr. Willmott had turned quickly, with his foot on the stair; he now walked back, and placed his hand on mine.

"Who has been here this morning?" he asked, almost fiercely, as his face set into an expression of stony harshness, and turned pale, but not white.

"No one has been here, sir, but somebody has gone away. Tell me, have you

any documents or papers which are of value—any that you are careful not to lose?"

He loosed his hold of my hand and tottered for a moment to the baluster, leaning heavily upon it. I thought he would have fallen in a fit, for he tried to speak, and no sound came from his lips. Vitality was still strong within his old but healthy frame, however, and he waved aside the arm that Mr. Donhead offered him.

"Who has stolen any?" he said, hoarsely. "Tell me at once, and I may know how to get them back before they reach the villain who has planned this. Son of mine!—No! here, as I stand, an old man who has never yet cut him off from my relationship, I curse——"

"Stay!" cried Mr. Donhead, sternly, but with an intensity in his frozen eyes which seemed to emphasise his words as though they had been a trumpet blast. "Curses are futile till you know the extent of your wrong. Wayfe, come with us up-stairs."

I saw my guardian trembling, and yet he stood upright, and with a kindling expression which seemed to resent his son-in-law's rebuke.

"They are not stolen!" I almost shouted, wishing to obviate the first effects of my ill-chosen question. "I have locked them in the drawing-room, and everything remains as it was. Come up! come up!" and I ran on at once, beckoning them to follow. I had no sooner opened the door than my guardian strode to the bookcase, the drawer in which still remained open, with the false key in the lock, and, as he saw that the secret nook had sprung open, looked round in dismay.

"There was a packet, Wayfe," he said—"a sealed packet. Where is it?—have you seen it?"

I had already secured it, for I saw Mr. Donhead's calm eye survey the room, and fix itself upon the parcel as it lay beneath the window. From I know not what instinct, I felt that my guardian would rather he should not read the superscription on the envelope; and, even as I spoke, disregarding the hand held out to arrest it on its progress from me to its owner, I gave it up, with the writing downwards.

As Mr. Willmott glanced quickly at the seals, and found them unbroken, I saw him draw a deep breath, and the deadly paleness left him. By referring to a memorandum which he withdrew from the cover of one of the books on the lower shelf, he discovered that nothing was missing; but I noticed that he carefully locked the mysterious inclosure in a drawer in the writing-table before he turned, and, taking me in his arms, while he pressed a kiss upon my forehead, sought an explanation.

"I must have brought a good fairy into my house when I adopted you," he said, with strange emotion. "But tell us by what spell you frustrated the thief?"

Mr. Donhead retained the same imperturbable calm, but, as he sat down to listen, I could see the strange, suspicious expression which I had at first noticed in his face deepen into a slight frown, full of penetrating inquiry. There was a mystery about which he was too well-bred to inquire, but which he would dearly have liked to solve.

When I had finished my narrative, no solution came, however, even though he went so far as to hint at the valuable nature of the documents whose supposed loss had affected my guardian so deeply. Mr. Willmott merely assented, not without a

quick glance, as penetrating, though not as suspicious, as Mr. Donhead's own, and the faint reflection of a shrewd smile, which gave place instantly to a heavy sigh.

"You will give information at once, of course?" said the clergyman. "I will go with you. We shall have time before dinner."

"I have lost nothing," replied my guardian. "No; I shall pursue the matter no further."

"May I ask why?" pursued his guest, surprised for a moment out of his self-contained calm.

"I see nothing but a disagreeable result—and, indeed, circumstances make it undesirable. This is Richard's work. I will take your advice, Donhead, and invoke no curse upon him heavier than that he bears already. But he is no more son of mine."

Mrs. Donhead and Mrs. White coming in terminated the colloquy; but could see that Mr. Donhead was more disturbed than I had ever hoped to see him. His was one of those natures which cannot brook a secret baffling their sagacity.

"Run away and get dressed, Wayfe," said my guardian, kindly; "we have twenty minutes before dinner-time, and that will suffice to tell Mrs. White and your aunt all about it."

Strangely enough it sounded to hear him refer to my relationship after having disowned my father. His voice faltered on the word "aunt," too, but he did not change it as he repeated, "Go! go!"

Twenty minutes might have sufficed for a detailed narrative of the events of the morning, but Mrs. Donhead was still lost in frightened surprise and in vague speculation as to the nature of the papers to obtain possession of which the attempt had been made, when we heard Mr. Willmott's bell ring, and knew that dinner was about to be served. I had noticed that Mrs. White hazarded little remark, but appeared much disturbed.

"I should have obeyed my first impulses about that woman, as Wayfe said," she half whispered. When she left the room, hurrying down-stairs to help serve the dinner, Mrs. Donhead touched me on the arm. "Do you think it was my father's will that they tried to steal?" she asked.

"No, I think not; it was nothing like a will; besides, what could have been the motive for stealing that during his lifetime?"

"I don't know. Do you think Mr. Donhead will know what papers they were?"

"I think it very unlikely. Mr. Willmott said nothing on the subject."

"And he refuses to punish the woman?"

"Decidedly refuses. Indeed, I don't think he will refer to the subject much more at all."

My opinion was verified; for, during the dinner, the cloud on Mr. Donhead's brow deepened—Mrs. White was silent—and, at last, my aunt, with great effort, said—"Surely, papa, you will take some steps to discover who is at the bottom of this attempt, as the papers were evidently of so much importance? How else can you be sure of their safety in future?"

"Why should I try to learn more than I know at present? It is quite evident who the real thief must be, since his instrument had such distinct instructions. As for the papers, before midnight they will be beyond the possibility of being stolen, because I mean to burn them. They are of no great value, but they contain certain matters which would implicate others, and they had better be destroyed.

I shall endeavour to forget the subject afterwards, and we may as well try to do so now; it is a very ugly theme, that of the conduct of your brother, who is no longer son of mine."

The whole evening passed off gloomily, although I sat quiet and with a certain serene enjoyment of Mrs. Donhead's music.

My guardian was taciturn, and his mood was not disturbed by Mr. Donhead, who took up a book, and turned page after page without seeming to fix his thoughts upon the subject. At last Mrs. Donhead rose to go, and presently her husband bade us good night, as Mrs. White went down to see the house properly fastened. I was turning to follow, when Mr. Willmott beckoned me to stay.

"Wayfe," he said, as he drew me beside his chair, "you have done me a great service, which more than repays all I have done for you; and I feel it the more because I must part with you for a time. Would you like to go home with your aunt?"

"I would rather go with Mr. and Mrs. Donhead than with a stranger," I replied. "You can never know how much I dread the position you have intended me to occupy—that of a governess in some great family. I would rather——"

"Rather what?—be a good plain cook? Was that the reason of your presence in the kitchen this morning?"

"No; but I would rather. I should then be able to establish myself in a condition which would be held on no uncertain tenure. It would be definite and independent—if not so pretentious, infinitely less humiliating."

"Then you seem to imagine that I shall exercise no discretion in placing you. At all events you shall go to your aunt, first, for a year, to get a thorough change, and blow off some of your prejudices in the sea air; and remember, child, that, although I cannot adopt your mother and discard your father, I adopted you that night at Saint Bradley's, and you are my granddaughter, though you are not of my name. I append one condition to your going to your aunt—that you write to me once a fortnight, and tell me how you like it, and how you get on with the parson. So now kiss me, and good night."

I sought Mrs. White's room, and talked over the events of the day. She was entirely ignorant of the contents of the packet, the probable loss of which had been the cause of so much anxiety, but, from the fact of its superscription, believed it to be connected with the early part of Mr. Willmott's life, in which he was concerned in the stormy and terrible politics of the French revolutionists.

It was dawn before I slept, and I felt prostrate, weak, and faint, for the reaction had set in, and I started broad awake every few minutes, with a sensation of sinking through the bed, and feeling the feathers choke me as I struggled impotently for release.

Mr. and Mrs. Donhead were to return in four days; and, as it had been arranged that I should go at once, as a member of their family, and yet with the duties of a governess before me on behalf of my little cousins, my time was pretty well employed in preparing for the journey.

The three or four visits of friendly farewell which were to be paid I put off until the day before the last of our stay. That last day I determined should be spent with Mrs. White, to part from whom gave me a pain so keen that I felt bloodless, and lived almost entirely on cold water. This regimen, perhaps, saved my life, for a great danger threatened me, and in its shadow I lay unconscious.



‘THE CHURCH MILITANT.’



SUCH is the title of the artist's picture, conveying, it may be, some satirical meaning—not, I am willing to believe, in the nature of a jest, but sorrowfully, as a truth which is unpalatable as unleavened bread eaten with bitter herbs.

To theological controversy, or even to discussion of Church formularies, these pages would be ill-devoted. It is no province of the essayist, who has here confined his attention mostly to social topics, to rush unbidden and unprepared into considerations involving the ceremonial observances of High or Low Church. The subject suggested is of another kind:—*Hyge* Church—that institution which, being but a sickly child of Papacy, is handed over to Anglo-Roman nursing until its feeble legs are strong enough to carry it to the maternal embrace, there to be numbered with a family to which it goes with little strengthening influence to cumber already failing knees. The weapons to which Rome last clings are temporal—the means of her final warfare carnal; the methods of her appeal have long been sensuous and corporeal, whether by luxury or mortification—the results emotional. The weakly bantling, tottering towards the tarnished chair, where pictures, music, incense, robes, and gorgeous upholstery daze its feeble brain, clings to the gilded furniture, and draws its tiny sword of tinselled lath to do battle with the world

In an age of which deep and appalling indifferentism is the worst evil, are these the warriors, these the weapons, of spiritual warfare?

The reapers in the great harvest-field need strong arms, and may have to take off their coats ere they can wield the sickle effectually. Why do these wrap themselves in robes made after the pattern of those which have enveloped the giant limbs of Rome, and placidly wait for their band of gleaners to bind the scanty sheaves in gorgeous phylacteries?

It is not according to their outward seeming, however, that we should judge of men. The physically muscular Christian may bring but incompetent energy to the work of his pastoral calling, and that delicate-looking and mildly effeminate curate may visit places which are very pest-houses of disease and abodes of vice—visit them in a calm and faithful discharge of duty which elevates him into an heroic "Greatheart" fighting with Satan in his own strongholds, and passing unscathed through the brunt of battle, with his rescued followers from amongst the poor and neglected of mankind. This man, however, will attach no vital importance to ecclesiastical trappings. His artistic tastes may (being little cultivated in any other direction) recognise in them a power which may be legitimately exercised within a very limited compass, but he can never really consume himself in the elaboration of garlands for wax candles, or the direction of embroidery for altar-cloths. Rubbing daily against the rags of Lazarus, he may leave to others the preparation of costly vestments, even for the sacred service.

The fascinating incapacity of him who is represented in our picture, however, had little need, it was thought, to be shocked by scenes so terrible. The church lay in a district too exclusively fashionable to tolerate the existence either of crime, dirt, poverty, or ignorance. Pervaded by a rose odour of sanctity, pale, delicate, interesting, with hair accurately parted, and dressed in the most edifying mode of severe foppery, his presence was desired in certain drawing-rooms where an affectation of mediævalism in the furniture prepared one for the conversion of some upper back room into an oratory.

By a judicious arrangement of visiting (in this way) his flock, he contrived to fulfil his days without the overpowering *ennui* which, but for the charming society and the admirable luncheons, must inevitably have overtaken him. Perhaps, had he been differently circumstanced, and so been convinced that his duty lay amongst the poor as well as the rich, he would have recognised the trust consigned to him; but there were no poor at Saint Sigismundus, except three old women pensioners, carefully preserved as objects of charity, who sat on a back seat at all the services. His co-pastor, rector, or superior, too (you see him by the window), had once visited in a neighbourhood where he took occasional duty at a teeming parish church, and his accounts of it were not inspiring, except to an ardent temperament, recognising the awful responsibility of his ministry. The young man would have succeeded better than his friend, however, for he had within him that sort of sympathy which is easily aroused by physical suffering or deep mental anxiety, and his unruffled, negative existence was blameless as that of his fair companions, and, indeed, far more amiable. The elder pastor, though tending towards Rome, had taken to his poor parishioners the mistake which his imperfect Papacy made inevitable, and, indeed, which must be inevitable to all those clergy of the Anglo-Roman *Eglise* Church persuasion who visit amongst the lower classes. The regular Romish priest is often chosen fitly for the work, and moves constantly, silently, and with patient sympathy amidst

scenes which require an almost undaunted courage to witness. He is the servant of the Church, deriving from her power, spiritual and ecclesiastical, and so requires no self-assertion to enhance his authority, which he feels will be undisputed by the poor of his own flock, and which his own service to the Romish cause requires should be at first unexpressed to the heretic who may seek his ministering kindness. The Anglo-Roman priest, being often full of that strange assumption which desires to add "master" to pastor—as though the two had, not long ago, and on the Highest Authority, been pronounced incompatible—moves with the unpleasant consciousness both that his claims are only half allowed, and that he lacks some element of success which seals the hearts of the people to his often well-meant advice. He seldom perceives that this want is in himself, and lies in the absence of that real human interest and common brotherhood of sentiment which, *forgetting* self and thinking only of the Master, the work, and the brother, speak a language easily translated, and potent, even now, to work true miracles.

To return to our friend at the window, there was one institution which he personally maintained, notwithstanding Papal predilections—I mean marriage—in which he had had some experience, having, indeed, been the husband of two wives, both dead at the time to which our picture relates, and whose vacant places he was not altogether unwilling to fill for the third time. His mature years justified the object of his choice, who, bending her head over the embroidery frame, gave a not reluctant ear to his premonitory conversation, and, finally, when he became more definite, and after he had made certain judicious inquiries respecting her property, consented to accept his reverend hand. This was all very well for him, as her money helped him out famously during the well-known dispute between himself and the churchwardens about the ebony crucifix; but his young companion had almost vowed celibacy, a determination from which he was moved by the discovery that a young lady (she who is busy with the taper) was so deeply in love with him that her friends were fearful of pulmonary symptoms. There was no particular reason for his disliking her, and so they were married; and, although their happiness was somewhat disturbed by his debts, which had very considerably accumulated during the dispute above referred to, had, perhaps, no great cause to repent. She was useful, too, in a weak, uncertain way; and on his removal as rector to another parish where more purely Anglican views were adopted, established a very well organised school, which soon lost all taint of *Eye Church* training under the vigorous personal superintendence of a resident curate.

The lady who is displaying the altar-cloth followed out her course, step by step, from altar-cloth to altar, from candle to censer, from censer to priest, from image and picture to saint and relic. I say followed out her course, not because these things—altar-cloth, candle, sculpture, painting—might not be harmlessly decorative, nay, even artistically suggestive, but because the *Eye Church* persuasion regarded them as effectual objects of religious ceremonial.

Of the last of our little party not much remains to be said. She was never thoroughly in earnest, and only liked to make the church pretty, without much regard to ritual or formulary. The inevitable quarrel once over with the guard-man, she married her cousin in the Treasury, and is of the High Church, but no longer of the *Eye Church*, party.

## GREYHILL: A STORY OF A SPIRIT.

## IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

## II.—THE BEWITCHED VERSUS THE BEWITCHER.

PICTURE to yourselves, dear readers (always supposing I have any), a rambling old house, hoary with four centuries of wear. Behind stretched a broad, bare moor, over which every breeze swept with a low, deep moan, as if the pent earth were sobbing under its armour of passive heather. The rays of the noon-day sun, gathering sullen fire from the sheet of purple gleam, might have illumined the scene into beauty and life; but to-night, as I arrived, it looked like a mass of shadow, usurping all the level ground in that direction that the eye could reach. A huge hill, such as the south scarcely knows, loomed ominously over Greyhill to the north, and patched the untinted horizon with breadth of gloom, whilst a line of mountains in the distance merged their sombre peaks in the bend of cloud and haze. The atmosphere had a chilly keenness that partook more of winter than the spring I had left behind, and torrents of rain had evidently but just preceded my advent. Everything looked dreary enough, and a shiver, not born of cold alone, went through my whole frame; but I struggled against succumbing to the influences around me, and exorcised the demon of discontent by a mental summary of the hopes that had accompanied my exile. But, in spite of these efforts, a vague presentiment of evil met me on the threshold of Greyhill as I passed over it, and through a long passage into a large oak-panelled room, followed closely by my aged guide, who evidently, by the alacrity with which he welcomed me, and the entire vacuity of his look, had been taught to feel no surprise at seeing me, and also to greet my stay with all the hospitality his resources would allow.

I was not disposed to cavil at his efforts, however meagre and deficient. A greater or smaller share of personal comfort was immaterial to me in my temporary sojourn, and all-engrossed as I was with the result of which this was to be the cause. I might have desired a more cheerful locality had I my own choice in the matter; but, on the whole, I was tolerably content.

The night closed around me in this satisfactory mood. The old guardian tottered in and out with officious frequency, piled up my fire anew, so gave me a cheery mumble, and then departed. But, amiable and willing as he seemed anxious to appear, his old age was not prepossessing. The dim grey eyes had a sort of hungry, curious look, and the obsequious earnestness of his service was by no means what I cared to obtain from one so isolated and full of years. Solitude softens our pride. I wanted to be friendly with Wilson, and he would only allow me to be condescending. This distant humility and laboured respect irritated my nerves, and made me regard the old man with suspicion and dislike. Nevertheless, I made an effort to dismiss this prejudice, and also to warn him into some measure of cordiality. By unlocking his reminiscences I effected the diversion I desired, and the following conversation then ensued between us, I at first taking the initiative, but soon drowned in the flood of garrulity I had wantonly provoked.

"How many years have you lived here, my man?"

"I be a leetle deaf, sir."

I raised my voice, and repeated my question.

"Pretty nigh thirty year come next Whitsuntide," answered the old man.

"You weren't born in the north, surely? Yours is a southern tongue."

"Ay, sir, asking your pardon, so it be."

"What, then, made you settle so far from home?"

"Well, you see, sir, a poor man hasn't much choice of situations. He's most always ready to take what turns up fust. The father of the young lady what this place belongs to now was a wild, rackety gentleman, what was fond of osses, and would have the most spirity he could find, and them he druvd as if the devil was arter him, a-begging his pardon, though he's dead and gone now. He was often a-knocking some one down; it didn't seem as if he could see a poor man, let him be ever so near. Well, one day my turn comed, and I got a kick in my ribs, such as made my bones rattle pretty well, I reckon. 'Pick him up, and take him to the doctor to be mended,' says Sir Charles, in his off-hand way, cos these sort of haccidents never troubled him much, when they happened to other people; so I was tooken as he ordered, he a-calling out he'd pay the damages, and making a joke of it like; then he cuts into his osses, and scampers off again like mad. Well, the doctor said as how I'd got some eternal hinjury, and that I shouldn't never count another good day's work in all my life, and he'd speak to Mr. Grey about it, and get him to do something for me. So Mr. Grey gived me twenty pound down, and offered me this situwation; for the Greys was always a proud and stubborn lot—begging their pardons—and a dark lot, too, if you put them out; but they was free enough with their gold, and the poor liked that about them if they didn't like nothing else."

"What became of this Mr. Grey?"

"Sir Charles Grey—that was his title, sir, only he was such a young gentleman when I fust knowed him, I forgets to be as respectful and particler as I should be. Well, sir, he married, and after that he lived mostways at the other place in the south, in grand style; but I don't think her ladyship was happy. They hadn't no son, and he wanted one badly enough, because the great house was to go away if there wasn't a young gentleman. So the poor lady had her troubles like the rest of us, and it was said they killed her, for she came down here, and died before four years was over. About eight year after, Sir Charles seemed to take a sudden fancy to be here hisself, and he harrives all of a hurry one day"—here the old man lowered his voice, and crept nearer me and the warm blaze, as if the shadowy corners scared him—"and I made him his bed in the room where her ladyship died, cos it was the only one that was respectable-like for quality use; and he says to me, when I was doing up the fire the last thing, says he, 'Wilson, this is a damned dreary old place!' (he always spoke in that free way.) 'Can't you find a poor devil a more cheerible roost?' 'Not comformable for such as you,' says I. 'There's four more rooms like this 'ere, only they're colder still, and aint got no beds in 'em; and there's the hattics too, but the rain comes in through the roof, and the winders don't shut close, and——' 'Oh! well, well,' says he, 'you're Job's comforter. I dare say I shall sleep well enough—I'm deuced tired. And now take yourself off.' Well, I hadn't more than got to the door, when he calls out, and says, 'Wilson,' says he, 'don't they say there's some damned old ghost in the family, that makes free with the premises after dark?' 'So they says, sir,' I made answer. 'Oh, well!' says he, 'I dare say they wont touch me. The devil and I always get on so well together that he wont let them disturb my rest. There's nothing like having a friend in power.'"

The old man paused here a moment, looked cautiously about him, and then subjoined, in a solemn, cowed tone—

“Them was the last words he ever spoke.”

“What! do you mean to say he died in the night?” I interrogated.

“He did, sir. There wasn’t nothing the matter with him more than there is with you or me at this minute; but he had spoken agin the ghostesses, and they tooked their revenge.”

“Come, Mr. Wilson,” I said, smiling, and suddenly impressed with the idea that he had some ulterior motive in his ingenious rendering of a natural fact, possibly suggested by his young mistress to try my courage to the utmost; “if you are trying to frighten me, it wont do. I don’t believe in ghosts and hob-goblins, and never did. It would also be difficult to persuade me you were less sceptical than myself on this point, otherwise you would take good care not to subject yourself to the chance of being visited by these intangible and lugubrious gentlemen. Your class are generally superstitious—true; but I imagine you are an exception to the rule, or you would not have survived to a ripe old age in a haunted house.”

“Asking your pardon, sir, I be a leetle hard of hearing.”

Wilson did not understand me, evidently, though he would not acknowledge it. I therefore slightly changed my sentence to make it intelligible to his obtuse comprehension, and awaited his answer with an assured look, that was meant to express, “You see you can’t baffle my penetration.” I expected him either to look mysteriously discreet, or to blurt out a penitent confirmation of my suspicions; but he did nothing of the kind. He only answered, in a philosophical sort of way—

“Well, I be old, to be sure. I was young once.”

Wilson’s face was not one easy to picture in the glow of health and youthful comeliness. It bore a look of settled antiquity and long-worn cunning that one felt inclined to believe had first printed themselves there so far back as his cradle days. His pendulous, dark-coloured lips, toothless jaws, and bent figure, all bore the indelible impress of Time’s ruthless fingers, and that so firmly, that it was difficult enough to persuade oneself that they had ever been respectively rosy, well-garnished, and erect. Still I did not permit myself to doubt the truth of Wilson’s assertion. It is only for the goddess of wisdom to have no childhood, and spring into life mature and fully developed. I felt Wilson could have no affinity with such an Olympian precedent. As this comparison passed through my mind, the very idea of his speech having suggested it caused me to smile rather broadly, then to laugh.

Wilson looked perplexed, angry, and hurt, and regarded me curiously. He was but rarely brought into contact with human brothers, but he evidently thought that now he was sheltered under the same roof with something too sphinx-like to be altogether canny. He surveyed me from head to foot anxiously and deliberately, dwelling on my polished boots with manifest urgency, as if he expected a cloven extremity to peer from under my trowsers (at least, so I interpreted his glance); then his dim eyes returned to my face again, and fixed themselves there with protracted scrutiny. At last he muttered a few incoherent words, amongst which I managed to distinguish “make fun,” and “ghost,” coupled with a lugubrious prophecy as to the infallible consequences of my defiant

mirth, that, be it said, *sub rosa*, made me the least bit in the world uncomfortable; then he adjourned silently to his own especial regions, leaving me to digest his communication at my leisure. Of this last I had enough and to spare. It is true I had books with me, but they were still in my portmanteau, and I was too lazy to go and rout them out. I lit my cigar, therefore, and made this my companion.

The wind sobbed fitfully round the house. Now it crept, in a low, distinct wail, through the crazy shutters, then it sent out a wrathful blast, and drove the rain in a fierce stream against the shrinking casement. One moment the storm raged with urgent zeal, then it died away again into a soft, eerie whisper, like a giant who gathers in his strength to give added vigour to the next blow. But I scarcely noticed all this, or, at least, allowed it to affect me arbitrarily. A bright thought had come to my heart, and nourished it with fiery food. Love absorbed all the gloomy influences around me. I pictured the room as it would be later, radiant with light and joy. Close to my side, the soft, velvet-like touch of her fingers vivid enough to be real, sat my bride—my wife. Her white imperial brows, under their crown of sombre braids, lay on my breast—the rosy fold of her pure sweet lips wooed my kiss. It had been a long reverie before I reached this inspiring climax. But here I halted; a wild, shooting thrill passed with electric sharpness to my very feet. I dared think on this no more; my very breath felt flame.

I arose, puffed vigorously at my cigar, shook myself admonishingly, and went to the window. The aged shutters required but small effort to divorce them from their tottering union. I drew them aside, and looked out. The clouds overcast the sky in shadowy armies, or separated, to speed hither and thither in small detachments, as if, impelled by a strong word of command, they dared not resist. No star specked the gloom. Once a faint silver crescent sat on the brow of a storm-cloud, but a moving mass of darkness rushed towards it with hurried virulence, and its pale beam sank back, quenched. I could see nothing beyond this. The moor lay in total obscurity, and Cimmerian darkness enveloped the gaunt old hills. I had had enough of this view, and I went back to my place by the ruddy fire. A few more minutes, and an old clock, the inhabitant of regions yet unexplored, gave out, in a dim, cracked voice, ten forlorn strokes, and simultaneously the door opened. Wilson put me a candlestick on the table, and, saluting me half-gruffly, half-reproachfully, retired for good. I soon followed his example. It never struck me my perch was unknown until I issued from the sitting-room, and raised my flickering candle towards the damp walls, searching for the ordinary mode of ascent. The hall was rambling and spacious; I had traversed no mean extent of stone flooring when I came upon the staircase, in a remote corner, not easily to be detected by those uninitiated into the mysteries of old houses, their intricacies and technicalities. It was built entirely of oak, strangely contorted and fashioned. The banisters were curiously carved, and, though dripped and disfigured, still bore a look of sombre magnificence.

A white marble statue of Psyche glistened palely from out the general gloom, that seemed to concentrate all its power amid the rich dark panelling. Very sweetly her white lips smiled at me over her dismembered trunk—as sweetly as she had smiled years ago, when the wilful lady of my love had been lifted up by her proud mother to touch the hand then extended towards her with her rosy,

childish fingers. She had spoken of this to me herself one evening, seated quietly at the fireside, when she had grown sad and soft with thinking upon her youthful days. Be sure I remembered that now, and saluted Psyche with an impassioned breath across my palm, that bore the sign of a kiss I would have given her mistress, if I dared.

Then I passed up into my own room. It was not difficult to find. Wilson had obviously been mindful of my comfort, as far as lay in his power, which was not expansive or unmeasured. Through the door, which he had purposely left ajar for my guidance, came the gleam of a bright fire, that seemed to possess a most conscientious desire to penetrate through the whole depth and breadth of the room, and failed only from the sheer inadequacy of its resources to effect the desired result. A huge bed usurped to itself no small share of space and gloom. Massive curtains of a blood-red hue hemmed it in on every side, and a gilded shield, emblazoned with the arms of the Greys, reigned above the gory-tinted folds. Apart from this one article, which was ample and imposing enough, the rest of the furniture was scanty and ill-preserved. The toilet-table was worm-eaten and tottering, and its garb of lace and silk hung about it like a badly-fitting shroud. An old sofa, that had every reason to deprecate your patronage, stood against the wall, kept in countenance by a peculiar-looking washing-handstand—an antique affair, with extended wings—that must have been invented when our ancestors had but a sorry notion of economising either time or space. An aged bureau, dotted with shining knobs, the tangible demonstration of drawers, whose name was legion, was placed near the fireplace, where three large bars of flaming wood were laid across the iron “dogs.”

If I give all these details with so much minuteness, it is that my readers may realise fully every turn of my position. It might be impossible to have faith in supernatural visitations, shut in by four white walls, or a matter-of-fact blue paper staring you in the face, practical utility the fashion of your surroundings, and no one dark corner where a ghost could squeeze into and remain out of sight until the orthodox hour for his solemn appearance on the scene. But how would it have been in a room such as I at first described, bearing, as it did, all the characteristics popularly and specially designated as the fitting sphere of ghostly convivialities? Not that I experienced any degree of fear at this time. I have been more actively courageous in my life, but I was conscious now of feeling that amount of passive boldness the occasion required.

I was soon in bed, and, after listening a little while to the distant sobs of the dying blast, a delightful feeling of drowsy warmth crept over me, a mist enveloped my senses, I lost even the most vague notion of my own identity, and the occurrences of the day grew distorted and confused. Total oblivion followed speedily on this. Fatigue is a strong soporific. I have no memory of one minute's wakefulness until a pale glow of sunlight crept through the diamond panes of the ancient casement, and warned me that the morning was far spent. I arose at once, internally much satisfied with my first night's experience—or rather inexperience—and eagerly bent upon unfolding it to Wilson, as a foil to his lugubrious prophecies. I found my breakfast prepared and awaiting my descent.

Whilst I discussed my eggs with infinite appetite and relish, I tried to conciliate Wilson and conquer the taciturnity he now persisted in, and which formed such a



marked contrast to his previous ready garrulity when encouraged. He allowed himself to be melted in time, but with difficulty. He regarded me as a degenerate being, sceptical on subjects only ranking next to Gospel truths. He told me this in plain language, and I was rather glad to find that the notion of my intellectual and moral deficiencies had dissipated all his servile, strained veneration. He took his stand, now, on an equality with myself, and I even fancied, at times, there was a shade of superiority and disdain in his manner, as if my ignorance moved him to contempt as well as exultation. He received the intelligence of my dreamless, undisturbed night with a dubious shake of the head, which, like Lord Burleigh's, expressed volumes.

"Well, Wilson," said I, in a jocular tone, "you may depend upon it your intangible friends wont come near me now. They didn't resent my invasion at first—*ergo*, they mean me to remain in possession of their territories as long as it pleases me to stay."

Wilson wagged his head mysteriously, but made no verbal comment on my speech. The daylight makes even cowards brave, and I do not believe I was, or am, a coward. I had felt no fear at night; but now, with the sunshine pouring cheerily into the room, I was ready to perform prodigies of valour. The old man's reticence and want of faith, therefore, irritated me, and I subjoined, somewhat sharply—

"Come, man, what do you mean? Don't keep your tongue between your teeth. Say what you've got to say at once, and let's have none of these infernal shakes and sighs!"

Wilson drew closer to me, and answered at once—

"It wasn't *the* night."

"What night?"

"Why, the one they comes."

"Ah! yes, I remember, their visits are periodical, and, like reasonable spirits, they like to be exact. So I may expect them still, and my boasts have been either a fallacy or exceedingly premature."

"Don't laugh, sir; it wont be a laughing matter, unless I'm much mistaken. As sure as you sit there alive, you'll see them to-night."

"The deuce I shall! But what will be their object in molesting me, if you, an old intruder, escape scot-free?"

"I're a poor, worn-out old body. It wouldn't do them no good to rumple such-like folks; besides, I always speak respectful of them on all hercasions. They don't care for the hatties neither; ghostesses aint got the use of their legs for walking up and down stairs as our sort has. And then it wasn't in the highest part of the house the murder took place."

"What murder?"

"I'll tell you all about it, sir," answered Wilson, evidently settling himself for a long narration. "You see, the Greys was a spirity lot in times gone by, and so was Sir Charles—a-begging his pardon—though he didn't come up to his ancestrals. Well, Sir William, the grandfather of my young mistress what now is, was about the worst of the family in this way, and there wasn't no 'counting for his goings on. He broke his poor mother's heart, and even then he didn't get no better. He got married pretty early, for the Greys was such people for marrying—and quite right too, if they could 'ford it" (here I began to entertain a great

opinion of Wilson's sense and judgment)—“and he brought his wife home to Greyhill fust, and it's said she was about the prettiest crittur that any one ever laid eyes on, and as hinnocent-looking too. But it seems as if looks musn't go for nothing, for, though she was as beautiful and gentle as may be, outward-like, she had a dark enough heart. The master was very whole over her for awhile, but it didn't last long. You see he was fond of change. Many a poor girl he got into shame, and then he was off to another. It 'peared like as if he couldn't settle hisself nohows, and didn't want to it. All this was a trouble to her ladyship, as you may be sure, though she never said nothing to no one about it, only she got whiter and prouder every day, and people thought when Mr. Grey was borned it would be the death of his poor mother; but it wasn't; she got about again in time, only her beauty was most gone, and she looked black-like, and frowning, and wasn't easy to please, so that the servants didn't know how to stand her humours. Sir William used to be a great deal from home as time went on, and my lady got crosser and crosser at it. At last he comes back all of a sudden one night, and nobody knowed he was in the house until they seed him taking off his coat in his bedroom. Well, her ladyship was pleased to have him, though she nagged at him a bit for staying away so long; and the young gentleman was sent for to see his father, and had some fine Lunnun toys given him, though he wasn't taken much notice of on ord'nary hercasions. Well, he stopp'd at home, now, month after month, and he didn't seem to get no hidea of going to his other place; and when her ladyship proposed it he got quite angry, and told her to mind her own business, and so on. Things was quiet enough all this while; my lady got her looks up, and her temper was better. As for the master, he seemed as happy and contented as could be, and used to go out for long walks of a morning, and then again after dinner, of evenings; but it seemed as if it was only in a hinnocent way, for nobody could find out that he'd got a new sweetheart; when all of a sudden, just like a clap of thunder, as the woman who was here at the time told me herself, the great misfortune comed. One night, when the master went out, her ladyship took the notion to foller him—(females is so coorious, you know, sir)—and then she found that, instead of going for a walk, he crept round the house, a-watching to see if anybody was looking, and swinging a basket on his arm that clinked inwards as if it was full of crockery, and heatables, and such-like things; and he goes through a queer little place beside the old well what had been blocked up with rubbidge and dirt ever so long. So her ladyship hides herself close by, and waits. In about a couple of hours out comes Sir William again—at least, so people says—a cigar in his mouth, and smiling to hisself as if he was very satisfied. ‘Well,’ thinks my lady to herself, ‘what the dooce has he been doing in them ruins so long? and where did he get the light for his cigar?’”

“Oh! I see. It was a second edition of Queen Eleanor and Fair Rosamond,” I here interrupted, anxious to show my penetration and sagacity.

“I be a leetle hard of hearing, sir.”

I had already discovered that Mr. Wilson would not acknowledge he did not understand me, and, therefore, became unusually deaf when anything in my sentence was beyond his comprehension. I respected this weakness—it was natural enough; I had seen it practised on a larger scale in the world. I had known a quotation from Euripides or Æschylus make a man previously boasting of his classical erudition and general attainments suddenly minus the sense of hearing, and

I fear I am apt to be a "leetle hard of hearing" myself when people are getting beyond my intellectual depth. I knew that, in similar circumstances, torture would not have wrung from me this acknowledgment. I therefore acted for once on the golden rule of doing unto others as one would wish to be done by, and pretended not to perceive the motive of his convenient deafness, whilst I changed my historical precedent into a trivial comment. Amply satisfied, Wilson continued his tale.

"Well" (this little word headed every clause), "my lady scented mischief—for she was pretty 'cute—at least, it was said she did, for people don't know exactly how it was. At any rate, she soon managed to find out everything she wanted to know. Well, it was noticed about as how her ladyship got dreadful bad-looking, and her eyes glared so that the maids grew afraid of her, and even the young gentleman would look terrified, and scream out, when she came to where he was, she'd got such a hevill face. One night she and the master went to bed, at ord'nary times, and in the middle of the night the maids heard awful screams, as if all the ghosts that ever was borned had got together, and was hollering for a wager. The men-servants got up, went down-stairs and searched the house, but couldn't find nothing; then they knocked at my lady's door, and asked if anything was the matter there, and she comed to meet them in her dressing-gown, and reg'lar laughed at them, though she looked pale and scared herself; and she said they was all a-dreaming, for their master hadn't heard nothing, and was as fast asleep as could be. On this they all goes to bed again, and there wasn't no more noise heard through the night. The next morning, Sir William and my lady didn't come down to breakfast, and the servants got 'larned, and went to their bedroom, and, as they couldn't get no answer or nothing, they goes right in. There lays Sir William on the bed, with my lady by his side, both of them quite cold and dead, and their lips swollen and covered with foam, and just as stiff as that log of wood on the heath. The servants made a dreadful fuss, sent for the doctor and a magistrate, and when they comed, poison in a paper was found clutched tight in her ladyship's hand, and people made sure she'd found out that her husband had a new sweetheart, and had murdered him fust and herself afterwards."

"And the woman he was fond of—what became of her?"

"No one could find out, sir, for a long time; at last one of the maids remembered hearing her mistress talking about a door near the well, one evening when she had fallen asleep on the sofy; so they thought to search there, and found a long passage, leading to a secret room in the middle of the house. At first they couldn't get no further, and was going to give it up, when a carpenter who was with them found out a sliding door hidden behind a picture, and they opened it, and came upon a nicely-furnished room, with a bed in it and everything comfortable, and there, seated in a harm-chair, was a skillington all dressed up in silks and satins; and they said this was the sweetheart my lady had found out about, and shut in there to starve. Not that I can speak for certain on this, sir, for the old woman what told me was housekeeper here at the time, and wasn't so sure on this p'int herself; but there's one thing I'm as convinced of as that I stand here at this moment, and that is, that Sir William, his lady, and the poor skillington, whoever starved her, walk about this 'ere very house the night the murder was done, and other nights too; for many's the time I've heard the screams myself, and a mighty noise of woe, just as if the young thing that Sir William was fond of when he shouldn't have been was shrieking for help, and Sir William was moaning in

agonies, and not able to let her out. Then I fancy I can see her ladyship coming to the door with that cruel smile upon her hevil face, and telling the servants that their master hadn't been disturbed, when she knowed well enough all the time he was dead by her own hand. Not that I really have seen them, though I've often heard the screams I told you about just now, as if the poor skillington was a-dying, and dying hard. They was heard, too, for many a night after the murder, faint and low like, and the servants thought it was ghosts, and ran away scared. But it's my belief it was her all the time, and, if the maid had thought to tell about her mistress's dream before, she would have been saved. But this aint no use now; only all I say is that she comes back every now and then to see the place where she suffered, and Sir William and her ladyship, and they both of them cusses as hard and long as they can at my lady who did this foul wrong."

"But if you hear these screams, Wilson, as you try to persuade me you do, what makes you remain in the house at this time?"

"And where should I go? begging your pardon. There aint no house for miles around, and the ghostesses don't hurt me. I got a man to sleep with me the first time they comed, but he was scared—he jumped right down out of the hattie window, and 'twas a wonder he wasn't murdered himself; so now I don't make nothing of the matter. I burns a candle all the while it lasts, and prays for the ghostesses respectful-like before I goes to bed, and now I don't hear them if they hollers ever so hard. You see, as I got deafer, I was more hard of hearing."

"Undoubtedly, Wilson."

"And so I wasn't so much disturbed; and now I've got so accustomed to them I don't mind their ways. When I knows their time for coming's near, I sets all the doors open down-stairs, so as to leave them the run of the house; then I locks myself in, and goes to bed."

My dear readers, as you, perhaps, remember, I proclaimed myself, at first, a true chronicler; I must, therefore, acknowledge that I felt very much inclined, just then, to tell Wilson I would follow his example, adjourn to the more elevated part of the house, and leave the ghosts their own especial promenade. Biassed for a moment by the influence of his strong belief, I forgot to analyse and measure its incongruities, or give him credit for a decided tendency to hyperbole. For the time, I felt exceedingly tempted to carry the intention I have expressed into effect. Only one consideration deterred me. What if this ignominious retreat should ooze out, and come to Sydney's ears? Virtually, it was a breach of our contract. She specifically stated that I was not to avoid fear, but dare it. Perhaps I might have found some mental sophistry able to reconcile me to the view of the case appearing most desirable to myself (and not have been the first man, either, guilty of paralogising to make his morality stretch to meet his present ends), and have worn gratefully the bride I had but half won. As far as I was concerned, Sydney would be none the wiser for my determination. I could place an implicit faith in my own discretion, but could not be so confident on Wilson's score. To bribe him to my purpose would have been a degrading and unpalatable action, infinitely unworthy of one destined to wear such a proud jewel in his bosom as Sydney Grey. This idea could not be entertained, and I banished it at once. If I must lie, I would at least do it in a well-bred way—secretly, with no menial to share my sin.

*"Et ce n'est pas pêcher, que pêcher en silence."*

This was somewhat my fallacious doctrine at the time—evil and obnoxious

enough, I knew ; but, instead of resisting its power steadily and strenuously, I had only one firm resolve, and that was, that no confession of mine should divorce me from my cherished hopes. If I should experience a momentary sensation of fear that night, I would never acknowledge it—even declare the contrary. Too much was at stake for any scruples of conscience to arbitrate against this decision ; but, at the same time, no menial should be able to say I had made him my equal—the equal of Sydney Grey's husband—by paying him to aid in the deception that gained me this blessed title.

Later—years after our marriage—when Sydney had proved me, and found me not really wanting in the quality she desired I should possess, then I would humbly confess that I had obtained her by fraud, and bring forward, as an excuse and atonement combined, the force and durability of my love.

You see, all through this mental soliloquy I have so candidly narrated, I had no actual faith in Wilson's creed. But I did not feel certain that at night his ingenious and prophetic revelations might not recur, and gather strength and significance from the stillness and gloom about. I expected to own a temporary feeling of uneasiness—assuredly nothing more ; but even this I was not to know. It was Sydney's will that I should be able to put my hand on my heart, and solemnly declare I had not had one second's fear during the whole week of my sojourn at Greyhill ; and I should have preferred to have known, over my assertions to this effect, a distinct moral conviction that there was nothing I could remember liable to a contrary interpretation.

But I settled in my own mind that I could not be expected to be strictly truthful under such circumstances, the Psalmist giving us his authority for stating that, even on general occasions, "all men are liars." I also persuaded myself, with equal facility, that it was a feeble passion indeed that could not wade through some mire to reach the pure, beautiful sovereign beyond. If the taint of my passage was to have been visible and abiding, I should probably have resigned my intention ; but, as it was, I made a patched-up peace with my conscience, and my plans were partially concluded before Wilson had cleared away the breakfast-things, and left me alone to mature them at my leisure, and reason away, with convenient morality, the last remnant of my scruples.

The rest of the day I passed out. The air was keen and invigorating, and, once the moorland left behind, the view of dark fell and jagged hill sublime and picturesque. The works of Infinity lay stretched before me in a glorious panorama, mighty, expansive, and measureless. Above the blue arch of heaven, beneath the green bend of earth, God's spaceless power met me face to face, and, drooping my head, in a lowly attitude of praise and awe, I acknowledged how poor an atom our humanity was of all this marvellous show of omnific wisdom and potency.

## THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

*(Abel Drake's Wife.)*

MR. SAUNDERS may be congratulated upon his success. The numerous eulogiums showered by the press and the novel-reading public on "The Shadow in the House" (which we believe was his first considerable effort in prose) are still fresh in our minds when we are introduced to *Abel Drake's Wife* (Lockwood and Co.); and justice demands that critic pens should again open their nibs to speak in laudatory strain.

Generally speaking, Mr. Saunders tells his story in simple, unaffected, and yet poetic language; and so skilfully, and yet so tenderly, does he lay bare the workings of a mother's heart, that one turns to the title-page to reassure oneself that it is indeed a "John" who performs the operation. "John" it is, but still the lingering thought remains that *some one* John doth help with female fancy and a woman's wit. Our author is, too, an ardent lover of Nature—one who would not willingly allow the most transient expression of her countenance to pass by unobserved—hence, when he describes her in one of her ever-varying moods, it is as though he painted the scene he wishes to present to his readers, and this so skilfully, and with such pleasing and "Pre-Raphaelite" fidelity, we are almost led to believe that that which has only been seen by our minds' eyes has, in deed and in truth, produced an impression on the retina of our more distinguishable visual organs.

Were we, in our wanderings in Lancashire, to come upon the village which figures in the narrative under the name of Barden Brow, we should surely rejoice those who are interested in that which relates to the sentiment of pre-existence by exclaiming, "We have seen all this before." And very delighted should we be to have the opportunity of so expressing ourselves, as the locality in which the action of the tale takes place is decidedly picturesque; for, although the "Lady Bountiful" is a manufacturer's wife—although most of the other personages with whom we are made acquainted have been, are, or should be, connected with the mill—constitutions shattered by performing the behests of Mammon are either supposed not to exist or ingeniously kept out of sight; whilst we are not forbidden to rejoice in landscape beauty, there being a total absence of that "hideousness of smoke, order, and unrest," which Mrs. Gatty mourns over after her eight hours' journey through that part of England metonymically termed "*commercial prosperity*."

We will now, however, try to tell the story of the book.

In this manufacturing paradise resided Barbara Drake, who, when we first pass over the darkened threshold of her mother's cottage in Abbott's Court, we find bending over her dying child—herself a child, and yet the deserted wife of one to whom but two years ago, at the age of fifteen, she unhesitatingly plighted her troth. Starvation stares the widow and

her daughter in the face, but they are too proud to ask the help which their kindly neighbours are ready to afford; and it is only when some one proposes to send for Mrs. Wolcombe (the lady of Coppeshall) that Barbara assents, and the legs of *Lazy Job*, a rejected lover, perform unwonted feats by the rapidity with which they bear him to seek the required assistance. The "ministering angel" (surely such a one as we should all be proud to know) fails not to answer to the summons, and we soon see her standing by the young mother's side, and displaying such tact in her endeavour to convey comfort that we are tempted to wish that all the Eliphazes, Bildads, and Zophars in creation would take a lesson from her book—or shall we say from her heart? The time is past when human succour might have been of any avail—the girl hushes her babe for the last time, and the sleep it sleeps is not one which aught on earth can break. O the agony of that fond watcher's silent grief! O the love the poor mother lavishes on that senseless lump of clay! O the combat which must have torn that once devoted soul, so that it can now cry aloud, "Abel Drake! if ever ye come back to me—come ye rich or come ye poor, sick or in health—I tell thee now, o'er the dead body of our child, and in God's own presence, I'll never own thee as my husband—never!"

The funeral is over, and Barbara feels that there are no "grief luxuries" for her—that she must rouse herself, re-collect all her energies, and so render herself fit to resume her place in the army of bread-winners at the mill. But Mrs. Wolcombe is not so unmindful of her *protégée* as to wish her to follow an occupation, and to frequent a place, which must ever call up painful memories connected with him who had aforetime worked by her side, and whispered love under cover of the whirring of the loom. It is, therefore, proposed that the vacant place of nursemaid at Coppeshall shall be filled by our heroine; which offer being gratefully accepted, and all due habilitmentary preparations being made, we are treated to a rich scene between her and Job, whose devotion has temporarily conquered his natural indolence, inasmuch as, unasked, he offers to carry to its destination the scanty luggage of the object of his admiration.

"Barbara walked on, deeply engrossed with her thoughts. Job, to do him justice, made numerous attempts at getting up a conversation; but it lagged, do all he could. 'Wonder if yoll' hae much to do yonder?' he speculated on one occasion, making sure he must be rightly anticipating the nature of Barbara's thoughts. No answer. Job sniffed the freshly-perfumed air, almost raised his head, and looked across the country with a certain sense of enjoyment that made him forget, for an instant, the unsociableness of his companion. There was, in fact, just a touch of the poetry of idleness in Job. Had Fortune only made him a rich man, he would, probably, have been thought not only

a good-natured gentleman, and a perfectly respectable member of society, but have died with the reputation of having fulfilled all the duties of life in a most exemplary manner. But remaining the same man—in poverty—of course he was only 'Lazy Job.' 'Purty land-skip,' continued he, making another attempt on Barbara's taciurnity, 'on'y th' warkus down yonder spoils it. *Warkus!*—the name's enow to set ye agin it. Dunna ye think so?' 'Ye'll be gettin to a waur place nor that if ye dunna gie up your idle ways, Job,' answered Barbara, shortly, and with very much the same effect upon him as if, when meditating some cosy bit of enjoyment in a secret corner, a shower-bath had suddenly opened above. 'A strung, hearty mon like you a'most a-livin' on the parish! Ye've gotten a deal o' pride to spare for railin' at warkhouses, ye hae!' 'As to pride,' observed Job, dejectedly, 'aw dunna boast o' that; it got a knock o' th' head a whol ago, when yo—' If Barbara heard this she did not choose to notice it. And Job would have done well to take a hint, and be silent; but somehow he must go on till he had effectually roused his companion. 'Eigh, Barbara! aw'd bin a different mon if yo'd—' Yes, Barbara was now roused indeed. She stopped abruptly just where she was in the road, turned full-face upon Job, and, while her indignant gaze seemed to burn into poor Job's fluttering and winking eyes, and while he shifted from one foot to another, and with a humble and deprecatory gesture strove to stay the impending storm, she exclaimed, 'Down wi' it! Put down th' box!' Seeing he hesitated—hardly knowing what she meant, or how he had offended, for his ideas were too slow to keep due pace with Barbara's—she repeated her words in so stern a voice that Job shivered as he obeyed her, and set down the box in the middle of the road. 'Now, then, ye know th' way back, dunna ye? or mun I go wi' you to show you?' Job stared at Barbara, and at the box; then, in bewildered succession, at the ground, the way back, the way forwards, the trees, and the sky, without getting the least bit of enlightenment anywhere. At last, as the tears gathered in his eyes, he gruffly murmured, 'Aw ax your pardon, Barbara, aw'm sure, iv I said ow't to hurt th' feelin's; aw didn't mean ony harm.' 'Harm!—mean! How daur ye lay your laziness o' me? I mak' you idle! Luv'e o' me (if that's whatten you mean) mak' you idle! I wonder yo're not ashamed o' yoursel' to say so. It's luv'e o' yoursel', an' hate o' everything that's manly, an' honest, an' independent. Now, Job, I tell thee, once for all, if ye dunna promise me this minnit that yo'll never daur to say sich'n thing agen—never think sich'n a thing agen—dost mind me?—I'll carry th' box to Coppeshall o' my own shoulders, an' shame thee afore th' whole parish.' 'Aw wunna say so, wunna think so, iver agen; aw wunna, indeed, Barbara!' snivelled Job.

And so, peace being restored, and the promise extorted from Job that he would seek for regular employment, he was permitted again to resume the office of porter, and the two went amicably on to Barbara's new home.

Life at Coppeshall and life in Abbott's Court

were soon found to be very different things; but Barbara was not long ere she became used to, and thoroughly appreciated, the change, as with faithful service she evinced her gratitude for the kindly interest Mrs. Wolcombe had taken in her welfare. Hugh, the younger son of the house, was a headstrong, mischievous little rogue, who lost no opportunity of plaguing his nurse, who had reason to believe that he was encouraged in his refractory conduct by the manufacturer's heir, Mr. Lancelot, who seems to have conceived (what at first appears) an extraordinary dislike to the inoffensive dependant, but who, at length, manifested feelings of a very contrary nature (which we were once inclined to think were scarcely more commendable)—the said feelings being primarily exhibited when, in the unflinching prosecution of her duty, she is bitten by one of his two remarkable dogs, which rejoices in the name of Timon. After this event Mrs. Wolcombe discovered her son and Barbara in close confabulation, and naturally expressed her surprise; but Lancelot had only been dressing the wounded wrist (the courage and the caustic here described are familiar to us—were they not in "Shirley?"), and Barbara had only given him similar advice to that with which she had favoured Job—to be up and doing—and so next day the young man left his home to join the army. Quick work, Mr. Saunders!

Years passed on, and Barbara was no longer the untutored factory-girl we knew her first. She had ever yearned after knowledge; and for some time, by receiving furtive lessons from her old schoolmaster, Isaac Sleigh, had tried to satisfy the cravings of her mind; but two hours twice a week with a tutor were insufficient for one who aspired to know "everything;" and it was a happy day for Abel Drake's wife when Mrs. Wolcombe discovered the desire of her heart, and placed the means of acquiring knowledge more fully within her reach, particularly as at the same time mistress and servant (in a most delightfully novelish way) cleared up matters of doubt which had sprung up between them, and renewed their confidence in each other.

When Mr. Lancelot next appeared upon the scene he found the *ci-devant* nursemaid installed as governess to the children—a well-bred woman in every word and action. He brought the news of Abel Drake's death, and gained his mother's consent that he should no longer conceal his love for Abel's wife, provided that the intelligence he bore did not revive the old feeling towards the first love which had so long lain dormant; if otherwise—as Lancelot did not feel equal to brooking a refusal—it was agreed that he should not declare himself, but again banish himself from home. Mrs. Wolcombe was to test the chances of his success or failure; and when she said, one day, to him, "God bless you, my boy! I think you had better go," he knew what she meant, and "he went with a smile on his face."

But a few days later, and the mistress of Coppeshall, who had long been ailing, had ceased to breathe; and Barbara, having been told the story of young Wolcombe's love for her, and having been requested to remain in

charge of her motherless pupils, was not surprised when the soldier heralded his next advent at home by writing to ask her to be his bride. "Silence gave consent;" and, joyous as were the bells which rang to welcome the captain on his return to his native village, they were not more joyous than that manly heart which dreamt that it might now reap the fruit of its weary sowing, and lose the memory of the longing, aching past in the bright rays of hope which it might cherish for the future.

But Abel Drake was *not* dead, nor was he as unmindful of his child-bride as she, in her misery, had deemed him to be. The fiery, visionary youth had matured into the enthusiastic and inventive man; and after having obtained his discharge from the army, in which he had enlisted, he retraced his steps to his native village, and, being in disguise, took up his residence as a lodger with his mother-in-law—his only riches the model of a machine invented by himself, by the sale of which he hoped to gain such a competence as might preserve his Barbara from want for ever.

The labour of years becomes Mr. Wolcombe's, and the inventor becomes the justly-unthankful recipient of 50*l*.! The dream of his banishment was vain—Barbara is about to marry another—the machine, which he loves as a mother loves her child, is his no more, and poverty has forced him to accept a sum which is scarcely equivalent to one three which was cost him by its birth. Then the unknown genius is bidden to Coppeshall, that he may explain the working of the model to the company assembled there. How shall he stand in *her* presence? How shall he bear to breathe the same air as Lancelot? What wonder that he cannot endure the tumultuous beatings of his heart? What wonder that his throbbing temples goad him almost to madness? What wonder that he fails to retain his disguise throughout the dreaded interview? and that, hearing Abel Drake spoken of as dead, and fancying that Barbara rejoices in her freedom, he can no longer remain the mere "man with the machine," but is driven to declare his identity with him whom the childless wife long ago had vowed, solemnly vowed, never again to receive as husband? Barbara—

But our space forbids us to linger more over this interesting portion of the narrative, which is, as any one may perceive, the beginning of the end. Young ladies who "devour" all the new novels will scarcely thank us for spoiling their appetites by giving them so large a fore-taste of "Abel Drake's Wife" (*surely* they will not call her "*a duck*!"), but they must remember that every one is not a subscriber to Mudie's, and accord us pardon for the sake of those of our readers who will have to content themselves without making further acquaintance with Mr. Saunders' work. Well, grumblers need not listen: but one more extract, and we have done. We are about to chronicle a question and answer uttered in a certain cottage some days after the scene in the dining-room at Coppeshall.

"God will forgive me, mother—God will forgive me for *breaking* my vow?"

"Yes, O yes," the widow said, as she bent

and kissed *them both*. "Do not fear, my child; it is the vow made in love and broken in hate that is accursed before God; but a vow made in hate and broken in love is a good and blessed thing."

It does not need *Edipus*—Davius could tell us that Abel and Barbara had made each other happy.

In conclusion, whilst we acknowledge ourselves to be admirers of Mr. Saunders as a writer of fiction, there are, we confess, some things in the work before us which require a revising hand. It were well that the Mrs. Glifford of future editions should refrain from calling her son-in-law by his Christian name at page 255 if she is to do so for the "first time" at page 262. It were well that our author should decide whether the action of the story took place during the Crimean War (page 247), or "when the rumour of an impending quarrel betwixt England and the United States began to reach Canada" (page 261). Then, is Barbara obliged to walk down to her mother's in the eventide attired in *white*? (page 199). Mr. Wolcombe's letter is a mistake; the twenty-fourth chapter should be the last; for if poor, noble Lancelot is not to be slain ere he can again return to Coppeshall, his patient heart deserves a better fate than the punishment which a revengeful Zeus might inflict on a lover Tantalus. We trust that Barbara had the good taste to refuse the kind invitation. And has Mr. Saunders ever been a strong political partisan? We know not; but a phrase or two struck us very unpleasantly. Thus—"But I tell you again, she is not one of you—she is, and must remain, a woman of the people." Why, are we not all "of the people?" Surely, because my possessions are, unfortunately, larger than my neighbour's, I am not to lose my title to be considered, equally with him, one of the people. If I am not to be, then Mr. Saunders must draw up a sliding-scale, accurately showing—say above and below the salt—who are, and who are not, *of the people*. Authors should write novels, and keep to their trade, or they should *not*. There is no reason why a novel-writer cannot or should not pen political essays, but there is every reason why he should not mingle the two handicrafts in one volume. Again, what Mr. Saunders' religious opinions may be we know not, neither seek to know, but we do think it a pity that he should accuse Isaac Sleight (who had too much respect for "the bishop" to hold heterodox doctrines) of writing so extraordinary an epitaph for Aislie Drake's grave as is the following:—

"Go, little martyr, go and plead  
For struggling souls forlorn;  
Tell Him those baby-hands that bleed  
For us the cross have borne.

"No shining robes, no martyr's crown,  
O darling, seek to win;  
But lay thy stainless glory down  
To ransom souls in sin."

We cannot say much for the grammatical structure of these verses—we can say less for their accordance with 1 Tim. ii. 5. Let Mr. Saunders look to it.



## THE FASHIONS.

ALL the largest and most fashionable *magasins de modes* in Paris, and the first-class West-end houses in London, are literally overflowing with charming, fresh, and elegant novelties for the coming season. An endless variety of new materials has been manufactured, suitable for summer wear, of a thin and light description; and last year's materials have been so much improved in design and quality, that they really may be reckoned in the list of this season's novelties.

For morning wear, foulards are now most in vogue—these dresses combining lightness with durability. Some are made with a black ground, with tiny bouquets or sprigs; others are spotted, or checked; whilst we have seen some with drab, violet, and grey grounds. This style of dress is made with a body *à revers* (showing the chemisette) and closed sleeves.

Another charming material which has appeared this season, and of which we give an illustration in our Fashion plate of this number, consists of a kind of silky gauze, generally made in drab, grey, or a neutral tint, with a border woven in of some bright colour. A shawl manufactured of the same material always accompanies the dress.

Messrs. Grant and Gask, of Oxford-street, have just received a large quantity of these new materials, in boxes, each one containing a dress and shawl to match. Some are drab, with green borders; others grey, with mauve borders; some with three narrow stripes; others with one broad stripe. The shawls are ornamented with a stripe all round, and the bottom of the skirt in the same manner as seen in our coloured plate.

Shawls and dresses made of the same material are likely to be very much worn, during the coming season, for walking toilets, and are particularly economical, as, when the dress becomes somewhat *fané*, it may be renovated by using the shawl for making a new body, &c.

*Chiné* mohairs, to imitate silk, Irish poplinettes, lustrés, and mohairs of every description, are amongst the inexpensive materials of the season; whilst for elegant, but not economical, toilets, we may mention white grenadine, embroidered in tiny silk sprigs in mauve, green, and bright blue. Of the elegance and simplicity of this pretty material we cannot speak too highly, and for young ladies' wear it is extremely appropriate.

In our next remarks on fashion we hope to give our readers a long list of pretty things in the way of muslins, grenadines, and barèges—dresses more suitable for the very warm weather.

Plain glacé silks are always in good taste, and these are now being worn trimmed with lace put on in a variety of devices, with ruching, puffings, and black lace insertion laid over white. The latter style of trimming is now much in vogue for mantles as well as dresses.

The SHORT PALETÔT, or YACHTING JACKET, is likely to be a very popular shape for outdoor garments made with very little trimming.

Light speckled cloths, braided in black, corded silk, and plain cloth bound with braid, are amongst those we have seen; and many of these paletôts are made double-breasted. They are neat, stylish-looking garments for morning wear, and are infinitely preferable to the long, trailing cloaks that have been so much in vogue of late. For elegant toilets, more *fussy* and more elaborately-trimmed mantles are necessary.

White SHAWLS, which, until last summer, had almost ceased to be worn, are now, and will be, much in vogue. We have seen some beautiful specimens, embroidered in black and mauve, which were exceedingly unique. There was no trimming round the edge of the shawls; being so richly embroidered, they required no further ornament. Black shawls embroidered in white, in chain stitch, are amongst the novelties of the season; and shawls made in twilled or spun silk, checked and plain, are very general for the mid-season.

In BONNETS we have seen a great variety, but nothing that struck us as being particularly new. They are all trimmed with a profusion of feathers and flowers, and always arranged in tufts. The shape at the top is slightly altered, not being quite so exaggerated, but still there is room for improvement, and we hope, ere long, to see a diminution in the size of the front of the chapeau.

Drawn silk and straw bonnets are being generally worn, as well as grey chip and black *crin*. Dove, grey, and drab seem to be the favourite shades for silk bonnets, and the new pink is sometimes adopted for this style. Straw trimmings, in the shape of buttons, rosettes, butterflies, and tassels, are much used for ornamenting straw bonnets, arranged with black velvet and white ribbon. This mixture is in very good taste, and *goes nicely* with any dress or mantle. We will briefly notice a rice straw bonnet, trimmed in this manner. The curtain was made of white silk, bound with velvet, with small straw rosettes laid at intervals round the velvet. Flutings of silk, edged with velvet, ornamented the top of the bonnet, dotted here and there with straw rosettes, and the bandeau was made of black velvet and straw ornaments. An innovation has been made lately in the fashion of bonnets; but we do not think it will be looked upon with favour, as it would be becoming to so very few faces. It consists of wearing them without any caps at the side, and with merely a tuft at the top. We have not seen many *chapeaux* made like this, but we had it on high authority that it would be *la mode* for the coming summer. *Nous verrons*.

Ladies' HATS are of the most charming shape this season—at least, those manufactured by first-rate houses. They are neither too much turned down nor *vice versa*, but are of a pretty oval shape, nicely protecting the face, and with turned-up brims. Feathers of every imaginable hue are worn, but, generally speaking, over a black trimming, the sombre hue of the latter colour harmonising nicely with the bright

shades. The Scarborough hats, made pointed behind, and with a very deep turned-up brim in front, are sometimes seen, but not on ladies who have any pretensions to good taste. There is a certain amount of conspicuous vulgarity connected with them; therefore they should be shunned by all moderate people. There is no objection to children wearing them. Now we are talking of bonnets and hats, we may as well mention the pretty little *white* lace veils, trimmed with black, and the *black* Maltese lace, trimmed with white. These are all short, and rounded at the corners, and the effect of black lace on the white, and *vice versa*, is exceedingly good.

Now that open dresses are coming in again, *CHÉMISÉES* will be required, and we have already seen many shapes and patterns. One we noticed was made with embroidered *revers*, to lie over the *revers* of the dress, with a straight piece of embroidered muslin across the front.

*LACE FICHUS* and *PELERINES* are now so general that they are being made in an immense variety of shapes. The latest and most favourite style seems to be the *Fichu Marie Antoinette*, which is made with rounded ends, crossing behind. Sometimes the material is white muslin, edged with fluted frills, sometimes black lace; and the ends of the latter material falling over a bright-coloured silk skirt look very pretty, and form a kind of sash behind.

Full net bodies, made with insertion at the top, in a square form, are very suitable for wearing over the low bodies of silk dresses, and, with a *Medici* ceinture, are very stylish.

Tightly-fitting merino *JACKETS*, with long *basques*, made in white or light-coloured material, are now being worn for *demi-toilette*. We saw one, composed of white French merino, ornamented with straps of black velvet, put on in points. Two long ends of merino, trimmed with velvet, ornamented the front, fastened to the *basque*. This jacket had a very stylish appearance, and was worn over a black silk skirt.

As we endeavour to keep our readers *au courant* with the novelties of the day, the *STEEL COLLARS* and *CUFFS* for ladies must not pass unnoticed. These (we cannot call them delicate articles) are made of thin, flexible steel, enamelled or painted over with a white composition, which can be washed with soap and water, and made to look equal to new—at least, so the inventors tell us. But such is not the case. The collars, we may say, are quite a failure in this as in many other respects, for the enamel or paint wears off, leaving the bright steel visible, and that after two or three days' wear. Another objection to these collars is the uncomfortable feeling they give to the neck, and that the paint comes off on the dresses. We speak from experience, and cannot, in truth, recommend these steel collars. Of the gauntlets there is not so much to disapprove, as on the wrist the stiffness is not so objectionable.

Gentlemen's collars, manufactured and enamelled in the same manner, are also being worn; but we understand that the paint very

soon wears away, leaving a bright steel rim round the neck. If something of this kind could be prepared to be durable, perhaps these collars might meet with success, as it would then answer any one's purpose to purchase them; but, until that is the case, it is folly to change from the accustomed linen.

The open dresses with *revers* are sometimes worn with little stand-up collars, and these necessitate having tiny *cravats*. They are being made in plain silks in bright colours, very narrow, and are tied in a peculiar knot (not a bow) in front.

Embroidered gauze *HANDKERCHIEFS* for ladies' *cravats* are now in vogue, these forming a handsome bow in front.

A great improvement has taken place in the manufacture of *CRINOLINES*—or, rather, in the make of them—for they are now being arranged with flounces which may be taken off at pleasure. These flounces are buttoned over very few steels, and sometimes are of silk, sometimes of muslin, and sometimes of a thicker material. Crinolines are very much reduced in size at the top, but retain their amplitude at the bottom, and are made with trains to suit the fashionable skirts. The addition of the flounces gives to the dress an elegant and informal appearance; whereas, without them, a skirt hangs stiffly, and shows where the *cage* commences, which is anything but graceful.

Most of the fashionable *PETTICOATS* are being made with flounces, which assist to throw the dress out at the bottom, and are particularly suitable for wearing under muslin or thin dresses. There is a very nice material now being manufactured, and which seems to be in great favour, for ladies' summer petticoats, consisting of a striped fabric, with a mixture of cotton in it, and which is very cool, comfortable wear. We have seen it in pink and white, blue and white, mauve and white, and brown and white; and some petticoats made of this material are braided, or ornamented with velvet, or made with little flounces. They are very economical, as they save much washing, and are particularly suitable for travelling, when much luggage is objected to.

Braiding is always a favourite style of ornamenting children's dresses and pelisses, and this season black appears to be the favourite colour. Worked on buff, white, or stone piqué, the effect is very good, and, for young ladies' morning dresses, nothing is prettier.

For *PELISSES* and out-door *JACKETS*, white marcella or piqué, spotted or figured in colours, is very general, sometimes trimmed with handsome embroidery, and sometimes with black braid.

We noticed a very pretty little boy's frock, suitable for a child four years of age, made of white piqué. It was trimmed with points of buff piqué, edged with a narrow black braid put on in a small device. A little jacket and waistcoat were made, for out-door wear, of the same material as the frock, of white and buff piqué, braided, and a prettier little costume cannot be imagined. The mixture of buff, white and black was extremely stylish.

The Garibaldi costumes seem to be in as great favour as ever for children of both sexes, and nothing can be prettier than this charming dress. In warm weather nothing more is required besides the Garibaldi shirt for out-door wear. We have noticed these little articles in white piqué, brown holland, and various other washing materials; but we cannot say they are so pretty or stylish as those made in some bright colour, and worn with a white skirt.

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE COLOURED PLATE.

1. MORNING TOILET.—The bonnet is composed of green drawn silk, with a quilling at the edge of the curtain, and no trimming whatever outside. Bows of ribbon, with a buckle in the centre, form the bandeau, and the strings are of broad green ribbon. The dress and shawl, which are both alike, consist of a material called *gaze de soie*, of a pretty shade of buff, with a bright green woven in the border. These dresses and shawls are manufactured in a variety of shades in drabs, greys, and buffs, all of them being ornamented with stripes of different widths, in mauve, green, brown, and many other colours. Messrs. Grant and Gask, Oxford-street, have a large assortment of these dresses, and shawls to correspond, in every imaginable shade, done up in the most charming little boxes; and we have no doubt that, if any of our country friends wished a toilet like the one in our coloured plate, by writing to the above firm, they would immediately get what they required.

2. WALKING DRESS.—The bonnet is composed of white tulle and Solferino silk, trimmed at the top with white feathers. The crown and curtain are of tulle, the latter being edged with silk. The mantle, which is called the Hungarian Pardessus, is made of black silk, trimmed with gimp rosettes on the body and sleeves. It fits tightly to the figure behind and before; the sleeves are made with rather a deep turned-back cuff, and are cut with a seam at the elbow. The dress is of violet silk, braided in black, and ornamented with black silk flounces.

3. LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.—The hat is of white straw, bound with blue silk, and trimmed with white feathers. The little pardessus is made of a very thin, light summer cloth, bound with black velvet all round, and trimmed with velvet up the front, sleeves, and side seams put on in graduated lengths. The dress is of plain blue silk, of a very bright shade, trimmed with blue velvet, of a darker shade than the silk.

Full-sized paper patterns, tacked together and trimmed, of the garments illustrated in this plate, may be had of Madame Adolphe Goubaud, 248, Strand, London, W.C., at the following prices:—

	s.	d.
Plain Gored Skirt .....	2	0
Hungarian Pardessus.....	3	6
Ditto, including a flat pattern .....	4	0
Little Girl's Summer Pardessus,		
with <i>Revers</i> .....	2	6
Ditto, including a flat pattern .....	3	0

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE COLOURED PATTERN.

WREATH AND BOUQUET IN BEAD-WORK, FOR MUSIC-STOOL.—The materials required for making one music-stool are—2 oz. of chalk beads; 2 oz. of alabaster ditto; 3 oz. of glass ditto;  $\frac{1}{2}$  bunch of smooth gold beads, No. 7; 4 rows of steel ditto; 1 row each of 3 shades of brown beads; 1 row each of 3 shades of green; 1 skein each of 4 shades of blue-green wool; 1 skein each of 4 shades of dead green; a needleful of 2 shades of light green floss silk; 1 dozen skeins of very bright geranium or Magenta wool, for the grounding;  $\frac{1}{2}$  yd. of Penelope canvass, medium size. The elegance and beauty of our coloured pattern this month does not, we think, admit of a question. No trouble or expense has been spared in producing what we now present to our readers, for the first German and French artists have, for months, been busily engaged in working out the thousand and one minute details necessary to the completion of the pattern. The model from which the pattern is copied is elegant in the extreme—the mixture of beads and wool forming a charming *tout ensemble*, relieved by the brilliant grounding. Our pattern may be made to answer two purposes, as it is suitable for either a music-stool or large mat. If intended for the former purpose, the grounding must be continued beyond the scallops to the required size, but if used as a mat should be left as indicated. The pattern consists of a bouquet and leaves in the centre, bordered by a wreath. The three roses are worked in beads; the one at the top being done in white glass, chalk, alabaster, and 3 shades of green beads; the other two roses in shades of brown, and the three different whites, with the addition of a few gold beads in the centre. In working these roses a little taste must be exercised in the arrangement of the different beads. The green leaves surrounding the roses are done in the ordinary cross-stitch in Berlin wool. We now come to the border, which is worked in the three different white beads, and gold and silver. The flowers in every other scallop are worked half in chalk and half in alabaster beads, with gold and steel in the centre; the leaves and tendrils in white glass veined with gold, and the small flowers in alabaster and chalk, with steel centres. *The beads for the roses in the centre of the pattern are threaded singly, but those in the border are threaded in rows the length required, and caught down at intervals.* This is a more expeditious method than if the beads were threaded singly, and, moreover, the work has a *richer and fuller* appearance. The grounding must be selected of the brightest possible shade, and done in cross-stitch.

Materials for working this stool may be had of Mrs. Wilcockson, 44, Goodge-street, Tottenham-court-road, W., for 2s. 10d.; including postage, 4s. 10d.; with a piece of the border commenced, and the centre worked, 7s.; by post, 9s.

We also beg to advise our subscribers that to those who purchase the materials for the Leviathan Cushion issued with last month's number of this Magazine, the canvass will be sent commenced, showing the manner in which the stitch is worked.

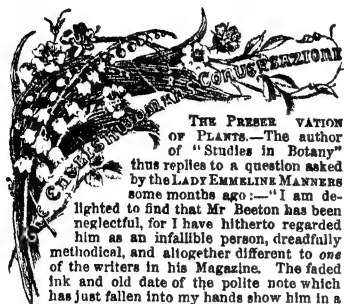
## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**PATTERNS.**—We have received requests for the following patterns, all of which will appear in due time and season, and as soon as we can produce models of good cut and correct fit.—Gentleman's shirt. Open sleeve. Jackets drawn in at the waist, with bishop's sleeves, are now superseded by the pretty little Garibaldi costume and loose jackets. Little boy's dress. Gentleman's flannel shirt. Full body and pretty sleeve for muslin dress will be given in the June number. The making of gored skirts can scarcely be described, but see Madame Goubaud's list of prices. Veste Russe. Children's under-linen. Swiss dress for little girl five years old. Boys' and girls' Holland pinafores.

**ROSE BUD.** Mr. Mintorn, of Soho-square, will provide you with artificial flowers.—**MARY STEWART.** The lines are not up to the mark, and are, moreover, too late.—**BREMA.** We believe the right translation of "Le Buste" is purchased. We are so overcrowded with matter for publication that we cannot accept your contribution.—**GWENDALINE.** The best way to improve the handwriting is by constant and careful practice from some good copy.—**GRACE R.** Constant practice is the best way to improve yourself in singing. Your writing is good, but your capital letters require attention.—**ELLEN B.** 1. See answer to **GRACE R.** 2. See the April number. 3. Your writing would be good without so much flourishing.—**K. V.** We have sent your letter to a correspondent to gain the information you require, and we have not yet received an answer.—**CICELY.** See answer to **IDA.** in No. 7 of the New Series of this Magazine.—**E. COLLIER.** Your contribution arrived too late.—**JANE GLAMORGAN.** We know of no word that fully expresses the meaning of the two words "woman-hater."—**M. K.** You must send all the cheques up to April. The name and address to be written only on the April cheque.—**H. J. T.** If the cheques are not complete you are not eligible to try for the prizes.—**E. A. M.** If you send them up we shall be happy to exchange them.—**IDA MAY.** See article on Swedenborg in "Beeton's Dictionary of Universal Information," just published, price 18s. 6d.—**MINNIE GORDON.** The standard height of an Englishman is 5 ft. 8 in.; of an Englishwoman, 5 ft. 5 in.—Will **CONTESSA** be kind enough to give the valuable recipe she promised some time ago?—**BESSIE.** Your handwriting is not good.—**SUSANNAH.** 1. 3s. 6d. for binding "The Queen." 2. Our periodicals can be obtained in New York. A prize would be safely forwarded and delivered, should you be fortunate enough to gain one. Your other requirements will be met in due time.—**NEWCASTLE.** Yes, you are fully entitled to a chance.—**LILLIE.** No; it is no longer in existence.—**F. A. F.** It is impossible to cure them; as yet no remedy has been discovered.—**WAYNE SUMMERS.** Apply to your medical man.—**SUSAN.** Yes; both of Feb. 1st and 8th.—**MRS. ALEXANDER.** We can receive no contributions unless accompanied by a letter of introduction from one of our regular writers.—**MYRTLE GRAY.** 1. Yes. 2. Yes, in numbers. 3. Yes. 4. Not yet decided.—**A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER (Bath).** We know of no use for them.—**MISS PEROT.** We are sorry we cannot comply with your request, as it is quite out of our line. You can get 100 printed for 5s.—**EMILY FLORA.** 1. You cannot procure the cheques without the numbers, and the cheques must be complete. The best way is to purchase the back numbers. 2. Glycerine soap is the best article for your purpose.—**LADY ELMORE.** From last April.—**M. B.** If you send up your cheques you have a chance in a distribution of prizes which takes place in August.—**S. G. GREATHEX.** You ought to have it on the 1st of the month.—**HARRIET.** Tales of the Operas will be printed from time to time.—**FRANCE.** For darning netted curtains see this number.—**E. G.** There's nothing for it but

soap, water and elbow-grease, and a drying in the wind or sun. Pear-stains are hard nuts to crack.—**A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.** A bright polish cannot be regained by a stove once blacked, unless you call in the ironmonger's aid to burnish it.—**EXPERTANS.** Suggestions for looking-glass trimmings and stove ornaments will be given in the Fashionable article for June—fender-stool in Leviathan work.—**CONTESSA** is beseeched by many to reveal her secret for clearing the complexion.—Braiding pattern for comb and brush bag. **VIOLET** is referred to this month's Supplemental Sheet.—**LAURA.** Plenty of exercise, and early rising.—**A SUBSCRIBER.** We prefer not to meddle with religious subjects.—Knotted fringe. **A SIX YEARS' SUBSCRIBER.** Apply to Madame Alabaster, Piccadilly.—**HARRIET.** See the Supplemental Sheet this month. You had better not attempt the cleaning, yourself, of your white crinoline bonnet.—**KATE.** A little boy four years old should wear Knickerbockers and petticoats; above that age, Knickerbockers with jackets and waistcoats. Petticoats are worn with a Garibaldi shirt.—**THE MOSS ROSE.** Consult "Hardwicke's Shilling Pezage."—**MARIE G.** Good water-colours and camel-hair brushes. Sketch in with a pencil. Coat of arms of England for Banner Screen. Chequille nets have been described.—**MARIA DENNY.** Linen should never be marked until after the marriage, and then with the surname of the master of the house.—**MARTON.** By reducing the number of articles in the *Trousseau*, and having 6 instead of 12 of different things, you will arrive at something suitable for your income.—**ANNESTE.** Our sheet would not be large enough for such a pattern.

**NEEDLEWORK DESIGNS.**—**MINNIE.** Two slipper patterns have already been issued. You can have the back numbers containing them.—**LISA B.** A chair back pattern could easily be procured. A scroll of roses would be suitable. Deer under trees, in black and white, we don't think would be generally acceptable.—**M. E. B.** Crochet-borders for counterpanes will appear from time to time.—**MRS. WEATHERLAX.** Send to Messrs. Copestake and Co., Bow-church-yard, London.—**CARRY.** If you hold your feathers before the fire their curl will be somewhat restored.—**O. K. P.** A companion bouquet in Berlin work to that in the January number will appear in June. Coloured patterns are issued with every number of the *ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE*. For prices of binding the Magazine see the number for April. A mother's feelings should answer your question about mourning.—**E. E. S.** Mr. Mintorn, of Soho-square, would be able, we think, to answer your queries about a white wax basket.—**E. F. W.** Chamois leather gloves, with guntlets, are sold for 1s. 6d., 2s., and 2s. 6d. per pair. It would be scarcely worth the trouble for private persons to make them.—**ANNIE.** Crochet-cover for music-stool.—**COLLEEN BAWW.** A fringe for a crochet antimacassar should be made of lengths of cotton, drawn through the piece of work with a crochet needle, to form a kind of double knot. The engravings are different subjects. A list will be published. Bad writing.—**MARIA.** Send your address, with prices, to Madame Goubaud.—**PATIENCE C.** Write to Mrs. Washington Moon, Regent-street.—**AGNES J. HATTON.** Send two night-dress cuts and an insertion for a petticoat to Madame Goubaud, at this office.—**AN INVALID.** Very pretty patterns have been given for knitted counterpanes, and there will be another in the Supplemental Sheet for June.—**A. C. K.** Your monogram shall be engraved.—Oval crochet mat. **AZULE.** Veils or bonnets may, and are, worn by bridesmaids. Veils have rather carried the day at weddings *à la mode*.—**A SUBSCRIBER.** The length of the scarf depends on the height of the figure. For a middle-sized woman the length would be about three-and-a-half yards.



**THE PRESERVATION OF PLANTS.**—The author of "Studies in Botany" thus replies to a question asked by the LADY EMMELINE MANNERS some months ago:—"I am delighted to find that Mr Beeton has been neglectful, for I have hitherto regarded him as an infallible person, dreadfully methodical, and altogether different to one of the writers in his Magazine. The faded ink and odd date of the polite note which has just fallen into my hands show him in a much better light, and I can now recognise him as a brother artist, not warped by a too rigid adherence to system, and therefore liable to forget things which he ought to remember. Luckily the inquiry which has been so long disregarded relates to the pursuits of summer, and an answer to it could not have been turned to practical account by the fair botanist before the present month. The warm weather will, I trust, bring me health, and thus enable me to continue my 'Studies in Botany,' which I have been compelled to relinquish for a time. In an early chapter I intend to give full directions for collecting and drying plants, and shall, therefore, at present, merely quote the following passage from Miss Catlow's popular work of 'Field Botany':—"The best method of forming a Hortus Siccus (that is, a dry garden, an herbal or herbarium) is to procure five or six quires of proper botanical grey paper, which may be purchased at some stationer's in London; also a quire or two of white, soft paper for the more delicate flowers, and two strong, well-seasoned boards of the same size as the paper; the weight may be bricks, heavy books, or pieces of lead kept for the purpose. These materials form a good press, but the cushion of a chair or sofa in constant use answers the purpose as a temporary convenience. Plants for drying are better gathered in the middle of the day than either morning or evening, when they are wet with dew, and, if possible, they should not be put into water before being submitted to the press, as they by that means imbibe much moisture, and do not retain the colour so well. Select those for drying which have some flowers expanded, others gone to seed, and always preserve some of the lower leaves and the root, if small. The characteristics are often shown conspicuously in the seed-vessels and lower leaves, so that those parts are very essential. If the plant is delicate, lay it, with its flowers and leaves naturally spread out, between a sheet of white paper; if robust, the common kind will do; and then place one or more sheets over, and so on till all are arranged, when they must be pressed. After being submitted to pressure for a day or two, they must be moved to fresh quires, and this continued till dry; some require a week, others much longer, but experience will soon enable the botanist to know when a plant is ready for the Hortus Siccus. When it is thoroughly dry, lay it on a clean sheet of white paper, and with little straps of gummed paper secure it in the position most desirable. Write the class and order at the top of the sheet; and the Latin and English names, with the locality and date, at the bottom. When many plants have been thus prepared they may be arranged in their orders and genera for the convenience of reference.' The 'Botanist's Companion,' by Professor Balfour, price 2s. 6d., contains full directions for forming an herbarium."

**MEXICO.**—Homoeopathy has many admirers; and amongst homoeopaths there are some of the most sensible people in England. Thus, we believe, Miss Harriet Martineau gives her adhesion to the principles

and practice of homoeopathy. Just as we were looking, however, at your query, another small manuscript met our eye, and we found the following from a correspondent, which you may laugh at or agree with as you please. It is headed, "Homoeopathic Soup."

TAKE a robin's leg; mind, the drumstick merely! Put it in a tub, filled with water nearly. Set it out of doors, in a place that's shady; Let it stand a week—but less if for a lady. Drop about a spoonful in a fine new kettle, Which should not be of tin or any baser metal. Fill the kettle up; set it on a-bolling; Strain the liquor well, to prevent its oiling. An atom of salt; for thickening, one rice kernel; And use to light the fire the *Homoeopathic Journal*. Let the liquor boil half an hour—no longer. If it's for a man, of course you'll make it stronger. Should you now desire that the soup be flavoured, Stir it *once round* with a stick of savoury. When the broth is made, nothing can excel it. Then three times a day let the patient *smell it*. If he chance to die, say 'twas Nature did it; If he chance to live, give the soup the credit.

**CAROLINE EMILY.**—"Cad," according to the "Dictionary of Modern Slang, (ant. and Vulgar Words," is an abbreviation of "cadger," a mean or vulgar fellow—one who would rather live on other people than work for himself. On account of the applicability of the word to a low, mean, underbred fellow, the proudest and most exclusive "swells" in our Universities use it towards those whom they consider as being unworthy the recognition of an educated English gentleman.

**GLASGOW GIRL.**—Paper flower making will be described in an early Supplemental Sheet of the Magazine.

**MANY CORRESPONDENTS.**—It is perfectly optional whether you buy the Sixpenny Edition or the Shilling Edition of the Magazine. We publish the usual Magazine for the usual sixpence; and we, in order to give the information which is day by day required of us, produce, besides, a Supplemental Sheet, Fashion Plate, and Coloured Pattern every month. The Magazine and the Supplemental Sheet are charged one shilling; the Magazine by itself, as heretofore, is sixpence.

**AMELIA CONSTANCE.**—Almost as many poets will be found whose muses sang the praise of pallid, as of rosy, beauty. Thus Thomson:—

"The cheek  
Where the live crimson, through the native white  
Soft shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,  
And every nameless grace."  
Thus Shakspeare:—

"That whiter skin of hers than snow,  
And smooth as monumental alabaster."  
Rest satisfied, AMELIA, with thy pale cheek, and let it be an emblem of a soul as white.

## NOTICE.

The Supplemental Sheet of the Magazine for June will contain several new stitches in Crochet, Designs for Tape Trimmings, New Coiffures, Embroidered Silk Handkerchief Box, Crochet Fringe, Netted Lace, New and quickly-made Mat in Tolle Cirée, ornamented with Leaves, Knitted Square for Counterpane, Crochet and Bead Mat, &c. &c.

Also, a Coloured Pattern Banner Screen in Bead-work.

Also, a Coloured Fashion Plate of large size, by Jules David and Adolphe Goubaud.

Price of the Magazine and Supplemental Sheet, One Shilling.

The Magazine by itself, as heretofore, Sixpence.

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JUNE 1867



## CHAPTER XX.

How was it the disclosure of Uncle Vallon's plans concerning Christopher threw so heavy a gloom over the little dinner party at "The Waggoner's Rest?"—such a gloom that the landlord's finest, mellowest old ale tasted flat and bitter, and the currant dumplings, for which Mrs. Standish was so famous, turned out heavy?—such a gloom that all charity and loving-kindness for the poor little strangers at their board was borne down and smothered by it in the hearts of the landlord and his wife, as the odour of sweet flowers is borne down and smothered by a baleful marsh mist?

Was it his awkward way of putting it? Uncle Vallon asked himself; for, holding respect for his wife's family as a part of his religion, he was truly pained by the general dissatisfaction his words had caused. Alas! no, there was something more than Uncle Vallon, in his simplicity, could fathom. The secret, then, was this. Ever since Madgie, in the dignity of her three years, had guided the steps of her infant cousin over the rough stones of the stable-yard, and about the garden, on his Sunday visits to "The Waggoner's Rest," it had been looked on by the respective mothers of the two as a thing ordained by Fate that he, when time came round, should, in return, guide Madgie's steps over the rough stones and down the flower-walks of life. At first the idea was thought of and chatted over by the mothers alone; but in time, as Humphrey Standish found it incumbent upon him to look around and make his own choice of a son-in-law amongst Madgie's numerous admirers, not one, from the rosy young farmer of Todness, with his annual offering of a pot of the very earliest snowdrops, to the village scamp who, in his hopeless devotion, squandered away his every farthing at her father's bar—not one, I say, met so approving a glance from the landlord's cold, calculating eye as did Christopher. Now this is not so strange as it may appear on Humphrey's part, seeing that he had early discerned in his nephew that indefatigable, almost restless, industry, and wonderful power of mastering the little difficulties of life, that had now brought upon him the notice and patronage of the all-powerful Messrs. Gwynne and Hardell, of Todness.

But when, at this Sunday dinner, his brother-in-law expounded his ambitious



views regarding Kit, all his own dreams, or rather (for he was not much of a dreamer) all his slowly and laboriously built-up plans, melted into air. In the first place, it was only too clear to see that Christopher, becoming what his father intended him to become, would certainly look higher than Madgie for a wife; and, seeing this, the landlord looked no further, and at once turned against poor Uncle Vallon's darling, long-toiled-at scheme with all the force and passion of a narrow, jealous heart.

Who was Jack Vallon, he said to himself, that his son should be better than Humphrey Standish's daughter? What was Christopher, that folks should make such ado with him, that the notion of becoming his son-in-law should no longer seem a great rise in the world for him, but, on the contrary, a letting down? Pooh! it was putting all things out of joint. No, he set his face against it. If Uncle Vallon persisted, he should feel the full force of his disgust. That he silently said to himself, and then sat still in grim expectation.

Nay, Humphrey Standish, in vain you hold your glass up to the light—your good old ale is as fine and clear as ever: the evil taste is in your own mouth.

This, then, was the state of things when the company rose, and, leaving the kitchen and the half-finished dumplings, squeezed themselves into the little dark best parlour, where a table was spread with apples and oranges, and where two tall decanters stood like generals commanding a detachment of wine-glasses, which were soon filled, and handed round, and sipped from, in gloomy silence.

On rising from the dinner table, Uncle Vallon, in his absence of mind and natural fondness for children, had laid his hands on 'Duke's head and on Constance's shoulder, and walked them in before him, so that now the children found themselves seated amongst the rest, with an apple each, and a glass of currant wine between them. Christopher, who seemed greatly absorbed in his own thoughts, and only at times to remember how uncomfortable everybody was about him, sat now next to Constance, and away from Madgie; and, although it was evident enough that the matter was perfectly accidental, it was noticed by Humphrey, and a deeper glow suffused his face. For him every incident, however slight, had now a meaning. Having already determined that one consequence of his nephew's elevation in society would be to draw him away from Madgie, it did not require much tempting from the evil counsellor at his ear to whisper that the whole scheme had been, in fact, devised to accomplish this very purpose. So this was Jack Vallon, was it? said he to himself.

Still, for some time the landlord sat at the fireside smoking and sipping his rum-and-water in expressive silence; and Constance, who looked on timidly as from a distance, and as on a matter that did not concern even while it strangely attracted her, began to think that he and all of them had forgotten her and her brother in their own domestic troubles. It was not long, however, before she found herself mistaken.

Uncle Vallon, his wine untasted, sat looking ruefully into the fire; Mrs. Vallon was leaning across the table, condoling in whispers with her sister-in-law over the failure of the dumplings; Christopher was paring an orange for Madgie, and throwing her the peel across the table by way of anticipation; while the two children were bending over an old pictorial Bible. Just then it so happened that Christopher was called to pass along a decanter of wine that was near him, and he, being suddenly roused from his abstraction, made an incautious gesture with his

elbow that threatened to sweep off one of the tall ale-glasses. Constance, seeing the danger, tried hurriedly to avert it, but in her nervous haste did herself the mischief she had hoped to prevent, and Humphrey's fine old family crystal, bearing his name in an ornamental design, went toppling on to the ground, and broke in a hundred pieces. Poor Constance, with flushed face, stooped instantly, but only in time to see the wreck she had made. She began slowly to pick up the pieces, keeping her head bent down, as though unable for the moment to bear the gaze that she knew awaited her when she looked up.

"It was my fault, uncle," said Christopher; "I'm very sorry—I was thinking—and——"

For a moment or two there was no reply, and they were all beginning again to relapse into the same state of mute uncomfortableness as before, when Humphrey made them start by suddenly turning and resting his glass on his knee, and pointing towards the children with his pipe, while saying to his nephew—

"You'll have the kindness, Kit, you and your father, to take that there business on your own hands, seein' as I've got that on mine as keeps 'em pretty full. You may be able to attend to such things—you and him may be, I dare say; and it's no doubt very creditable on you; but as for me, I find it as much, or as I may say, *more* than I can do to manage them as belongs to me, and keep 'em from makin' fools of 'emselves, without turnin' charity lawyer for every tramp as comes trespassing on my premises. As to putting my hands in my pocket, I've no objection to that in a reasonable way, though I aint got two hundred laid by unbeknown to my family, as some folks has. It's the responsibility as I wont have nothing to do with, and that I do wash my hands on, and so do you, Mrs. Standish, if you please. They're welcome to the wittles; wittles is nothing to me, but responsibility is. So, as I said before, I'll thank you and your father, Kit, to settle it between you. My pocket and my wittles is at your service, if so be they're wanted; but responsibility aint, and there's an end on't."

As he ceased, there was a silence which seemed perfectly terrible to poor Constance. She had a feeling that she ought to get up and say something about her willingness to go away with her brother, but her tongue seemed to have lost all power of speech, and for the moment the attack, in its very suddenness and unexpectedness, quite overwhelmed her. Somehow she had begun to feel at home. The very openness of the family talk before her, and the vividness of her own sympathies with the things discussed, had helped to make her forget she had no proper part in it—that she was a stranger, dependent on their charitable feelings for every morsel she ate, and for every hour of shelter she enjoyed. But, while the poor girl felt a strange terror and chill creeping all over her, she found her hand clasped by another warm hand beneath the table. She did not need to ask whose it was—she did not turn to look into his face, or to thank him in any way; but, while a single tear rose in her eye and stole down her cheek, there came back all the sense of that happy evening she had spent with Christopher, and she felt her courage rise at the proof now again given that she had one friend near.

Uncle Vallon, having waited to see if any one else would speak before him, at last said—

"Will you tell me, my dear, where you are going, and what you want to do? Don't be afraid to speak out."

"We want, please, sir, to get to my aunt, who lives at Westcliff."

"And haven't you money enough to get there in the quickest way—by the coaches?"

"A man took it all from us, else we had enough, by walking part of the way."

Here there was a general outcry from the women; and many questions were put, in their generous warmth and indignation, that any man could have been found to rob two such defenceless creatures. But Uncle Vallon, who was always business-like in his timid, modest manner when he had business to do, continued, without heeding the interruption—

"But, my dear, hadn't you better write to your aunt, and tell her where you are, before you undertake so long a journey?"

"Please to remember, Jack Vallon, what I said a bit ago," interrupted Humphrey Standish. "I don't mean to do an unkind thing, but I say, and I'll stand to it, no responsibilities for me."

"You mean, Humphrey, I suppose, you don't wish them to stay here any longer—not even while they wait for the aunt's answer?"

"Wish it! Humph! they sha'n't, and that's what I've got to say, Jack. No offence to them—or you."

Uncle Vallon seemed about to speak hurriedly in reply, then paused and dropped his head—a habit of his when meditating. A moment after he heard his wife say—

"Why can't we take them home with us for a bit? Margaret tells me she's a good, useful girl. I want help, and we could send the boy to school—I mean, till the letter comes."

Uncle Vallon's face brightened all over, but there was something in his subdued manner of speaking that implied he had been looking for such a result, and that, now it was obtained, the less fuss he made about the mode the better it would be.

"Very well, children; then get ready as soon as you like, for the chaise wont hold us all, and so we must send you on first. You take them, Kit, and then give the horse as long a rest as you can before coming to fetch us in the evening."

Whether Uncle Vallon's alleged was also his real motive, or whether he thought it would be as well to try to have a little mollifying chat with Humphrey when the stranger children were out of the way, we wont undertake to determine; but scarcely had he done speaking before Kit was up and off to the stable, and laughing at Jemmy's stolid wonder and dissatisfaction at the idea of the double journey for the poor animal; and then, a few minutes later, he appeared seated in the chaise in front of "The Waggoner's Rest," cracking his whip as a signal to Constance and 'Duke, and looking up, meanwhile, at the newly-painted sign with an eye as coldly, yet curiously, critical, as though he had never seen the odd work of art before, and had no sort of personal responsibility for any of its defects.

The contents of the little wandering bundle were soon gathered together, and the two came forth, accompanied by Madgie, who kept giving 'Duke fresh and fresh treasures out of her pocket, so that he began almost to wish that even the coveted delight of the ride in the chaise might be pushed a little further off. But he was lifted in, with all his fruit and other treasures, and a rousing smack was deposited on his cheek by the good-tempered and warm-hearted Madgie, who then turned to help Constance up to her seat. What a giddy elevation it seemed to the bewildered girl! She had never before ridden in such a vehicle. Her father

had occasionally solaced himself with such a ride in some one or other of his excursions to neighbouring places, but never by any chance taken her. It was always 'Duke who was called for, if either of the children was to go.

While she was pondering over the past, and wondering over the present, with a dim presentiment that she ought to be able, by their aid to foresee the future, Mrs. Standish came out, and hurried to the side of the chaise. Her heart and her eyes seemed alike full. It was not her fault the children were going away. She managed to convey as much to Constance as she kissed her and bade her be a good girl. And then the horse, who had been impatiently stamping on the ground for some time, started off, seemingly without warning, but really in obedience to a sly touch of Christopher's, who, having told the children to hold fast, thus startled them at the outset of the journey; and, as they rattled along, Mrs. Standish could not help laughing herself at the mirth that 'Duke and Christopher were exhibiting on their departure from "The Waggoner's Rest."

## CHAPTER XXI.

THE chaise soon left the high and comparatively dull road, and turned into what proved to be only the first of a series of green lanes, where the high banks were often so close that its occupants could break off branches from the trees, and were obliged perpetually to be on the alert, lest they might lose a hat or bonnet, or get an unpleasant scratch across the face from some long vagrant blackberry shoot, of amazing length and thickness, arching and dancing over the road. But every incident of this kind only added to the enjoyment of the party. 'Duke fairly screamed again at every fresh surprise, and made the solitary way ring with the merry sound of his childish laughter. Constance sat very quiet, saying nothing, but looking the very incarnation of dreamy delight. She seemed as though the idea of life was now first dawning on her, and that, mingled with the beauty of it, and its richness and gladness, there was a something indefinite, mysterious, awful, that kept her hushed in a sweet wonder. As to Kit, he gazed first on one, and then on the other, and appeared to draw almost equal pleasure from the sight of the differing enjoyment of both; and while he laughed sometimes aloud in sympathy with 'Duke, he generally remained silent in a still deeper and unconscious sympathy with the sister.

And so the chaise rattled along, with many a bump, and with many a stoppage at soft places in the road, until they came to one hollow part of the road where, for about a hundred yards or so, they saw the ground covered with water, and which stretched before them like a river between walls of budding vegetation. Both the pairs of young eyes turned inquiringly on Kit, to see how he proposed to deal with this wonderful event. After a moment's pause, he said—

"The flood must have come up suddenly, I fancy. There's always a little water here—just enough to cool the horse's heels—but the old folks would have told us to go round the other way if there had been as much as this in the morning when they came by. Well, now, I'll tell you what we'll do. I can get the chaise through well enough, and I can keep my own feet dry, too, but I think you had better not venture. Besides, the horse will get through more easily if there's only one of us. So, look you, go back to that little white gate, and you'll see a footpath that'll take you to an old wooden bridge, and then bring you back again

by a bit of a roun to the same lane beyond the water. I shall be there first, so make haste."

"There wont be any robbers that way, will there?" asked 'Duke, who looked rather blank at the suggestion, and who, oddly enough, for once seemed to be rather afraid of than to invite new adventure.

"No, no," said Kit, laughing. "Thank goodness! robbers aint quite as plentiful as musarooms in this neighbourhood yet. But, anyhow, what need you care? Show 'em your empty pockets, and laugh at 'em—that's what I'd do."

There was a comical expression in 'Duke's eye that seemed to intimate that he could say something on that subject if he liked, but there was also an unusual disposition to be silent, while he evidently did not approve of the arrangement. Constance, with rapid intuition, perceived there was something she ought to know, and which she then determined she soon would know.

They got down from the chaise, leaving Kit in it, and the two parties took their several ways, Kit calling after the others—

"Mind, if I am drowned I sha'n't keep my appointment."

And when the children had duly recognised this sally, they turned into the field.

"'Duke, dear, what made you seem afraid of our being robbed again?" inquired Constance.

As 'Duke continued to toddle on by her side in silence, she repeated her question. Then he said—

"That man hurt my arm so, you know, Conny."

But the boy did not, as was his custom, turn his full and fearless blue eyes upon the questioner, but, on the contrary, kept his head averted. Constance's misgivings increased. She had once or twice before, in days gone by, caught 'Duke hovering, as it were, on the verge of a lie, and had extricated him in time by her own deep sisterly love and pure instinct. She saw now precisely the same kind of peculiar attitude and secretiveness, and felt sure he was in a similar predicament. And then her thoughts ran in alarm far on into the region of possibilities. How could he have got any money? Was it possible he had been tempted to any act of dishonesty? Or—and here her heart sank as though she was touching a terrible truth—had he secretly seen their father? But, calming herself, she said, quietly—

"'Duke, dear, you know you never did quite tell me a story; your spirit wouldn't let you when you once or twice tried. Oh, no, you were too much of a man for that; for oh, 'Duke, it is such an unmanly thing to tell a lie! Well, then, you wont begin now. Come, dear, tell me what has happened. I feel quite sure you have got something you are afraid to lose. I will help you to take care of it if it was honestly come by."

Here Constance stopped and looked 'Duke fixedly in the face while taking hold of one of his hands. There was a pause, during which the boy's face underwent a variety of changes; but at last he stole his other hand into his pocket, and, after a long search, brought out slowly—very slowly—a green silk purse, through which Constance saw the gleam of coin—silver, and, at least, one piece of gold. She did not need to ask him more—she knew the purse only too well. She had herself frequently mended it for her father.

"Oh, 'Duke, when did you see him?"

"Before dinner."

"What, to-day?—this very day?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"When I was out playing on the green. A man came to me, and said there was a gentleman wanted me to come to him; and oh, Conny, it was father!"

"And what did he say?"

"Why, he cried, and made me tell him where we had been. And when I told him how we had been robbed, he gave me his own purse. And he asked if we were going to aunt's at Westcliff. And I said, 'Yes.' And then Madgie called me, and he said I had better run back before any one missed me."

"And why did you not tell me, dear?"

The boy hung his head. So Constance said—

"Did he tell you not to tell me?"

"Y—yes," was the unwilling answer.

Constance felt now she had learned all. Her father was, then, dogging their footsteps. He had guessed, and was now certain as to, their destination. But where was he at this very moment? Perhaps within sight or hearing. Her heart began to beat fast. And, to make matters worse, a minute or two after this she saw, lying asleep on a bank by the side of which they must pass, a figure in black that looked very like the form of Mr. Daniel Chorley. Of course she laughed off the first fright; but then it came on again. And then she thought he had, perhaps, heard of their present journey, and set out before them, and, being stopped by the water, had taken the circuitous path to avoid it. It was, too, rather a custom with her father to turn sleepy when sitting in the open air after any vigorous physical exertion. But, whether it was her father or a stranger, she had now no choice but to pass him. Yes, she must go on. The boy soon noticed the direction of her eyes, and he said at once—

"There he is, Conny!"

"Hush, dear. If it is, we must pass him without waking him. I can see he is asleep by the hang of his head. The sun always makes him drowsy. Now do exactly as I do, and don't speak or make a bit of noise."

As they came up they saw it was indeed Mr. Chorley, who appeared to have seated himself on a tree-trunk that had been cut off evenly just above the ground, but to have gradually dropped backwards on the steep sward in a deep sleep. His white cambric handkerchief lay partly over his head and face, and his silver-headed stick and glossy silk hat were carefully disposed by his side.

How Constance trembled as she drew nearer and nearer, and became more and more afraid of what seemed to her the increasing heaviness of her step! But he moved not. They came up to him, they passed him, and still he remained in his luxurious after-dinner nap. And then, as the child felt her fears die out, she found a different kind of agitation growing in her breast. She wanted to go back to him to kiss him. Oh, if she might only dare to do so, and could afterwards get away in safety! She stood for a moment hesitating. Suddenly her father, disturbed by flies, made a gesture with his hand that seemed to wave her off, and broke the charm. Seizing 'Duke by the wrist, she hurried on till she had turned a corner of the hedge that concealed him from their view, and then, though she could not help pausing to listen if she could hear his step, they again ran forward the moment she had satisfied herself he was still deep in slumber.

Before they emerged into the lane they heard a whistle. Constance knew whose it was, and, when it was again and again repeated, she began to understand how uneasy Kit was getting at their inexplicable delay. But they were soon by his side, and, in answer to his hurried question—for he saw their disturbed faces—Constance said to him, in a thick whisper—

“Father! We have seen him asleep.”

“Then he did not see you?”

“Oh, no.”

“All right! Come along. He’ll never find you where we are going to. If he does, you blame me.”

They were soon in the chaise, the bottom of which Kit had already managed to get tolerably dry, and rolling along, now between close banks, and now across little heathy knolls, and now, again, through dense woods of tall but slender trees, which had expended all their vital strength in running up through the thick arboreal crowd to the sky which so feebly illumined them above, and where alone it seemed possible for them to get a bit of fresh air or glad sunshine. But, whatever the trees might feel as to the life in such a place, they certainly made a charming world for human creatures to come into for a few brief moments of mental refreshment or spiritual repose. The soft, dim, green light everywhere diffused, the elegant tenuity of the trunks, the rich ferny undergrowth, the wood-anemones, with that still more delicate wood-nymph the sorrel, appealed to Constance’s most cherished dreams of the fairy-land she had so often read about, and which, if it existed at all, must surely be in places like this, where the lovely green glades seemed to demand that they should be fittingly peopled.

But it must be owned there was one highly incongruous image that seemed perpetually to be showing itself in some side light; not exactly venturing in, but watching all who were within that pleasant natural arcade, with its countless pillar-shafts. Yes, Constance found her thoughts incessantly shifting from that which she saw to him whom she had but lately seen, and the hasty look back, every now and then, over the way they had come, told Kit of what a mingled yarn the thoughts of Constance Chorley were just then composed. Presently he said to her—

“I know why he got into that place—I don’t mean merely to avoid the water—but why he took the lane. It leads, as you will presently see, to a high road, and it is the nearest way to it, though people from a distance don’t generally know the fact, and I suppose he did. Or perhaps he didn’t want to be met and recognised, and, therefore, purposely avoided the ordinary road. But, as he has not seen you, and can’t suppose you are on this track——”

“No,” interposed Constance, timidly. “Duke saw him this morning—just for a minute—and told him we were going to our aunt’s.”

“Oh, well, then, till you reach there you are quite safe. Where we are now going, strangers rarely or never come. The village in which my father lives might, some time or other, have done something wrong, and got frightened as to the consequences, for I don’t see what else could have induced it to get to such an out-of-the-way spot. No road runs through it that anybody in his senses would ever dream of taking to, unless it were to get to, or to leave, the village itself. Then there is no gentleman of the smallest distinction near it, no public building of any kind in it, not even a lock-up house for naughty people, or a pound for wandering cattle.”

"Who, then, live there?" asked Constance.

"Why, just a few farmers, all of moderate means, and their labourers, and some independent folk whose forefathers have grown rich by their farms, and then left them, from one cause and another, but who don't care to leave the place where they have so long found a home. For these people my father has long been the wheelwright, and they respect him, and he them; though, mind you, 'tisn't their custom has enabled him to lay by anything, I can answer for that."

At this allusion to Uncle Vallon's generosity, Constance turned and looked into Kit's face, and said, not without a slight touch of envy in her voice—

"Christopher, how you will be able to work now!"

Christopher bent his head, and there came an earnest, musing look into his restless brown eyes as he continued his low whistle; but by-and-by, as if his thoughts had taken a sudden turn in a different direction, he waved his whip in the air, and broke out into a triumphant laugh.

"I know what you are thinking about, Christopher," said Constance, laughing also—"your uncle Humphrey."

"I was thinking," replied Kit, "how I'll get them to have a consultation-dinner over me in two or three years, pretending that I haven't been getting on, and then how, under Uncle Humphrey's nose, I'll pay father the two hundred back, with tremendous interest. Hallo! here we are, and the donkey's come to meet us!"

As Christopher made this exclamation, the chaise entered a lane so narrow that the said donkey, after trying in vain to dispose of itself against the hedge so as to allow the chaise to pass, began to back with extraordinary energy, and at last turned round with a savage bray, and took to its heels in a most undonkeylike fashion, and thus led the way to the curious little village of Peeler's Pond.

## ROSALIE.

O pour upon my soul again  
That sad, unearthly strain  
That seems from other worlds to plain;  
Thus falling, falling from afar,  
As if some melancholy star  
Had mingled with her light her sighs,  
And dropped them from the skies.

No—never came from aught below  
This melody of woe,  
That makes my heart to overflow  
As from a thousand gushing springs  
Unknown before; that with it brings  
This nameless light—if light it be—  
That veils the world I see.

For all I see around me wears  
The hue of other spheres;  
And something blent of smiles and tears  
Comes from the very air I breathe.  
Oh, nothing, sure, the stars beneath  
Can mould a sadness like to this—  
So like angelic bliss.

So, at that dreamy hour of day,  
When the last lingering ray  
Stops on the highest cloud to play—  
So thought the gentle Rosalie,  
As on her maiden reverie  
First fell the strain of him who stole  
In music to her soul.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.



## COLOUR, IN DRESS, FURNITURE, AND GARDENING.

WITHOUT stopping to discuss the metaphysical doctrine that we know nothing of the forms of objects but by their colours, it is very certain that to colour we owe many of our purest and most enduring pleasures. Colour delights both wise and simple, young and old; it is one of those luxuries that the poor man can enjoy as well as the rich, the ignorant as well as the educated; though the latter, perhaps, is better able to appreciate the many hues of Nature and of Art in the highest degree, because he knows the rules upon which their harmony depends, and how he can reproduce them at will, just as the musician can recall some well-remembered melody.

The rules of the art of colour are easily learned, and the principles upon which they depend can be tested by a few simple experiments worked out by the cheapest materials. With a pennyworth of mixed wafers, and a few slips of coloured ribbon or tinted paper, the harmonies and the discords of colour may be exemplified, and the eye trained to distinguish accurately between them. The slips of paper should be cut into squares or circles of about two inches in diameter, and by fastening wafers on them experiments may be multiplied without end. White and black paper should also be used, as well as white and black wafers. When white paper is employed it will be of advantage sometimes to tint the paper round the wafer with its *complementary* colour. Colours, or, to speak more correctly, lights, are said to be complementary when two of them, taken in certain proportions, produce white. This cannot be done by means of the paints used by artists, for causes which it is unnecessary to explain here; but the fact is true, nevertheless. Now if, rejecting indigo, we take the primitive colours of the rainbow, we get a scale to which we shall have occasion to refer continually.

<i>Primitive.</i>	<i>Complementary.</i>
Violet . . . . .	Yellow.
Blue . . . . .	Orange.
Green . . . . .	Red.
Yellow . . . . .	Violet.
Orange . . . . .	Blue.
Red . . . . .	Green.

Strictly speaking, there are only *three* primary colours (red, yellow, and blue) which, being mixed, produce pure secondary colours. In experimentalising on colour, it will be advisable to sit with the back to the light, and to place the paper at least a yard from the eyes, or farther, if the outline of the wafer or other object can be seen distinctly. It will be also necessary to look steadily for a few seconds, that the contrasted colours may produce their full effect upon the eye.

In dress, as well as in Nature, colours are rarely seen singly. The Quaker costume may seem an exception to the first, but even the aged Quakeress mixes her buffs and drabs. A gentleman's evening costume is about the nearest approach to uniformity, and *that* is a pattern which all would avoid if fashion were not too strong for them.

Confining our choice to two colours, we shall soon find that those which are prettiest apart do not always combine harmoniously, as mauve and magenta. Colours are something like those relations who agree best the farther they live

asunder—of course, within the limits of reason. The cause of this agreement in colours we shall see presently. As soon as you bring two colours into contact they lose their strongest characteristics, and become modified. Thus, selecting three strips of ribbon of the three primitive colours (red, yellow, and blue), we shall find that, if we place them in juxtaposition with other colours, they become brighter or duller according to circumstances, each colour having a tendency to monopolise its own peculiar hue by subtracting it from its neighbour; like the monkeys in adjoining cages at the Zoological Gardens, who, dissatisfied with the food placed in their own trays, seek to eat their neighbour's, and thus lose some of their own portion.

#### Red + Yellow.

When these two beautiful colours are put side by side, we find that the *yellow* loses some of the red rays that enter into its composition, and appears bluish, inclining even to *green*; while the *red* is robbed of some of its yellow, and assumes a *purplish* tint.

#### Red + Blue.

In this case the *red* parts with some of its blue, and, becoming yellowish, inclines to *orange*; while the *blue*, parting with some of its red, appears yellower, and inclines to *green*.

#### Blue + Yellow.

Here the *blue* yields up some of its yellow, and appears more *violet*; while the *yellow* loses its blue, and thus taking up, as it were, more red, inclines to *orange*. If you put each of these in turn upon black or upon white, you will observe a similar modification, particularly on the edges.

It is not necessary to carry these exemplifications further, as whatever colours we use the effects are analogous. Hence we derive a rule by which we may heighten or lower the effect of every colour without touching the colour itself. Thus, by the juxtaposition of complementary colours—say, orange and blue—the intensity of each is increased; but if two kindred colours, such as blue and green, are brought together, the effect of each is lowered. In the March number of this Magazine, under the head of “Fashions,” there was a description of a “*green glacé* silk dress, trimmed with ruches of *brown* silk.” Now that contrast, though always dangerous, would be good or bad according to circumstances. The paler the green, the deeper (that is, the redder) should be the brown; as the green increases in depth, the brown should incline towards orange.

Offences against good taste in colour are rather the rule than the exception here, partly owing to a blind submission to the absolutism of fashion, partly to the confidence British young ladies feel that they are charming, however arrayed. It was an old monk that very ungallantly called woman “an animal that delights in finery.” We may accept the definition without the sneer, for they wear this “finery” not for its own sake. It pleases, or ought to please, both wearer and spectator; but it is obvious that, in order to give the utmost pleasure—to feather the shafts of Beauty's arrows—the eye must be trained so that we may arrive at the great truth that, “whatever be the material, the colours selected ought to charm by their harmony, not offend by their discord.” The lovely face ought to be the centre of a lovely picture. It is curious to notice how often uncivilised tastes go right, while the civilised taste as perversely goes wrong. Miss Quashee, when she does not ape civilisation, adorns her black skin with feathers, and

flowers, and shells, and coloured fabrics that harmonise admirably with themselves and with the tropical scenery among which she lives.

Our own peasant women, and the gipsies we meet in the fields and lanes, very rarely (if left to themselves) offend the eye by extravagant contrast. The red cloak and the yellow shawl—taken separately, of course—are like gleams of sunshine in the landscape, and, seen under the shade of trees in the hot noon, have positively a cooling effect. But transfer these same cloaks and shawls to Regent-street, no matter what the weather, and the eye is immediately offended by the incongruity. You have a red blotch where you had a beauty-spot before. This instance shows clearly that colour has relations that must be studied, if we wish to make the most of it. It is these relations that I shall proceed to consider.

The most beautiful effect of artificial colour I ever saw was in the Crystal Palace of 1851, when, by the judicious mixture of blue and white, the ironwork of the building seemed to be covered with a greyish bloom like that on a ripe plum.

When I was in St. Petersburg, now several years ago, I had to call upon a lady of rank with some papers which required her signature. She was an old lady, and her skin, though still delicate, had consequently lost much of the bloom and smoothness of youth; but on the middle finger of her hand she wore an immense turquoise that made the skin appear even more than naturally white. I could not account for this at the time, but, having since made some investigations into the philosophy of colour, the reason is plain enough: the blue drew out, as it were, all the red rays, and left nothing but the white, or, as it would be more correct to say, yellowish, rays of the flesh tint.

Every blonde beauty knows instinctively that blue suits her better than any other colour. The untaught mother wraps her infant in a sky-blue cloak and hood. Fair young ladies are very fond of wearing rose-coloured ribbons in contact with their skin, under the notion that it heightens their complexion; and so it does, but in a way they do not anticipate, their skin actually assuming a greenish tint. If the colour of the skin be too deep—too rosy—a deep red blanches it by contrast; a light green will increase the redness, and a dark green weaken it. Light against light, strong against strong, deep against deep, is about the best rule that can be given. Miss Quashee, whom we saw just now in her native costume, sometimes disfigures herself with a white satin bonnet, in order to relieve the darkness of her complexion, while she in reality makes it appear blacker than it is: a black bonnet would produce the desired effect.

If a blonde young lady is determined to wear rose or red, or any other unbecoming colour, let her be careful to keep the rose off the skin by interposing a little fringe of grey, which may be done with tulle or other lace ornaments. Take, for instance, the Orphelian *robe-de-chambre* described in our March number. Even that colour, killing as it is, might be worn by a blonde, if she would only judiciously ornament the neck and front with borders and bows of lace, or some gauzy material. This brilliant red would be dangerous even to the brunette without some sort of "colour-buffer," otherwise the hair and eyebrows would assume a blue or green shade, according to the depth of colour in the skin. It must not be forgotten that masses of colour (as in the dress) always require to be broken up. Perhaps black and white are the only exceptions; for white (especially muslin) is really grey, and black (except crape) reflects so much white light that there is rarely any very large dead black surface observable. Black may be worn almost

equally well by blonde and brunette, but it makes the colourless face still paler. By the terms "blonde" and "brunette," which are used to express two different types of female beauty, I would be understood to mean, 1st, women with light hair and blue eyes; and, 2nd, those with black hair and black eyes—the skins of each being more or less rosy. There is, of course, an infinite variety of these types, including all shades of hair and complexion; and there is also a large number of young ladies on the border-land between both, whose good fortune it is to live upon the spoils of either. The blondes should make "analogy" their motto; the brunettes should arm themselves for conquest under the banner of "contrast." Sky-blue in blonde hair, yellow and red, or deep orange, in black hair, may be taken as illustrations of these two axioms. The latter colours, in particular, tend to produce that blue which in the raven's wing is so much admired. Pale green (not *too* blue) may be advantageously worn as dress or ornament by pale complexions; but woe to the young lady with ruddy cheeks, and highly-complexioned bust and arms, that ventures upon the same style, as she is likely to do, because it is "so becoming" to her sister blonde. Her red will become opaque and brick-dusty; and the brunette will suffer in a similar way. But a dark green? Yes, the contrast may be permitted. But all light colours do not suit the blonde type; for, if you put yellow ribbons by the side of a fair skin, the latter becomes whitish, producing that dull, lifeless tone which seems to have won for yellow the bad distinction of being the colour of jealousy. Joined with light blue—not dark blue, or violet, or poppy red—it will make a pleasant mixture. It would best be left to dark skins, which it suits admirably, as it brings up the roses in the cheeks, and abstracts or neutralises the yellow.

All these colours, it must be remembered, affect only that portion of the face brought into immediate contact with them. Thus, flowers inside the bonnet affect principally the forehead and temples; the bust and neck may be easily protected, as I have shown above; but the bare arm is quite defenceless against unsuitable colours. Violet is a colour generally to be avoided, because it has the effect of adding yellow to the skin, which is not an agreeable addition; but if the violet does not come into immediate contact with the skin—being separated, for instance, by the hair, or by grey or yellow fabrics of any kind—the complexion receives no taint.

Very dark skins and very dark hair need contrasting colours. Look at Catlin's pictures of the North American Indians, and you find the red women using many white and blue ornaments, whether of paint or shell, berry or feather; and, no doubt, the result is to produce a redder tinge of copper. And, having no alternative, she has submitted to a natural law. You cannot, by any accessories of colour, tone down or neutralise the red skin; and she, therefore, judiciously selects colours that add vivacity to it, by making it incline towards orange.

Were I Miss Quashee's *modiste*, or dressmaker in ordinary to some East Indian olive-skinned Begum, I should restrict her to four colours—yellow, orange, red, and white—whether for the entire dress or the ornaments only. The white should be of muslin or silk, with a dull surface; not of satin, which reflects too much white light. The dark diamond should be shrouded in a mist, as it were, of colour. The yellow would be best, if her complexion was a jet black, or had an olive tinge; the orange, if there was a bluish bloom about it; and yellow, when the black seems inclining towards the violet. We do not often see these tones in England,

but I am informed—on the authority of a lady who lived many years at Sierra Leone, and on the Gold Coast—that there is as great a variety of complexion among the black women of Africa as among the white women of Great Britain. At first sight they all appeared to her as if coloured with “Day and Martin’s best;” but as she saw more of them, even in her own household, she began to distinguish between black and black, so that out of a dozen black girls there would rarely be two quite alike in complexion.

The general rules of colour that apply to dress (for such only can I pretend to give) apply also to the furnishing of a house. The paper, the curtains, the carpet, the sofa, and the table-cover, &c., should not “fight,” but either harmonise or contrast; and I must confess I am puzzled as to which is the best rule to follow. Perhaps in boudoir and bedroom, and generally in small rooms, harmony should be the rule; in drawing and dining room, and generally in large rooms, contrast. There must be no contrast, of course, in a library or picture-gallery. Bright colours best become a northern aspect; paler colours all the rooms which receive much sunlight. A warm tone should pervade a winter room, where the hearth is always glowing.

Our furniture-woods, usually of dark colours, as mahogany, rosewood, &c., are best set off by green, whether of wool, silk, or leather. If dark brown wood, like ebony or Irish oak, be employed, then brilliant colours, as scarlet, form the contrast. It may also be used sparingly with dark stuffs, with intense browns, and even with red, blue, green, violet, and green grey, but the effect is frequently dull, from the want of sufficient light. The pale or yellow woods that are coming more and more into fashion, particularly for pianos, are often contrasted with blue or violet stuffs; but a light stuff of a similar colour is preferable. Every eye is capable of judging the beautiful harmony between crimson and mahogany, but the analogy is made still more striking if a narrow beading of yellow, or even of yellow nails, marks the line where the wood and the stuff meet. But let our choice be what it may, our care must be not to contrast mahogany with brilliant colours that take away its red, for then the wood will become as dull as oak or walnut.

The same rules apply to picture-frames. Oil pictures require gilt frames, unless the picture has much yellow in it, when the contrast “kills” the painting. Ebony, or oak, or black walnut, must never be used if there is much brown in the picture. Gilt frames are too bright for the ordinary run of water-colours, unless a strip of white, more or less wide, intervenes between the painting and the frame. Water-colours sometimes look well in close gilt frames, provided they be little more than a plain fillet, and the prevailing tone of the drawing be dark, with much brown. Lithographs and engravings require the same treatment as water-colours. The simple rule, then, is, that the frame should “bring up” the picture, and not “kill” it by its higher brilliancy. A wall, of paint or paper, in olive grey, or pearl grey, is the best possible, as its mass in some degree neutralises the gilt frame, and so tends to set off the pictures. In very large pictures a gilt frame is almost a necessity; it is only in the case of the smaller cabinet pictures that the gold is too bright. The best way of showing a picture is one that is impracticable in ordinary rooms and galleries. It should be surrounded by neutral hangings, be lighted by its own peculiar light—not by that in which the spectator stands—and be seen through an opening, as in a diorama. Then the work of the painter’s brush becomes almost as animated as Nature itself.

Curtains, wall-papers, and carpets would require a chapter by themselves, but their prevailing colour depends primarily upon the purpose and aspect of the room. No one would think of furnishing alike a bedroom, drawing-room, dining-room, breakfast-room, library, and boudoir. In the dining-room, which is seldom seen except by artificial light, dark, rich, warm colours for curtains and wall may be employed—not too warm, for high reds have the effect of making the room feel hot and oppressive. In our climate we need light in our rooms, and, therefore, dark window-curtains are not desirable, however economical they may be, considering the dirty atmosphere of our large towns. We want colours that shall reflect the light of day, and not absorb it; besides which, red (and, I may add, violet) is damaging to the complexion. Putting aside their liability to soil, the best hangings (including, of course, both wall-paper and window-curtains) are of yellow, light green, and light blue. Yellow does not agree well with gilding, and, therefore, gilt frames must be tabooed; but it goes well with the mahogany furniture, and is very lively. But the yellow must not verge upon orange, for it then becomes too intense, and is apt to fatigue the eye. Light green, which is so much in vogue, suits both pale and rosy skins, and combines with our mahogany furniture and gilt frames. Light blue is certainly trying to fair complexions on a bright day, but it combines well with gilding and mahogany, as also with the light woods used in ornamental furniture. In this last respect it is superior to green.

But simple colours are rarely used, and, therefore, in our selection of hangings, we should prefer those which have designs of a light tone (any kind of grey) upon a white ground, or white upon grey—the pattern surface being equal in extent to that of the ground. Small patterns never do in a large room, either in hangings or carpets. We don't want violent tones or contrasts in our hangings. Having them constantly before us, they fatigue the eye, and destroy its capability for colour. If we must have brilliant and varied colours, the patterns should be large, partaking of the nature of pictures, and be visible distinctly in all their parts. We cannot hang pictures upon them—that would be as false heraldry as gold upon gold.

Borders follow the general rules, and, if the hangings are of simple colours, these should be of the complementary colours, if we seek contrast. Thus, if the prevailing tone of the curtains and paper be yellow, then violet and blue are suitable, if not too intense. Chintzes require an analogous border.

As the furniture is more expensive than the hangings, these should be selected with reference to the former, and not *vice versa*; and hence we get a rule for our borders, which should generally be of the same hue as that of the sofa or chair coverings. Suppose the furniture to be of some light wood, then the wall should be blue; but blue hangings need a border whose prevailing tone is yellow—yellow, then, should be the colour of the chair-covers, but not of so high a tone as to dull the wood. Should the tone be higher, we must lower it, if we want to set off the wood, by bordering the stuff with a beading of the same colour as the wall.

In bedrooms we should aim at what will repose the eye; therefore the ground colour of the window and bed curtains (when they are not white), and of the chairs, should be alike, their borders or fringes harmonising with the colour or the wall. Bedroom wall-paper should be of the simplest pattern, and always of some subdued or neutral tint. All strong contrasts, all violent colours, are enemies to repose. White, pale blue, yellow, or green—or light greys (pearl or

French grey)—or else chintzes—should prevail; and the effect is best when, both for the summer as well as for the winter hangings, and chair-covers, &c., but one material is used.

The choice of a carpet depends upon many things—the size of a room, its uses, &c. A large pattern, with plenty of colour, for a large room; the reverse for a small room; light colours, with small pattern, for a bedroom; dull colour for a library. A pattern upon a single colour is generally the safest. A mixture of green and black sets off most furniture. If this is too dull, relieve or vary it with red, scarlet, or orange, always remembering that large surfaces of these colours take off from the brightness of the mahogany. I have seen a deep blue carpet with yellow stars produce a grand effect in rooms where there is much gilding upon the furniture and panelling; but the same pattern, transferred to a room with plain mahogany furniture, made the wood appear dull and ugly.

The arrangement of flower-beds in a garden is comparatively a simple matter, because we can always introduce masses or lines of green of different tones to neutralise any strong contrast, or “bring up” any too close analogy. In the front of most of our suburban private houses there is usually a single round or square bed. One row or circle of blue, a second of yellow (as the *calceolaria*), and a third of red dwarf geraniums, is the best and prettiest of arrangements, which may be varied by the use of dwarf variegated geraniums, &c., where the white leaf is an advantageous foil to the blue and the red. In the centre there should be some thick leafy evergreen. Flowers which are pretty when seen alone are not always so when seen in juxtaposition. In boxes for windows or balconies, or in a conservatory where the masses of bloom are large, colours mutually complementary form an harmonious contrast, as orange or yellow with blue, and yellow with violet. It is unnecessary to point out the beautiful harmony, agreeable both to sight and scent, of the purple stock and mignonette, so common in window boxes.

White flowers accord better with any kind of red than with yellow and with violet; deep blue and deep red assort well, as do likewise orange and violet. Pink should never go near crimson or scarlet, red with orange, or violet with blue, because they are too near in scale. It is a common mistake that the green of the leaves harmonises any discordance in the colours of the blossoms; such is not, however, the case, unless the green is enough to insulate the rival colours completely. The arrangement of shrubs—in fact, the principles of landscape-gardening—are too important to be discussed at the close of a paper like this.

Much of the discord we observe in dress and household decorations is owing to an innate defect in the organs of sight, known as colour-blindness. Persons who suffer under this defect are either insensible to the different shades of the same colour, or, in extreme cases, will actually match *black* with *scarlet*. This disease is analogous to the defective ear in music; some people can never sing in tune, or tell when the voice and the instrument are in harmony or not.

One hint, in conclusion, may be useful to ladies when they go shopping. After they have been looking at silks or other fabrics which run upon one colour, the eye gets fatigued, and cannot appreciate the various shades set before it. The best way to restore the “tone” of the eye is to allow it to rest for some time on green or grey, when it will be so much refreshed that the colours, which a few minutes before appeared dull, now brighten up, and are seen in their proper tint.

## WAYFE SUMMERS.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## RESCUE.

THE last day but one of my stay in the only home I had ever known dawned loomily enough. Through the early hours of the night I had lain awake, tracing and retracing every incident of my childish life with a mechanical regularity from which I could never escape, since, even when sleep overtook me, I woke to resume the wearisome chain of reflections at the very link where I had last lost consciousness. Till the grey morning light stole softly through the window-blind, I lived the past again painfully. The dayspring brought with it a salutary change. I began to speculate on the future, and, failing to penetrate its clouds, found an hour's refreshing rest.

Everything had been prepared for my journey, only the last trunk remained to be packed, and yet I could not realise my parting from either my guardian or Mrs. White. I was nervously oppressed, and a leaden silence seemed to have fallen upon me, as though speech and even feeling had been sealed within my own heart, like the genie in the bottle sunk in the sea, confined by the mystic seal of Solomon, and waiting for a way to escape.

Mrs. White was similarly affected, I believe. She gave no more demonstrative token of her sorrow than a silent and tearful kiss, a close embrace, as we parted on the previous night.

The last day we had agreed to spend together, and alone, for Mr. Willmott and our guests were engaged to pay a visit to some distant friends, and nothing threatened to disturb our quiet.

But one farewell remained to be spoken amongst those—and they numbered more than I should once have believed possible—who held a place in my regard. The packet of books, their margins marked by a hand I loved, lay snugly at the bottom of a small deal box as they had arrived from Mr. Goodward. I had given and received sundry keepsakes from two or three of my former schoolfellows; had left in a directed wrapper a souvenir for my French master, and a note of thanks for his patient teaching; had written a long, and not tearless, letter to my mother, to be inclosed in one from Mrs. White; and now waited to pay one more visit to my governess, Mrs. Winthrop, who was confined to the house by sickness, and had sent to ask me to spend the afternoon with her.

I dressed somewhat hastily, for the morning had already advanced, and I could hear my guardian's bell ringing for hot water. As I passed the library door, on my way to Mrs. White's room, I saw Mr. Donhead standing at the writing-table, and he beckoned me to go in. Strange that his should have been the hand, of all others, to lift the leaden weight from my spirits, and make a way for words to flow—strange that I recognised it as no part of himself that he should do so, but rather as an accident with which he was associated.

"Are your preparations nearly completed?" he inquired as I entered. "I fear you feel leaving your home here more deeply than is good for you—so deeply that you find no relief, and brood over the separation."

He had looked me over with that calm, slow gaze of his; I had scarcely suspected it of discovering so much.



"I never knew any other home, and came to this one from a very wretched substitute," I answered, as I felt the tears rising.

The ice of reserve broken by an unloved, but still not ungentle, hand, I felt a thaw of feeling set in which might have way. There was positive relief in talking to him, for I had no fear of giving him pain, and, strange as it may seem, cared little for his opinion. There was a sort of friendly antagonism in the feeling with which I viewed him—a consciousness of possessing a strength different, both in degree and quality, to his own, but against which his calm will was powerless.

"You may feel less regret when you are once with us in Cornwall," he said. "You are easily attached, I believe, and we will make you feel your relationship as well as we are able."

I felt grateful to him, for he spoke with a gleam of pity in his face which I had never seen before. Prompted by a sense of duty and justice, his meaning had been gilded by an unusual ray of feeling.

"I should never feel strangely with Mrs. Donhead," I replied.

"Which implies, I suppose, that you regard me in a light somewhat different?"

"No, I believe not; I did not intend any distinction."

"You expressed it, however; and your first impressions of me have not been disturbed. Moreover, I think they may be right ones as far as they go. I am more concerned, however, about your impressions of other things than your opinion of myself. Are you quite sure you go to Cornwall voluntarily?"

"Yes; I go there because I am sure you are never likely to make me feel my position painfully—because I shrink from the profession my guardian has chosen for me."

"And you will exercise that profession with us in teaching our children?"

"They are my relations, and, even if *they* never know it, I shall—I shall be able to influence them, I think, even by that secret bond of kindred."

"Ha! well, we shall see. You are strangely fanciful in some things. We must have a little talk yet about some of the influences you may bring to bear upon them. Would you object to my calling on Mr. Goodward to-day?"

"If your object is to inquire of him concerning me, I should be much easier for your doing so."

I was turning to go, when, struck by a sudden thought, I wheeled round at the door.

"Mr. Donhead, did you ever know my mother?" I asked.

The old suspicious gleam shone in his eye as its glance fell from beneath the slowly-raised lid and rested upon my face.

"Yes, I knew her," he replied. "Why?"

"Is there any reason for her estrangement from Mr. Willmott?"

"Yes, there are two—three reasons, but they are none of them valid."

"What are they? I beg you to tell me."

"Mr. Willmott's pride, her station, and her own pride."

"No others?—she has done nothing which you yourself would condemn?"

"Nothing but what I have indicated. She has suffered a great wrong, and it is perpetuated by other wrongs. You must ask no more questions now, however; the subject is not an open one at present, any more than that of the packet you saved from being stolen."

He had not forgotten the disappointment, nor recovered from the chagrin of having failed to discover the nature of the papers in that sealed envelope, then. I saw his brow contract even as he thought of it.

"I think the packet contained nothing of any importance, except to some of Mr. Willmott's former friends," I said.

"Perhaps not," he replied. "This slip of paper refers to one of them, I dare say. I picked it up just now, and shall leave it on the table here, since it cannot properly concern me."

He smoothed out a crumpled strip of writing as he spoke, and placed it under the edge of a book on the writing-table. Involuntarily I approached, and read it as it lay. It bore only this inscription:—"Marie Justine, March 13, 18—, Rue Tavernier, Paris." It had evidently been pinned to some other document, for the pin-holes were yet plainly visible near the edge. It must have been dropped from the rest of the papers, the charred ashes of which still lay in the fender.

"Would it not be better to throw it on the floor?" I said, shrinking like a coward from the thought of displaying to my guardian that it had been read.

"What!" retorted Mr. Donhead; "that would be little better than a falsehood—nay, it would be worse, perhaps. We had better go to breakfast. It is laid in Mrs. White's room, I believe."

Mrs. Donhead was already seated at the table, talking to her father; and, from the conversation ceasing directly I made my appearance, I concluded that it had some reference to me.

I own I felt somewhat confused as I saw the kind smile with which my guardian greeted me, and I thought of the piece of paper lying on the table in the library; but, as he made no allusion to it afterwards, and I saw, when I returned thither after breakfast, that the slip had been removed, I suppose he attributed its preservation to the new servant, who was, in fact, no other than the eldest daughter of Susan Polwick's married sister, who came to give temporary assistance in the house.

For some strange reason, unaccountable to me by any supposition I could bring to bear upon it, my spirits were not only lightened by the conversation with Mr. Donhead, but a sense of boisterousness began to succeed my former depression. I was quite certain that it was a merely fallacious mood, having no real or proper place in my disposition. But so it was; and I was so ashamed of myself, that I fled to a remote lumber garret, and there, mounted on an empty box, gazed from the high dormer-window at the roofs of neighbouring houses, and once more lost myself in dreams. I must have been standing there for some time, for the sun had grown hot upon the window, and I felt a dread sickness and faintness coming over me—a sickness which seemed to begin at my brain, and to radiate thence, with a dull ebb and flow, over my whole body. I hastened down-stairs, and met Mrs. White already looking for me. Her eye, full of solicitude, rested on my face.

"Wayfe," she said, "you are wrong, dear. You give way to a grief greater than the occasion warrants. More than that, you have not sought help of Him who bears our griefs and carries our sorrows. Go, now, and dress; lunch will be ready in half-an-hour, and I should like you to go early to Mrs. Winthrop—she will do you good."

Even as she kissed my cheek, I felt her own lips tremble. The half-hour was

spent upon my knees, indeed, but the old agonies of my childhood seemed to re-visit me. I was dumb, save only one wailing cry, repeated with clenched hands and burning lips. With an effort, I dressed hurriedly and went down.

The morning had been unnaturally hot for the season, and a dull sky seemed to be garnering up unwholesome influences which would require the purification of lightning. As I walked through the streets on my way to see my governess, I saw a dog standing with his tongue hanging from his quivering jaws. He eyed me wistfully, and I felt so much like him that I involuntarily clenched my teeth, lest my own tongue should protrude, hot and swollen. I had only just mastered this sensation when I knocked at Mrs. Winthrop's door, and smelt the fresh odour of the flowers that were growing on the window-sills. The blinds were drawn down, and even before I entered, or had seen the clean white cap and spotless apron of the parlour-maid who admitted me, I knew that I had chosen a cool retreat. Standing on a marble slab in the parlour was a *carafe* of bright water, cool and clear—a sparkling draught which laved my scorched throat, and enabled me to overcome my previous fancy. Mrs. Winthrop sent for me to a little drawing-room adjoining her bedroom on the first floor. Everything there was so fresh and cool, that I had almost forgotten the outer aspect of the streets. Some people, I have noticed, seem to have the natural gift of selecting colours and shapes which give a sense of harmony and tranquillity—the very furniture of their rooms is an emanation from their own mental organisation, and satisfies the unquiet spirit with that sense of completeness and rest which is so often dependent upon the significance of outward objects.

Sitting there in the tranquil shade of the silken curtains, and drinking the strong but delicate tea which Mrs. Winthrop had prepared, I felt my fevered brain grow calm. Indeed, hers was one of those rare natures which even out of their own deepest sorrows and afflictions gather strength and a sustaining influence which affect others who are weary and heavy-laden. The storms of her earlier life had been succeeded by a cool, temperate air which brought upon it the perfume of a thousand flowers of love, and faith, and hope. For the last hour of my stay, even the pretty room, with its cheerful furniture, was forgotten, and for a time we were held, as it were, in space between earth and heaven, speaking softly of those mysteries into which, “with outstretched necks,” the angels are desirous of looking. Her low, sweet voice seemed to be a fitting vehicle for the conversation we had adopted; my spirit was half unshackled, and with a sigh I came down again to earth as the servant knocked at the door, and asked if she should bring in candles. It had fallen almost dark already, and, with one long and tender adieu and the promise of mutual letters, I put on my bonnet and gloves, and hurried away.

The street lamps were being lighted as I turned the corner, and the sultry air was still, while the low, dull reverberation of carriage-wheels sounded like the beating of a muffled drum. There were few passengers abroad in the hot and dusty streets, for it was evident that a storm was coming. I longed for it to burst, for my nerves were all unstrung. I half-staggered as I walked, and felt sick and giddy.

As I turned the corner of the street where Mrs. Winthrop lived, I had noticed a rickety hackney-coach moving slowly in the direction in which I was going. Thinking the driver was plying for a fare, I shook my head and passed on; it was

with some little surprise, then, that I saw the vehicle still following me as I hastened on my way by a turning less frequented than the rest.

It had fallen suddenly dark, and great, heavy blots of rain seemed to hiss as they struck the pavement; then in the lurid cloud above there opened a jagged cleft, and a flame of lightning darted before me, and caused me to stagger to the wall. Almost at the same moment I heard the clatter of the horse's feet behind me, as though the animal had been startled by the thunder-peal which succeeded, and, turning to see if there was danger, I felt my arm grasped by a man who had jumped out of the coach. I was quick enough to throw him off and retreat a step towards the open road; as he came towards me again, I saw his dark scowl fixed upon me threateningly. I had seen the same look before—it was my father.

"You had better come with me quietly," he said, "for come you shall. I'll be bound you've heard of your father and mother, though you are living with old Willmott; both of them, your father and your mother, want you to come to them, and they can make you. I suppose you know that?"

"You think I don't know you," I cried. "I know my mother, too, and you shall take legal means to make me, if you can do so. You will do no good by taking me by force, for Mr. Willmott will find me again."

"Yes, and you'll have a pretty story to tell about those cursed papers. No, no, my dear little child. You go with me, and then your tongue can be tied till it's too late, at all events. Come! you'd better not compel me to use force."

"You *shall* use force, then, if I go with you," I said, clenching my hands. "Dare to touch me, and I cry for help."

He beckoned to the driver, who had jumped off the box, and they both advanced together to seize me; indeed, the man had already taken a heavy horse-cloth, and was about to throw it over my head, I suppose to stifle my cries, when I saw two men coming down the pavement at a brisk pace, as though to get quickly out of the rain, which was beginning to fall in a torrent.

My cry for help was answered before I could have thought it possible. I saw a small but active figure spring into the road, heard the word "poltroon," saw my father reel and fall as his antagonist twisted a hand into his neckerchief and swung him furiously round. The driver had dropped the horsecloth to defend himself against the second comer, who caught a heavily-aimed blow upon his arm, and rushed into the fight at once. It seems strange to me now, and I have never been able to account for it, but not an incident of the fight was lost upon me; and I saw, not without dismay, that the gentleman, who was slender and well-knit, was bleeding from the hand, which had been cut against the teeth of his antagonist. Another moment, however, and he repaid the hurt with interest, for the coachman fell heavily against the wall, and lay there, apparently half-stunned; then, taking advantage of the moment when his opponent turned to look after me, he leaped up, and, mounting the box of his vehicle, drove furiously away.

"Who are you that interfere with me in this way?" muttered my father, with a vengeful oath. "This is my daughter—ask her herself whether it is not so—and the law gives me leave to take my own child home."

A knot of people had collected now, pausing for a moment, even in the rain, to learn what was the matter.

"I find this girl—my daughter—and come to take her home, as I've a right to

do," he said, writhing with rage; "and these fellows come and try to get her away from me—fellows who know nothing of me, and may mean no good to her."

There was a murmur among the bystanders, who, seeing that one of the accused was a foreigner, were influenced as my father intended they should be.

"Liar and thief!" thundered M. Victor Leraud—for he it was—in a voice which, even at that moment, associated itself with my old recitation lessons. "I know you well—your name I need not mention. This young lady is staying with her guardian, Mr. Willmott, whither I go to take her home. My name is Victor Leraud—in France with the title of count—here a professor of languages."

"This is true," I said to two respectable-looking men in the crowd who looked to me for explanation. "That man has never spoken to me before in his life that I know of," taking the arm of my French teacher, who turned once more to menace the figure which was slowly retreating before the hooting of some boys who skirted the road, and led me away. Not a word was spoken until we were safely in the passage. Then I fell into a chair in the hall, and saw Mrs. White come down-stairs and hold the gentleman who had accompanied us in her arms.

I saw M. Leraud go up to her, whisper hurriedly, and point to me, his companion come forward, unloose my bonnet, place his finger on my pulse, and give some hasty but inaudible directions. Then all three—Mrs. White's gentle eyes, the Frenchman's dark, earnest face, the more calm and fine lineaments of the stranger—floated into vague shapes, became confused, mixed up together, receded and approached, swam in air, floated away amidst a roar and hum of water d a sickening heat, and I lost my hold on all things tangible or apparent.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### DELUGE.

BEYOND a confused sense of figures moving round me, of a darkened room, and of faint whisperings and murmurings shut out by the curtains of my bed, I lay unconscious of the outer world. Filled with strange, grotesque, and half-formed fancies—with the mutilated remains and oddly-assorted fragments of old memories—my being was submerged in those rushing and roaring waters which had flooded my brain on the night of my rescue. The fountains of the great deep of life seemed to be broken up, and all was confusion, vague, shapeless, and entangled. Through all I had a dim recognition of a soft voice and gentle hand, which stood out from the dull, dead blank or the sickening whirl in which I lay. I could feel Mrs. White's presence in the room, and, not knowing her, felt some strange comfort in her being near me, as though, in clinging to her, I was kept from utter wreck in the boiling surge around me—could follow her from the dark, steep paths through which I walked, in imagination, into a light and open plain, disclosing itself fitfully when she was by.

Soon I grew familiar with another figure which stood often at my bedside—a face quite unknown to me—a man's face, young, and with a better attribute than beauty in its lineaments—an expression of calm power, and, at the same time, delicate refinement, which seemed at once to develop features which would have been massive but for the chiselled and harmonious lines in which they were set. A somewhat disordered mass of dark and wavy hair—a mouth thin and firm, but too mobile to be cold—eyes of that dark, deep blue which seem to blacken in the

shade, and yet to glow as black eyes (which only sparkle) never do. Waking, and seeing that this person stood by me, one morning, I waited for him to speak.

Taking a watch off the table, and, at the same time, placing his finger on my pulse, I saw his features relax into a smile.

"Don't speak at present," he said; "you have been very ill."

I felt that I had reached the open plain at the end of the dark and troublous journey of my dreams, and looked round for Mrs. White.

"I have been so near the valley that the shadow of death fell upon me," I said presently, in a voice which startled me by its weakness.

He gave me one quick, sharp look, and passed his thin, cool hand over my temples.

"Still some fever left, I am afraid," I heard him mutter. "What a strange speech!"

Then I heard him go to a part of the room where the curtains intervened, and say something in a low tone.

"Oh!" was the reply, "never heed that; she can't forget Bunyan. He had so much to do with her nervous organisation as a child, that he continually crops out in all seasons of prostration, mental or physical. It's his peculiarity: showing at once his great power and the dangerous character of his books to some minds."

I knew that voice, at all events, and made an effort to rise and call him. I might as well have tried to lift the bed on which I lay; but they heard me move, and came round the curtain—all of them—Mrs. White, Mr. Goodward, and the doctor. Five minutes I was allowed to listen, and then all but Mrs. White left the room, and I swallowed some tea, and slept again till the afternoon sun shone through a little chink in the blind, and threw a golden arrow on the floor beyond my bed. Sitting on a low chair, and with her elbow resting on the dressing-table, sat a young woman of perhaps five-and-twenty, who got up and came towards me as I shaded my eyes to look at her—came with a pleasant smile, and brought me a glass of some cool drink.

"Is Mrs. White out?" I said, in a whisper.

"Hush! you are not to talk," she said, gently. "Mrs. White is lying down for a little while. Mr. Willmott and she have both been at your bedside, watching in turn, for five nights."

"Are you the——" I was about to say "new servant," but her dress and manner indicated something different, though I could scarcely distinguish what.

"I am here to stay with you till you get better," she said, "if you don't object. Mr. and Mrs. Donhead left you very ill when they returned home, and Mr. Donhead asked me if I would come and nurse you."

"Have you come all the way from Cornwall, then?"

"Yes; but you must not say another word."

And she gently altered the position of my head, and, taking up a book which she had been reading, sat down in her former place.

She was very pleasant to look at—dark-eyed, rosy, and with that peculiar peach-like darkness of skin which denotes unbroken health. Her features, small but well-cut, had about them something uncommon, and, but for her station in life (if I guessed her station aright), would have been at once pronounced aristocratic. Her hands and feet, too, were small, and the plain but well-made dress disclosed a figure somewhat thin and *petite*, but without angles.

The tones of her voice, too, stirred me strangely. Her accent, not unlike that of my mother, seemed to have been rather acquired than natural; and twice I noticed that she repeated a word, altering it from the former pronunciation to one which I fancied had a sound of French intonation. These fancies were so fitful and shallow then, however, that I had no strength to pursue them, and I beckoned her to me, asking her whether she might read to me. I saw a slight flush come into her face as she released the volume—one of my old French fable books.

"Do you speak French, then?" I asked.

"Yes, a little. But I must go and see whether your barley-water is ready."

The next day brought with it some explanation of the circumstances of my illness. Mrs. White came in and sat by my bed, the doctor, much to my surprise, having brought her in with her hand in his own. For five days I had been groping darkly for a return to consciousness, wandering drearily in my broken speech, or locked in blank inanition. Mr. Donhead and his wife had stayed a day or two over their time, and, after reaching home, had sent a young woman to nurse me and to help Mrs. White. Her I had seen, and was glad to know that she had made a favourable impression on my dearest friend.

Mr. Willmott had sat, sad and silent, by my bedside two whole nights. He would be here presently. M. Leraud called daily. The other gentleman—he who came with M. Leraud to my assistance—who was he? The doctor laughed, and a quiet, searching gleam in his blue eyes brought him to my memory somehow.

"Why did not Mr. Gold attend me?" I inquired. (Mr. Gold was my guardian's doctor.)

Mr. Gold was out of town. I had been under the care of a physician and this gentleman, who now forbade any more questions.

"See," he interrupted, laughing, and holding out his left hand, which a glove covered—"I bear the mark of the coachman's teeth to prove my identity."

"Dear Wayfe," interposed Mrs. White; "he was coming here to see me, after four years' separation. This is my son, Wayfe, come back to England. You remember my telling you that I expected him?"

"Enough for to-day," interrupted Ernest. "She is not strong enough to hear more; and Mr. Willmott must be admitted, remember."

My guardian must have been waiting outside the door, for he entered directly Mrs. White sent for him. He came to my bedside without a word, but with tears standing in his eyes. In them, and in his pale, worn face, I read how much he had suffered in my behalf, and, clasping his hand in mine, pressed it to my lips.

"Come," he said, in a broken voice, "we shall have the little plague up again soon, and among the Cornish rocks, though, God knows, it will be hard parting with her. I will see you again to-morrow, dear," he added, as I drew his head towards me, and laid my cheek against his grizzled whisker for the second time in my life. We mustn't talk too much now."

"Thank you, then," I said, "for all your love and care. Would that I could do something to show how much I value it!"

"Get well, then, as quickly as you can," he replied, patting my hand. Mr. White, may I speak a word to you in the library?"

And so, with one more kiss upon my forehead, he went out with the young doctor, leaving me to weep silent and refreshing tears.

## THE POPULAR MAN.



THERE are none so cruelly selfish as the thoughtless. Your inveterate self-seeker, who prefers his own convenience to the claims of others, is an unamiable character, certainly; but for downright, cold-blooded, devilish selfishness, your fine fellow—the life of many a party—the man who is sought after as being a spirited companion with no nonsense about him—is more frequently the exponent. He's not aware of it, bless you! You couldn't positively surprise him more than by mentioning the fact that he systematically treads everybody's cherished opinions under foot, disregards ordinary social claims, utterly despises family and domestic ties, flings away as worthless affectionate sympathy and regard, unless as a palliative occasionally necessary to his own comfort in case of sickness or trouble. He would, probably, be both astonished and indignant to have such charges brought against him; but they are thoroughly true, and he himself the more hateful, inasmuch as he is entirely unconscious of their verity.

Selfishness with him has no need to be an active vice—it is the point at which all other vices converge; and, so far from seeking an excuse for avoiding “the exactions” of other people, he never for a moment regards the existence of any human being as affecting his intention to gratify whim, fancy, or desire. To ordinary beings, there is absolutely a sort of grandeur in the manner of this man's walking in the world. To watch the airy loftiness of his smugly-settled face as he



treads with jaunty and unheeding step, crushing in his way every object which other passengers have delicately respected, with no more concern—nay, with less concern—than a ploughman would exhibit for the field daisy scrunched beneath his hobnailed heel—I say there is a sense of grandeur in this utter abnegation of everything, which is not diminished by the fact that he would affect a humorous and disdainful wonder if the claims of anybody else were even hinted at as involving the temporary dismissal of his own.

The grandeur of this hero sinks, however, under the consideration of the ends to be achieved by his sublime indifference. These ends are so wretchedly small, so inseparable from a mere lumberer of that ground on which an honest man might stand and work for the universal good, so inevitably mean, and personal, and degrading, that the lofty aspect, the unbending disdain for the weaknesses of good-nature, seem to shrink and wither like a fungus in the light.

At what an awful price to a tender, loving heart is the so-called popularity of this unhealthy parasite of "the social circle" obtained! Who that has ever sat up for a belated reveller, or even for a trusted friend away on some necessary errand, has not felt the horrors of the prolonged and yet fitful vigil? The determination to advance some work which will wile away the long, dreary evening; the ultimate discovery that the attention ceases to remain fixed on the proposed subject after the clock has struck eleven; the vain hope that the expected truant may return earlier than was supposed; the general sense of oppression, fear, foreboding, when the time has long passed at which the low tap at the door was first listened for; the cold shivers, the pins and needles; the itchings, twitchings, and irritations of portions of the body not to be reached without gymnastic postures; the general charge of injustice and want of feeling against the miserable offender who has outstayed his or her latest minute of promise; the sudden falling asleep, and as sudden waking with the conviction that there was the knocker; the stealthy opening of the door, only to discover the blank white steps; the peering out into the dark shadows of the porch, with muttered remonstrances dying away in dismay amidst profound silence; the sudden gust of chill night air which extinguishes the flaring candle; the painful and uncertain groping after lucifer-matches on remote mantelpieces; the projection of unprotected feet against chairs, footstools, fenders, fire-irons; the sudden spilling of a hundred inflammable congraves on the carpet, the difficult lighting of one, which, having an evil smell, burns your fingers in the attempt to rub your tearful eyes; the return to the parlour fire, which, during your absence, has fallen together in a black and calcined heap, without a cheerful glimmer in its dull red ashes; the creeping of the skin, with that cold, sickly shudder, which, affecting the backs of the arms, the spine, and the scalp, heralds the last gasp of night, and that neutral Hades of Time that intervenes before the first grey gleam of day.

Then the knocker, with affected and apologetic humility, sounding its mock crescendo; the sham briskness, and yet preternaturally assumed expression of anxiety and deprecation which characterises the wretch who has inflicted all this torture; the stolid but grim and unwelcoming calm with which you bolt the door and simply ejaculate the hour, adding with a stern and impartial justice the exact minutes; the utter deadness and numbness which seem to deprive you of the power to make those bitter and sarcastic remarks that have occurred to you earlier in the evening; the pitiable and lying excuses of the reveller, at whose

beck no cabs would come, or, coming, broke down half-way; to whose care faint women or drunken men in the interests of humanity confided themselves; for whose assistance, at a calamitous fire, engines waited; by whose skilful daring, atrocious assaults and robberies were prevented. Much less galling the bolder and more veracious avowal that Jones or Brown kept up a late sitting at the usual tavern; that the pretender was too much intoxicated to be sent home until hours after the others had departed; that he had neither known nor cared anything about the time.

All this, then, being the usual routine of ordinary "sitting up," what must be that life—the life of the sickly wife whose midnight slumbers by her infant's cradle are aroused by the sudden starting at the fancied sound of her husband's return?

Oh! hers is a bitter, bitter lot! I remember that in some modern play—"The Cozy Couple," I think—the dreadful and necessary antagonism between a wife and the old associations of her husband's bachelor-life is well and forcibly described. Here we have the exemplification of the same subject in a case where utter and complete selfishness is the characteristic of the husband—wearied and almost deadly heart-sickness from hope so hopelessly deferred—the marriage settlement for the wife.

Truly, there are many of a man's bachelor pleasures which it must be hard for him utterly to forego; but it may be doubted whether there is a single pure and virtuous enjoyment which he need discard. And here let there be a word whispered to those Englishwomen who neglect the only weapons with which they can successfully combat the old alluring pleasures, the jovial society, the "chirping cups" and "jolly fellows," their natural enemies, and foes to domestic felicity.

First, the bachelor friends of the husband may be, most of them we hope are, good men and true.

That *they* are still bachelors is their dire misfortune, which, in itself, should be a reason for dealing gently by them; and every man among them would feel himself an honoured guest where the smile of his friend's pure-hearted wife shone genially upon him, and cheered him towards a matrimonial goal.

Secondly, concerning "the herb nicotania."

Tobacco is a great fact—a vast social entity—whose existence cannot, nay, should not, be ignored; the benefits conferred by which should be generously, and with due gratitude, acknowledged. I venture to declare that there can be no true domestic concord where the pipe is systematically put out on the advent of the lady of the house, unless, as is sometimes the case, a special room be devoted to due and solemn fumigation. Once let a woman teach herself to fill and hand her husband's pipe, and the hearth shall never be cold beneath his slippered feet. Let her add to this the grace of secreting, in some odd corner of a particular cupboard, a store of clean, dry "clays," for the behoof of the best-behaved of those old, old friends of his bachelorhood, who think him, and with reason, "a happy fellow," and no storm, no anxious watching, no dire suspicion, no averted affection, need cower by the chill embers of a deserted chimney corner.

The only class who then can call up before us a vision like that half-veiled by the smoke from the expiring flame of the candle—a vision of love, duty, forgiveness, self-denial, trampled, broken, dying, and yet feebly burning still—will be those men whose popularity conceals their characters, and covers, with a flimsy, glittering veil, all that is in them of the false, sensual, and contemptible.

## GREYHILL: A STORY OF A SPIRIT.

## IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

## III.—WHEREIN WILSON'S FAITH SHOWS ITSELF BETTER GROUNDED THAN MY SCEPTICISM.

I CAME home, tired enough from my walk, late in the day, and passed the evening in waking dreams that often verged off into drowsy vacuity. I retired moderately early, cheerful, resolute, and entirely free from the contagion of Wilson's fears and faith. I meant to have gone to bed at once, and I cannot understand to this hour what influence negated my resolution. Certain it is that I drew one chair to the fire, placed my feet on another, and went fast asleep. I was by no means comfortable in this position—far from it; and yet I lacked, or fancied I lacked, the power of following my own will. Be this as it may, desiring to get into bed, looking at it longingly, I still remained at the fireside, and there slumbered as soundly as any one could desire. How long this lasted I am unable to say. Gradually, while still asleep, it appeared to me, a strong shiver crept through my frame. At first the chill seemed intermittent, then became chronic. A cold dew gathered across my forehead, and my lips worked convulsively; labouring for some effort they were powerless to make. My hands, which were moist and clammy, fell inert by my side, as if their vigour had been paralysed by a sudden stroke; and every hair on my head assumed distinct and separate vitality. All this I was conscious of feeling, but only vaguely and indefinitely at first, as impressions round which the haze of sleep still clung. In time I cast off this numbness; and, though the other symptoms remained, all my faculties resumed their acuteness. I was able to open my eyes, and became immediately convinced that I was not the sole occupant of the room. I had left the curtains of the bed partially closed—I had particularly remarked this in my last survey, before sleep overtook my senses—but now they were entirely drawn away.

Just let me pause in my tale a moment to say that I shall state simply the facts of the case as they demonstrated themselves to me, without comment of my own beyond those remarks necessary at the time. I continue upon this understanding.

I was morally convinced there was an alteration in the arrangements of the room, for which I found it difficult to account. The fire I had not fed once since coming up yet blazed in brilliant and ample warmth, and this struck me again as incomprehensible and mysterious. I looked about me more scrutinisingly, and soon became assured that the bed was tenanted, and that by two persons. At this remote end of the large room the light was feeble enough, but on becoming accustomed to it I could be certain that one of these two was a man, the other a woman. The former was fair, and his face, even in repose, wore a sort of ironical smile, like one who had gone to sleep with mockery in his heart. A blonde moustache curved over his upper lip, and the under one came out voluptuous and full beneath, with a disdainful richness in its fold that told a secret of his nature I found it easy to divine. The lady was less distinguishable. Her hair, braided into two long tresses, fell over the dark coverlet, which it nearly matched in hue; but her face was entirely concealed.

For a time all remained still, save for the firm, regular breathing of the man.

Then he moved slightly, still half-asleep, drew a tumbler to his lips that had been standing on a chair at his side, drank off the contents with drowsy speed, and fell back upon the pillow again. This action had been performed mechanically, as one who repeats a habit time has rendered so familiar that he scarcely needs his senses to aid him in the effort. I was inclined to give it no value myself, when I saw the sombre tresses of the other sleeper, as I had thought her, heave suddenly, and a pale, triumphant face lifted itself cautiously, and bent above her prostrate companion. Then she stepped lightly from the bed, and, gliding round to the other side with a soft, stealthy tread, she examined carefully the glass he, after having emptied it of the liquid it contained, had restored to its old place. Having gained some assurance that she sought, she came back half way, and halted in the middle of the room. I saw her distinctly then—it was Sydney Grey. There was her white, haughty face, with its clear, pure lineaments, there the dark-fringed violet eyes and blue-black hair, and there the small, delicately-formed hand, but, alas! not for me, for round one finger glittered ominously a wedding-ring. Then she had deceived me, and she was married. This was my first conviction, and it met me with a poignancy of suffering that seemed near unto the agonies of death. The resemblance seemed to me, at first, too perfect to leave the shadow of a doubt; but, on closer view, I saw in the still, resolved face before me an evil expression I knew could not belong to my Sydney Grey. Nevertheless, the very thought caused me acute pain, while Sydney Grey, as I feared to think it was, slipped on a loose white robe, pushed her feet into slippers, and then stood still, watching her companion, whose repose seemed as yet unbroken. A minute spent thus, and he sprang up wildly, his features contorted and ghastly, his blonde moustache specked with foam.

“Oh! Sydney, Sydney! this terrible agony! What can it be? I am dying!”

Pitiless and inflexible, the beautiful demon leant over him, and laughed in his bloodshot eyes.

“Oh, Sydney! call some one, for God’s sake! This is awful!” and he rolled himself backwards and forwards in a paroxysm of convulsive physical anguish. At last she answered him, in a clear, silvery voice that moved every pulse of my heart, so familiar and cherished was it there—

“You suffer, do you?”

“Tortures! Sydney! forgive me, and save me, I beseech you. I am not fit to die.”

“Perhaps not,” she answered in her clear, measured tones; “but let this console you—a little later, when my work is done, I shall share your grave. Do you remember once saying how willingly you could die for me? No, probably not; you have told so many the same thing since; but now, at any rate, you will have an opportunity of realising your dream. You are poisoned.”

“Oh, Sydney! mercy! mercy! Save me now, and I will dedicate my whole life, my whole love, to you, and you alone!”

“So you have frequently said before. I can give it no credence now. That vow has been made and broken through every month of our married life. You have had your triumphs, William Grey—it is my turn now. Listen to me well. I am going at this minute to close the secret passage you know well enough—not the one that leads through the old well—that I have already barricaded firmly enough to resist the power of a giant—but the one contiguous to this room, through which

you have often stolen of a night to the unhallowed embraces of your hidden paramour. Thus, you see, with no means of egress, little chance of being heard, or reached even if heard, she must inevitably die of starvation. I must now go and communicate her fate to her, its cause, &c.; then I shall return, and you may have the bliss of expiring in my arms, if you still preserve that desire. At least, I shall show myself more merciful than you—you have destroyed her soul and mine, I but touch the bodies. Inch by inch, hour by hour, coldly, smilingly, disdainfully, you have been killing me, and making a demon of me besides. Only the hope of revenging myself has kept me alive through these four years. We shall meet front to front, on equal terms, before the judgment seat—you the systematic libertine, the poisoner of innocence and truth; I the tempted murderess of two adulterers, who stained my marriage home with sin and fraud. You and I will stand side by side on the fiery side of the great gulf, looking longingly over at the heaven we have both alike forfeited. In God's eyes, your sin, believe me, will outstrip mine; it was the blackness of your heart that reddened my hand. And now pray, William Grey, if you dare, for even your seconds are numbered closely."

The dying man groaned loudly, but he made no other appeal for mercy; her very tone, in its resolute calmness, told how useless this would be. Finding no response ready, she lit the lamp deliberately at the fire, passing so near to me that the folds of her wrapper brushed across my hand, and the soft perfume in her hair and dress was wafted to me with such terrible distinctness that I felt as if I must die. It was the odour Sydney loved—a delicate, shadowy breath of perfume, as if the air around her had passed over a violet bank, or she had recently worn these flowers on her head and bosom. I would have given worlds, had I had them, to have been able just then to call out "Sydney!" but my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, and my lips were so dry and burning I could not get them apart. She had passed me, and was disappearing rapidly through a sliding-door concealed in the panelling, ere my eyes, grown dim with a great, gaunt fear, could see plainly once again.

She was gone but a few seconds—they seemed an age. A succession of the most piercing, heartrending, terrible shrieks—shrieks as of a woman's hopeless agony—went through the whole house, echoing shrilly in every corner, and smothering the death-groans of the wretched man on the bed. And yet this woman returned as calmly as ever, her beautiful lips resolute, but smiling, her whole air that of a creature who has crushed a powerful enemy, and glories in the deed.

The house now seemed astir; quick, sharp steps hurried hither and thither, and frightened voices were heard upon the stairs. The moans of the dying man, growing gradually fainter and fainter, at last ceased altogether, while the fearful screams that had preceded the return of the murderess came fitfully and low, as if barred in by thick walls. I heard them now and then, mated with a sharp, distant wrench or shake of a strong barrier; but their keenness, their loud urgency, was shut away from me. The woman stood and listened to all this, then she prepared the deadly draught for her own destruction with steady fingers, and swallowed it to the last drop, her deep eyes glistening over the glass with a sombre fire.

At this juncture several men seemed rushing towards the door, and she went

to meet them, and I heard her answer mockingly, and laugh at their fears—a cool, icy, scornful laugh, that I hear again as I write. I remained bound to my chair, mute and paralysed, all through this terrible scene. Had my own life been the forfeit of my silence, I could not have articulated a single word. Had my Sydney been in the power of her pitiless namesake, I could not have stirred a limb; I was struck absolutely dumb and powerless. Just as I had watched the murdered husband's last pangs, I watched the death-throes of his inflexible murderess. Not a groan passed her pale, firm lips; with invincible bravery she met every convulsion, and her clenched hands seemed hurling defiance at Death. When the last gaunt struggle between spirit and substance showed itself near, she drew the dark velvet coverlet over her head like a pall, and under it she died, taciturn and resolute to the last breath.

At this moment the ghastly tension of my nerves was withdrawn, and my powers of speech and motion returned. I staggered forward to the bed, half reached it, and then fell forward senseless on my face.

When I awoke to consciousness, the grey light of dawn poured in at the window. I found myself stretched prostrate on the floor, between the bed and the fireplace. All my limbs felt benumbed, stiff, and cold. I looked about me anxiously, and gradually a glimmer of the truth quickened my mind. Everything about me seemed somewhat changed from what I had left it on going to sleep; but three distinct changes I specially marked. By the side of the bed stood a chair, and on it a glass, empty and dry; these, I felt positively certain, I had not placed there. The coverlet was disarranged and rumpled; this, again, I was sure, could not have been my work; and, lastly, a portion of the wainscoting protruded visibly, as if recently opened, and not shut close afterwards. How could I have done this, since I had no knowledge of this secret door and passage, and should not certainly have chosen the middle of the night for exploring this latter, even had I been aware of its presence? All this was perplexing enough, and my own door having been locked precluded the possibility of any mortal disturbance of my rest. I was willing to believe I had been the victim of an ugly and most vivid nightmare; but how could I, with these evidences of a stranger experience staring me in the face? I dared not disbelieve a truth so clearly manifested as this had been. The beautiful and guilty Sydney Grey—from whom my Sydney Grey took her name, and whom she had laughingly told me she had resembled in face, manner, expression, and even in the choice of perfumes, if the family traditions were worthy of credence—had enacted, in spirit, the treble crime that had banished her from heaven. How strangely real it had all been! and how indelibly printed on my memory were her looks and words! How fearfully alike, too, they were, the cruel murderess and my own pure Sydney, whose only fault was the sovereign pride that appeared so natural to her imperial charms! Mentally I was glad to know how little similitude there was between them, but physically the likeness was marvellous indeed. There were the same violet eyes, lustrous and magnificent behind their circle of black lashes; the same milk-white skin, clear, but entirely colourless; the full, arched lips, the upper one short and slightly curled, the under one rich, soft, and sweet; the little, dimpled chin; the long, slender hand—even to the small, blue-veined feet—I had never seen Sydney's stockings and unalippered, but I felt they must be like the other's in form, since they had

the same easy, noiseless tread. When I thought over all this, I did not, perhaps, love *my* Sydney the less, but, assuredly, her memory bore a shadowing of awe and fear. Had she been equally guilty, I should have found it difficult to abandon her, and because she resembled a murderess in face and figure, was that any reason of sufficient weight to destroy the one sole, undivided passion of my thirty years? Every separate fibre of my heart throbbled out, with urgent emphasis, "No, no."

Do not let my readers imagine that these conclusions were made in the bedroom. The commencement of this digression found me on my face, but the reflections which gave rise to it were not carried on in that lowly posture. The first act of entire consciousness was to rise and rush away down-stairs, out into the open air. The keen breeze refreshed me, and in it my courage and reasoning powers returned. I would have persuaded myself I had been the victim of a delusion or a dream, if I could; but, as this was impossible, I gathered up all my strength to meet the truth as it was. My first care was to keep everything from Wilson. This was no easy matter, for he assailed me with interrogations I found it almost impossible to leave unanswered without creating suspicion. I, therefore, evaded them generally, somewhat at the expense of my conscience, I fear. If he guessed anything, he never said so.

## THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE.

FAIR flower, thou dost so comely grow,  
Hid in this silent, dull retreat;  
Untouched thy honeyed blossoms blow,  
Unseen thy little branches greet.  
No roving foot shall crush thee here,  
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed,  
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,  
And planted here the guardian shade,  
And sent soft waters murmuring by.  
Thus quietly thy summer goes,  
Thy days reclining to repose.

Smit with those charms that must decay,  
I grieve to see your future doom;  
They died—nor were those flowers more gay—  
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;  
Unpitying frosts and Autumn's power  
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews  
At first thy little being came;  
If nothing once, you nothing lose,  
For when you die you are the same.  
The space between us is but an hour—  
The frail duration of a flower.

PHILIP

## DRAWING-ROOM NECROMANCY.

## IN THREE CHAPTERS.

## I.—INTRODUCTORY AND RETROSPECTIVE.

To any one who carefully traces the chain of occurrences which are noted in the great stream of the world's history that has swollen day by day, year by year, and cycle by cycle, from the rivulet that serves to chronicle the deeds and doings of men of early times, into the torrent of events of our own day—that rolls along, in rapid course, through a thousand different channels—it will soon become apparent how the minds of men have been occupied and engrossed at various times by delusions of a nature so transparent that we—who view them quietly from a vantage-ground gained by the lapse of intervening years, which has tended to strip them of the interest and romance with which imagination and fancy, or the passions of men, had then invested them—are accustomed to wonder, with a passing smile of satisfaction at our own superiority of reasoning power and intelligence, how it could possibly happen that our forefathers failed to detect the cheat and unveil the imposture.

Neglecting such popular delusions as the Tulipomania, the South Sea and Mississippi Bubbles, the Bank of Deposit, and others of a similar nature, by which certain speculative members of the knavish moiety of the human race have managed to dip their fingers pretty deeply into the pockets of their foolish and unwary brethren, to the detriment of some and the destruction of others—a few of these fallacies may be mentioned here that stand out in bold relief from the accompanying events of the times in which they rose to their utmost height, proving as attractive to the man of science as to the unlettered boor, because they appeal directly to that love of the marvellous and mysterious, that thirst for an insight into the hidden secrets of Nature, which has been, from the completion of creation, and *will be*, till the commencement of eternity, inherent in the human mind.

Pre-eminent among these are alchemy, astrology, the witch mania, and the search for the elixir of life. What could be more fascinating than the study of alchemy—appealing, as it did, to the greed of man and the dangerous lust for riches that is predominant among the vices that deform human nature—which taught that, by some curious processes, the duller metals and substances, almost valueless in themselves, could be transformed into bright masses of that ruddy gold that rules the world? What more enthralling than the search for the elixir of life, that sparkling draught of inestimable value which was to vanquish death and infuse new life and vigour into the ebbing pulses of a dying man, sending him forth to mingle once again among the living in the full flush of health and activity, buoyant with excess of animal power, with the exultant knowledge and assurance that he could “live through the centuries?”

Astrology also had its charm, but how inferior to that knowledge which could confer gold and unlimited length of life on its fortunate possessor! Yet it seemed to indicate the means whereby the natural curiosity of man might satisfy that craving for a knowledge of future events which God, in wisdom and mercy, has hidden from us, and be enabled to discover what evils were imminent, what dangers were threatening, and to take the necessary steps to avert the former and



to avoid the latter. The story of the witch mania forms one of the darkest pages of human history; for witchcraft, through the imagined possession of power to inflict injury on life, limb, or property, by the exercise of mysterious and diabolical practices, roused into action a fierce desire for vengeance in the hearts of some unhappy beings who cherished resentment against certain of their fellow-creatures for real or fancied wrongs, and a bitter spirit of persecution in those who believed that they themselves or others had suffered by such malpractices—a spirit that was fostered with an evident zest for cruelty, and too often, alas! directed against the weak, unoffending, and defenceless. It led even men of note and wisdom to encourage and sanction the torture and destruction of women, fair and lovely as well as worn and withered, who allowed, when writhing under the diabolical torture that the blackness of man's heart had devised for them, that they were indeed in league with the Prince of Darkness and the powers thereof to work the ill and evil that ignorance and credulity attributed to them.

But there seems to be reasonable excuse for human research in the so-called sciences of alchemy and astrology—for the quest that has been made in mediæval ages for the draught that was said to be the very essence of the life-giving principle—and for belief in the terrible powers of the witch and wizard. In modern chemistry—which is based on the discoveries of the alchemists in their search for the art of making gold—the diamond, the most precious of all gems, has been produced from charcoal, or carbon, inclosed in a crucible hermetically sealed and subjected to the action of intense heat. Was it, then, an extravagant idea of the philosophers of the Middle Ages to imagine that certain combinations of chemical ingredients with some of the baser metals would produce gold? Had one of these fathers of chemistry discovered the key to Nature's wondrous secret, he would have been a man of mark indeed to future ages; but all have signally failed, and, in consequence, have been branded with undeserved epithets, neither truthful nor polite.

With regard to astrology—the nursing-mother of the science of astronomy—we scout, and justly enough, the pretensions of those who would endeavour to foreshadow the future, as far as this world is concerned, of a newly-born infant from the relative position of the heavenly bodies at the time of its birth. Yet the wise men, *Magi*, of Eastern regions, recognised the star of Our Saviour in the east, and, guided by its motion through the vault of heaven, came from afar to worship the Divine Babe, presenting gifts that denoted His threefold capacity as King, Priest, and Prophet.

It was no strange thing, and nothing to excite our sneers and contemptuous wonder, that men should ransack Nature for the life-giving elixir, though it is difficult to imagine why they thought that they must necessarily find it in the form of a potion. Side by side with the tree of knowledge of good and evil in the garden of Eden grew the tree of life, by eating the fruit of which man would live for ever. It was not forbidden fruit, like the fruit of the first-named tree, when Adam and Eve were first placed in Paradise; it was not until man had fallen by transgression, and the punishment of death on every member of the human race had been pronounced, that cherubim and a flaming sword which turned every way were placed at the east of the garden to keep the way of the tree of life, lest man should be tempted, in defiance and despair, to seek to elude the fiat of the Divine will, and impotently endeavour to escape the dreaded doom of death.

Surely it seems to suggest that the discovery of the life-giving principle, either in the vegetable or mineral kingdom, is simply impossible. It is a secret which *may* exist, but which will never be discovered, as it is contrary to God's word that man should live and not die, or even prolong the term of his existence beyond the span allotted as the period of life; for the Almighty chose to close the pathway that led to the tree of life against all who should dare to invade its precincts as soon as sin and death had entered the world and marred the form that was made in the image of God, after His likeness, the glorious casket of a living and immortal soul.

Let it be remembered that this is no attempt to throw out hints that may lead to a renewed search for what can never be found—not because it is impossible that such a principle may exist, but because all inquiry for it is discountenanced and forbidden by God's holy word. It is intended only as a slight apology for those who believed, and perhaps with reason, in the existence of such a wonderful element of life somewhere within the limits of our corner of creation, for which they have been stigmatised as fools and blockheads by those who are passing wise in their own conceit; for they seemed to have erred solely, not in believing that what they sought for with such indomitable perseverance could be found, but in forgetting that when the penalty of death had been incurred by the parent of us all, and by us through him, God had willed that it should be hidden from mortal ken for ever.

In the present day no one will follow Mr. Margrave's example, and seek the wilds of Australia with lamps and caldron and herbs of Arabia to make life-giving broth of that astounding substance that Allen Fenwick so provokingly declines to describe for our edification and guidance in these matters. It is patent to all that the once fascinating pursuit of alchemy is abandoned, and the culture of astrology left entirely to the care of Zadkiel and Cinderella Smale; but a craving for a more intimate knowledge of the supernatural, and a desire for dabbling in witchcraft of a whiter and rather more innocent kind than that which turned unhappy boys and girls into pincushions and needle-books, and caused the body to waste as a nice wax doll gradually melted by a series of roastings before a roaring sea-coal fire—which transformed broomsticks into nags that never tired, and drew Strasbourg pies and pink champagne from twisted haybands and halters dangling from the rafters of some dismal ruin—is still rampant even in the seventh decade of the matter-of-fact nineteenth century.

But the venue of the performance is now wholly changed, as well as the scenery, dresses, and appointments of the entire entertainment. The character and appearance of the professor, too, is altered, and there is something cosy and comfortable in the manner in which necromancy is prosecuted in the present day. It no longer skulks in the by-ways of society, but walks openly in its highways; it is no longer of the dungeon, not even of the kitchen, but of the drawing-room. It was formerly practised in darkness and secrecy—in the midst of an admiring circle of toads and bats, with all the weird and terrific accompaniments of skulls and bones, unearthly gibberings and lambent fires, in situations in which the combined influence of damp and horror made every square inch of the flesh of the uninitiated participator in the unhallowed rites crawl and creep, and his hair stand on end, regardless of the influence of bandoline, or any preparation of the seeds of the quince. It is now performed in an apartment carpeted, furnished, and lighted with

gas, in which the ceremonies gone through are in every way calculated to reassure the neophyte, allay his apprehensions, and set him at his ease. The traditional lean and withered hag of the sixteenth century, with bristled chin and a nose like a sickle, attired in cloak of scarlet and steeple hat, with a black cat on her shoulder, is now replaced by a lady encircled with a proper allowance of crinoline, or a gentleman in regulation peg-tops. But there is a change even beyond the points which have been mentioned—the very titles of the art and its professors have been altered: what was necromancy is now spiritualism; and the presiding high priest or priestess of the mysteries is no longer called witch when of the feminine gender, and wizard when of the masculine, but both are styled in common by a less expressive appellation—that of medium.

Spiritualism has its dark and fair aspect, like the shield, with one side white and the other side black, about which the knights of the fable first uncourteously gave each other the fib direct, and then incontinently proceeded to mutual poking and drubbing with the points and butt-ends of their respective lances, until a passer-by, who had happened to look at both sides, set them to rights again by showing that both were right and both were wrong. It is the folly, nonsense, rubbish, imposture, and scandal of the present day, as it was styled by the editors of the metropolitan daily and weekly press, in their anxiety to throw stones at their big brother of the *Times*, when he had, wittingly or unwittingly, as the case may be, aided in shovelling guineas into Mr. Forster's pocket. Some, if memory does not deceive one, gibbeted it as an abomination and as a thing unclean and accursed; and—*audi alteram partem*—give us the other side of the story—it was also considered, by ladies and gentlemen of unblemished reputation and the highest intellect, “a truth shining with a steady lustre, and, in many instances, like a vivifying sun, upon the souls of intelligent, thoughtful, truth-seeking persons.” I trust I may be pardoned for saying that I refer to such advocates of spiritualism as William and Mary Howitt, Mr. S. C. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Newton Crossland, Judge Edmonds, and others whose veracity cannot be impeached nor their sincerity questioned, and not to those who make a gain by the exhibition of some miserable attempts at legerdemain, including the latest American arrival who pockets British sovereigns by the score in Bryanston-street, Portman-square. He, to use the mildest expression, is a “light-fingered gentleman” of the shallowest pretensions; whose performances may be seen any day at the Colosseum, far better done, and for a twenty-first part of the cost; who is all but disowned by the advocates of spiritualism, in whose ranks he claims to hold a high position as a “test medium,” and scouted by their chief organ in England, the *Spiritual Magazine*.

But a deeper inquiry into the pretensions of spiritualism must be left until its origin, nature, and present state have been traced as completely as the limits of these chapters will allow. It will suffice at present to define it broadly as a system of intercommunication between the living and the dead, the visible and the invisible world, by the agency of certain persons termed *media*, with whom, for some peculiar reason or other which is at present unknown, the spirits of the departed are said to be *en rapport*; and to state that this system has been carried on as a regular matter of business in America for many years past, “thirty thousand *media* practising in various parts of the United States” even in 1853. It has already excited a considerable degree of attention in this country, especially in fashionable and literary circles, to an extent that makes Hippolyte Bailliére and Bookseller's Row

rejoice alike ; for new books on spiritualism, magnetism, and mesmerism find eager purchasers ; and as for anything second-hand on either of these subjects, it is difficult, indeed, to get for money, leaving love out of the question altogether, since Mr. Forster came over, and the *Times* patted him approvingly on the back.

That we are surrounded by agents for good or evil, who are invisible to mortal vision, there cannot be the slightest doubt. We dare not refuse to believe that our adversary the devil goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour ; we know that evil agency was allowed to operate on Job, to the destruction of his temporal possessions and family, and his personal distress and discomfort. We know also that a lying spirit was permitted to leave the presence of God on a mission of delusion to certain false prophets, to lure Ahab, King of Israel, to his destruction at Ramoth-Gilead. If we allow, then, that evil spirits are permitted to buffet us as thorns in the flesh, why are we to "Pish !" and "Pooh !" and cry "Pshaw !" with every variety of sneer, and shrug, and contemptuous gesture, when any one ventures to propound that ministering spirits hedge us round from evil, and that these guardian angels are the disembodied spirits of those who loved us and whom we loved while they sojourned with us on earth, and that they seek and strive to hold communion with us ? It *may* be true, as the spiritualists assert ; and, if it be so, is it not a thought full of happy comfort ?—a bright extension of the idea expressed in Dibdin's well-known lines—

" There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,  
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack ?"

May there not be those near us and around us whose mission it is to combat evil in our behalf—to guard us from injury, and even to direct us in our daily path, as is often evinced in the occurrence of circumstances, trifling in themselves, which form a turning-point leading to results productive of the greatest good ?

Before entering any further on an exposition of the merits and demerits of spiritualism, which is magic, in the present phase of the world's existence, in the primary and highest acceptance of the word, it may not be out of place to give a very brief summary of the rise and progress of magic through various stages from the earliest times, with a casual mention of a few of its most noted professors. Ennemoser tells us that it "signified the office and knowledge of the priest, who was called Mag, Magius, Magiusi, and afterwards Magi and Magician." Among the Parsees, the Medes, and the Egyptians, a *higher knowledge of nature* was understood by the term magic, with which religion, and particularly astronomy, were associated. The initiated and their disciples were called Magicians—that is, The Wise—which was also the case among the Greeks.

The early magicians and priests were, therefore, carefully trained and instructed in the secret teachings of philosophy and the sciences, and, on account of their knowledge, they were regarded by the people with the highest reverence. And this would be no wonder, as, to the people generally, the subtle workings and wonders of nature, or natural magic, and the movements of the heavenly bodies, and the art of healing, were even as sealed books. But whatever savours of mystery partakes largely of the marvellous, and the common herd of mankind gradually began to attribute supernatural powers to the priests, and the priests sought to extend their power by calling to their aid all the wonders of nature with which they had become acquainted, and using them unduly and improperly to increase the awe with which they were regarded.

And this was the consequence: reverence and respect degenerated into superstitious fear, and the power gained by an extended knowledge of the secrets of nature grew into a dangerous priestcraft, and magic soon became separated into two classes—higher, or spiritual magic, founded on this maxim, "Man may become, by the assistance and co-operation of spiritual powers, and the capacities of his higher divine origin, capable of a higher sphere of activity, as well without as within himself, which gives him dominion over his own, and over surrounding nature;" and lower, or black magic, better known as the black art. The higher form of magic was soon neglected, or cultivated but by few; while the black art, under which is classed the magic of the Mediæval Ages, and which includes alchemy, enchantments, sorcery, control of the elements, and the power of changing men into animals, was sedulously followed from a very early period.

It appears that the earliest records of magic are to be found in the Jewish traditions of the Cabbala, which teaches that "man is enabled, by his nature, to look into the realms of the supernatural and the invisible, as well as to act magically above and below." "In order to produce magical results, a very firm will is requisite to attract the very highest spiritual influence, and to re-act upon it. The will of the operator must also be completely in harmony with his object, and alone be directed towards it. A very powerful and vivid imagination is also requisite." The Cabbala also teaches that the man who would study magic "must be fitted for such things," and maintains "that every follower of the black art must have something imperfect or diseased about him."

It is to be regretted that the outlines of a study so fascinating as a history of magic in all its forms must necessarily be so brief; but, from what has been said, it may be gathered that the higher, or spiritual magic is a striving after that which is above us, proceeding from the material to the spiritual, which the old Jewish philosophers contend that man may attain by the capacities that are innate in him by reason of his divine origin, by the aid of those spiritual powers that work for good. The lower form of magic—among the practices of which witchcraft and sorcery stand pre-eminent—is that in which, by the agency of evil spirits, man seeks to do all kinds of unnatural and wicked deeds, not remaining, indeed, a passive instrument in their hands, but seeking to use and control them according to his will, succeeding in the sorcery he practises, if he be naturally inclined thereto, until his soul is often led irrevocably astray from God, and sunk into eternal darkness.

Now, *if there be* such a thing as magic, as the Cabbala describes it, it is at least charitable, on the one hand, to allow that the present spiritualists, who are not influenced by gain in asserting their full conviction of the reality of the supernatural things they *see, and hear, and feel*, belong to a class of people who are influenced by a desire to attain the higher form. It is equally fair to consider, on the other hand, that those stout and jaunty gentlemen who can see through thin envelopes, but not through brick walls, as a genuine magician should, especially with all the ghostly aides-de-camp he professes to have about him, are *prestidigitateurs* and professors of legerdemain of the meanest order. They are among those whom the dark hero in ugly boots, who piped to the mediæval witches whenever they chose to indulge in a *thé dansante*, could lead by the nose as easily as he himself was once led by that organ in the nipping embrace of a pair of tongs by the stern St. Dunstan of remarkable memory.

But, doubtless, some who are inwardly comforting themselves with a mental

reply to the commencement of the preceding paragraph, to the effect that magic is all moonshine, garnished with ejaculatory thanks that Sir Michael Scott is deep enough underground—to say nothing of the state his remains must be in by this time—and that Matthew Hopkins and others of his enlightened profession have long since shown all the old women the utter folly and wickedness of trying to gallop on broomsticks, will feel very uncomfortable when it is asserted to be an incontrovertible fact that the lower form of magic has undoubtedly been practised, and, therefore, *may* be practised again, as the laws of nature are immutable, unchangeable, from the beginning.

The practice of witchcraft was strictly forbidden to the Jewish people, and necromancy as well. The penalty of death was denounced on the witch and the invoker of the dead, and scourging on the questioner of spirits raised by necromantic arts. There would have been no occasion for the inspired lawgiver of the Jewish people to issue such ordinances against the practice of the lower form of magic if the possibility of its performance had not been a known fact in the period in which he lived. The Egyptian priests were famous for their acquaintance with magic. With “their enchantments” they imitated the miracle of turning a rod into a serpent that Moses wrought before Pharaoh, and the first two plagues that were sent upon the land of Egypt—the transformation of the waters of the Nile into blood, and the plague of frogs—and let it be remembered that it is expressly stated that they “did so,” and not that they were merely *permitted* to work such wonders upon those special occasions.

Many passages of Holy Writ bear testimony to the existence of sorcery and sorcerers during the whole period of time over which the history of the Bible extends. The priests of all Oriental nations were remarkable for the proficiency they attained as magicians, and the form that they first practised was of a far higher nature than that which we mostly find existing among the Greeks and Romans, although many philosophers of these nations may be named as teachers of the higher form. The priests of the heathen gods chiefly practised natural magic, to which must be attributed the wonders of the cave of Trophonius, the oracles at Dodona, Delphi, and Oropus, in Greece; those of Mallos and Characta in Asia Minor; and the prophetic fury of the Sibyls, among whom the Sibyl of Cumæo in Italy, seems the most renowned.

The first magicians recorded in history are the priests of Egypt, although they are not to be esteemed as the originators of the art. Zoroaster, supposed to have lived 1080, B.C., taught the principles of the higher magic in Persia. Pythagoras, Plato, Iamblichus, and Socrates were eminent teachers of magic in its purer form; but the most renowned among the ancients for his miraculous cures and magical arts was Apollonius of Tyana, whose wonders, it is believed, were effected by magnetism. Magic in the Middle Ages is entirely, or very nearly so, of a character in which a desire to work evil is predominant, and about this many curious and entertaining works have been published in late years. Among the alchemists of the thirteenth century who practised curious arts, Roger Bacon, Albertus Magnus, and Raymond Lully are most worthy of notice. In the fourteenth century the Rosicrucians, a sect of mystic philosophers, appeared in Germany. In the sixteenth lived the mystics, magicians, and philosophers, Paracelsus, Van Helmont, Cornelius Agrippa, Baptista Porta, and Jerome Cardan. In the seventeenth we find Father Athanasius Kircher, and Tenzel Wirdig writing on the universal magnetism, attrac-

tion, sympathy, and repulsion that pervade nature; Maxwell and Graham, Scotch physicians, practising cures by magnetic means; and Valentine Greatrakes, an Irishman, curing diseases and distempers by the touch of his hand only. In the eighteenth century the writings of Emmanuel Swedenborg and Jacob Böhme treat of the spirit world, containing, in the opinion of Ennemoser, "a matured philosophy and true magic;" Gassner and Mesmer working cures and wonders by animal magnetism; and Joseph Balsamo, Count of Cagliostro, a clever adventurer and agent of a secret society, who endeavoured to revive the mysteries of the Rosy Cross. And in the nineteenth century we have table-turning and spirit-rapping, of which—as it has been in times past, and is in times present—more anon; the writings of the German philosopher Schopenhauer, which ought to appear in an English dress; and, lastly, that great apostle of genuine Transatlantic impudence, Mr. Forster.

### CHARLES DE BERNARD.

THE readers of this Magazine are familiar with the writings of this author, as from time to time translations of his tales have appeared in these pages. We have often been surprised at English critics of French literature passing him over in silence; and we are glad to see, by an article headed with the name of Charles de Bernard, in a late number of the *London Review*, that he is coming to be properly estimated. We extract the following from the notice in question, and have to announce that we shall shortly commence a new tale of his:—

"It is one of the great merits of De Bernard that his works are absolutely free from the baneful influences to which we have adverted. When you read either his shorter sketches or his more elaborate novels, you only feel that he is making the best story that he can out of his materials. The reader's mind is never crossed with a suspicion that the author is a preacher of a new doctrine under the guise of a novelist. The novel is there for what it is worth, but to write a good and amusing novel is obviously the sole aim of the author. What his observation of life and analysis of character have taught him comes out in the regular development of his drama and his personages. If a moral is to be drawn from a careful delineation of human life, it is there for the reader to make the best of it that he can; but De Bernard is content to work out his drama to the end without informing the public that he has a mission to improve them, and without intimating the moral purpose of his work. The construction of his stories is generally very good; and the plots, seldom very intricate, are sufficient to keep up the interest to the end. In the delineation of some classes of characters he is peculiarly happy, and it may be said generally that the persons introduced are distinctly defined individualities, whose characters are brought out by their actions and their words in the progress of the story more than by the description and explanations of the author. It is obvious that this is one of the most important elements of a good novel, for, unless the personages act and tell their own story, the dramatic character of the novel is lost, and the interest is gone, as far as most readers are concerned. De Bernard's actors converse like people made of flesh and blood, though in some instances they have a good deal more wit than one often encounters in real life. However, the dialogue is often very sparkling, and never other than refined. All his work seems to have been very carefully finished. Judging from the quantity which he has left, and the time during which he was recognised as a popular writer, we should conclude that he gave ample time and thought to all that he produced—in a word, that he never became a hack writer. . . . We may also add that his view of life is a healthy one; his social criticism is genial and humorous; his moral judgments are carefully considered, and are sound without being severe."

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

SEATED in a very crowded public assembly, we noticed, not far off from where we were placed, a lady without a seat, and thought she looked very tired of standing. Now, some of the conventional (and hypocritical) applications of the rule which postpones a man's convenience to a woman's, we strenuously object against. It is, for example, absurd and cruel to insist that a gentleman shall always be ready to get "outside" an omnibus because a lady wants to get "inside;" for the gentleman may have several ladies depending on his exertions (in other words, on his health), and may be unfit, at the moment, to face the east wind which may be blowing, while all the "lady" who wants to turn him out has to suffer, if he declines to move, is, to wait a few minutes for the next omnibus. However, standing is one of the things which a man, with no exceptions but those of peculiar illness, can keep up with impunity longer than a woman; and we looked round to see if there was a seat vacant, intending (of course), if there was none, to give up our own. Hard by, we observed a vacant space, and our eyes glanced, no doubt, from the unoccupied seat to the lady, with some degree of meaning in them. But it was, of course, the work of half a second of time, or less. Quick as thought, a gentleman behind us said, "That seat is engaged, sir." How startled and how pleased we were at such a rare display of observing forecast! This gentleman had noticed what was going on in our mind, and, to save trouble and disappointment, had given us, beforehand, just the information suited to the situation. Now that gentleman, whoever he was, had a talent for—*Organisation in Daily Life*, which is the title of the new essay by MR. ARTHUR HEIRS, the author of "Friends in Council," "Companions of my Solitude," the "History of the Spanish Conquest of South America," and a few other less notable things. Of course, it is published, if *à propos* of anything, *à propos* of the Great International Exhibition; and one may, perhaps, regret that it comes too late to be anything but a commentary. However, all the books in the world will not teach "organisation." Our friend of the lecture-room had not learnt his forecast out of essays; it was part of himself, and involving neither merit nor demerit, though it made him much more valuable as a human being, and (if he was as good-natured as he was acute) much more agreeable. The organiser is born, not made. The Duke of Wellington, with that absurd dogmatism which so easily imposes upon timid and acquiescent minds, said that all men were brave: we suspect he was too conscious of the difference between himself and most men ever to have said that all men are organisers.

In truth, it is not always clear in Mr. Heirs's essay what he intends by organisation—he confesses as much. He tells a story about a great party or entertainment, at which, when the last moment arrived, it was discovered that there

were not lights enough, and every one was in despair, until a servant hit upon the device of seizing and appropriating the lamps of the carriages in which the guests arrived. But this story, while it illustrates the *want* of organisation (for the necessities in the article of illumination ought to have been foreseen and provided for), does not seem to us to illustrate, in what the footman did, the talent of organisation. It exemplifies, rather, readiness of resource, which is quite another thing. The Irishman is (to go back to Homer for a phrase) "fertile in expedients," like Ulysses, and "fertile in sudden expedients;" but the slow and "brutal" Saxon is a much greater organiser. No doubt the talent of organisation, and that of quick invention, under pressure, may exist together, and sometimes do exist together—or, at least, seem to do so, as in great commanders. But, on the whole, the two things are opposed to each other. A great organiser who, in a moment of danger, makes a weapon out of an obstacle, does so partly out of what is called "inspiration" (which is really nothing but the stored-up strength of a mind in the habit of concentrating itself), and partly because the forecast with which he has settled beforehand whatever *could* be put into a diagram leaves him at leisure to devote himself wholly, at a moment's notice, to the exigency of the moment. The talent of organisation lies, in fact, rather in seeing what is going to come next, and next, and next, than in supplying remedies when mischief is done, or extemporising supplies when needs have arisen. We can think of no better instance of what we should call the exercise of the organising faculty than what may be seen at an important surgical operation. There, whoever takes part in it has his precise duty assigned to him beforehand, and what is called a "hitch"—by which, for instance, an artery might miss being tied at the right moment—is unknown. But every day one may observe, if not the exercise of the organising gift, plenty of behaviour which shows the want of it. Get into an omnibus three-parts full, or try to make your way through an aisle of people rather closely packed, and you will be struck with the difference between men and women in their capacity of seeing what is to come next, and preparing for it. One person will appear to know, by an instinct which enables him to see through the back of his head, that he is the least little bit in your way, and he will edge aside accordingly. Another will appear totally unconscious of the stringencies of time and space, and leave both to do their best and worst. Now, the man who withdraws his foot just enough to admit the newcomer into a narrow space, or who has a labouring foot on a stair, and sets the door ajar for the servant with the cumbersome tray, has the stuff of an organiser in him—in some degree. He has, probably, good-nature as well; but evidently he has forecast.

A very fair idea of the scope of the book



before us will be gained by glancing at an extract, not from the essay itself, but from a conversation (which the author tells us really took place) in a railway-carriage—a conversation about its merits among persons who had read it (some of them, at least), and did not know that their fellow-traveller was the author. The passage we select will speak for itself:—

"**LAWYER.**—Stop! Let us each give an instance. (*We all agreed*) Well, I say, nowhere is organisation more wanted than at a public meeting. All goes wrong if two or three clever fellows have not met before, and drawn up all the resolutions, with a paper of agenda for the chairman. At the meeting everything must go like clockwork. Who is to propose, and who is to second, a resolution must be absolutely settled. There must be no detestable modesty of people conspicuously bowing to one another, and saying, 'No, sir, not I; I am not of importance enough in the county,' &c. &c. The meetings must go off *swiftly* and cheerfully; and that can only be done by previous organisation.

"**THE AUTHOR.**—Very true. I will give you another instance—a wedding breakfast. Even that miserable transaction may be made to go off well, if the proceedings have been well arranged beforehand, and there are no dreary intervals allowed for tears.

"**THE LADY.**—Then, a musical party! How that mostly falls for want of some despotic person to arrange beforehand everything that shall be done, so that there may be no weak consultations round the piano, or wishes expressed that there had been some 'part music' there which is not there!"

Dr. Johnson once said, or wrote, "Wretched, beyond all names of wretchedness, would be the pair who should have to settle by logic beforehand all the details of a domestic day;" and it is, no doubt, true. But the *skeleton* of every day's procedure ought to be carefully constructed by every individual, and every couple, leaving the rest to the moment. Now and then the gipsy impulse will have its way in (nearly) all of us, and we shall insist on improving things in general; but, for the most part, we must all work in grooves, knowing where we are going to; in other words, we must all organise our lives.

The most amusing part of Mr. Helps's book is an anecdote, told expressly to illustrate the intolerance of human nature:—

"Two gentlemen are at a coffee-house. Jones is having his dinner brought upon the table—a juicy beefsteak. Lloyd has just finished his at the same table. He looks off from his paper, and passes the mustard to Jones. Jones must always decline.

"**LOYD.**—Mustard, sir?

"**JONES.**—Thank you (*but does not take it*).

"**L.** (*looking baffled and cross, reads on a little*)—You will take mustard, sir?

"**J.**—No, thank you, I don't.

"**L.** (*after more impatient reading, and glancing round his paper to peep at Jones*)—Most persons take mustard, sir, with beefsteak.

"**J.**—I seldom or never do, sir.

"**L.** (*attempts to get interested in a railway accident, and mutters, 'Three lives lost—the stoker escaped by a miracle. No blame can be attached to any of the officers of the company.' Continues to look round his paper over and over again at Jones. At last he exclaims, angrily*)—It is a most extraordinary thing, sir, not to eat mustard with beefsteak. I never did such a thing in my life.

"**J.** (*calmly*)—Perhaps not.

"**L.** (*turns to his paper, and attempts again to read, but manifests a state of strong excitement. Once or twice he stretches out his hand and with-*

*draws it again. At last he can bear it no longer. He throws down the Times, and, taking up the mustard-pot, exclaims*)—Damn it, sir, you must and shall have mustard! (*And he daubs Jones's plate over with it.*")

This is a very good story; but, as we have heard other versions of it, we do not believe it. In one reading, the gentleman who goes in for mustard rises from the table, and, moving away with virtuous indignation, declares that it is against his conscience to sit in the same room with a man who eats beef without mustard. The majority of those who will laugh at this story will be ready, to-morrow, to do something just as intolerant. Now, the stern necessities of self-defence may force us to put down some things with a strong hand—such as Thuggism, for instance—but we have, in truth, no more right to expect that another's morals and opinions should conform to our own than we have that another should take mustard because we do. We have a right to expect two things—first, that he shall not, under cover of believing in our system, do us harm by working out his own; and, secondly, that he shall do what he thinks to be his duty (not what *we* think to be his duty)—and there our right to insist is at a positive end.

We cannot omit to notice, in a lady's journal, the *Last Poems* of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. (Chapman and Hall.) They are rather disappointing, and contain more of her worst, perhaps, than her wondrous best. So much petulance, arrogance, and inconsequence, were, surely, never joined to so much genius. The majority of the verses are about Italy, and the volume is dedicated to the city of Florence. If English hearts had been as hysterically irritable as Mrs. Browning's, she would not have been as dearly loved as she was. Her death came like a personal affliction to many of us; and we speak freely of these poems, not because we feel coldly, but because her memory is precious, and we have the right of affection to speak our minds. But our readers would rather have one of the poems than any amount of talk about them, and we give them the most quotable of the number:—

#### VOID IN LAW.

##### I.

SLEEP, little babe, on my knee,  
Sleep, for the midnight is chill,  
And the moon has died out in the tree,  
And the great human world goeth ill.  
Sleep, for the wicked agree:  
Sleep, let them do as they will.  
Sleep.

##### II.

Sleep, thou hast drawn from my breast  
The last drop of milk that was good;  
And now, in a dream, suck the rest,  
Lest the real should trouble thy blood.  
Suck, little lips disposed,  
As we kiss in the air whom we would.  
Sleep.

##### III.

O lips of thy father! the same,  
So like! Very deeply they swore  
When he gave me his ring and his name,  
To take back, I imagined, no more!  
And now is all changed like a game,  
Though the old cards are used as of yore!  
Sleep.

## IV.

"Void in law," said the Courts. Something  
wrong  
In the forms? Yet, "Till death part us two,  
I, James, take thee, Jessie," was strong,  
And ONE witness competent. True  
Such a marriage was worth an old song,  
Heard in Heaven, though, as plain as the New.  
Sleep.

## V.

Sleep, little child, his and mine!  
Her throat has the antelope curve,  
And her cheek just the colour and line  
Which fade not before him nor evert  
Yet *she* has no child!—the divine  
Seal of right upon loves that deserve.  
Sleep.

## VI.

My child! though the world take her part,  
Saying "She was the woman to choose,  
He had eyes, was a man in his heart!"—  
We twain the decision refuse:  
We—weak as I am, as thou art—  
Cling on to him, never to loose.  
Sleep.

## VII.

He thinks that, when done with this place,  
All's ended? he'll new-stamp the ore?  
Yes, Cæsar's—but not in our case.  
Let him learn we are waiting before  
The grave's mouth, the heaven's gate, God's face,  
With implacable love evermore.  
Sleep.

## VIII.

He's ours, though he kissed her but now;  
He's ours, though she kissed in reply;  
He's ours, though himself disavow,  
And God's universes favour the lie;  
Ours to claim, ours to clasp, ours below,  
Ours above—if we live, if we die.  
Sleep.

## IX.

Ah, baby, my baby, too rough  
Is my lullaby? What have I said?  
Sleep! When I've wept long enough  
I shall learn to weep softly instead,  
And piece with some alien stuff  
My heart to lie smooth for thy head.  
Sleep.

## X.

Two souls met upon thee, my sweet;  
Two loves led thee out to the sun;  
Alas, pretty hands, pretty feet,  
If the one who remains (only one)  
Set her grief at thee, turned in a heat  
To thine enemy—were it well done?  
Sleep.

## XI.

May He of the manger stand near  
And love thee! An infant He came  
To His own, who rejected Him here,  
But the Magi brought gifts all the same.  
I hurry the cross on my dear!  
My gifts are the griefs I declaim!  
Sleep.

A little more space permits us to quote  
another of the "Last Poems:"—

## AMY'S CRUELTY.

## I.

FAIR Amy of the terraced house,  
Assist me to discover  
Why you, who would not hurt a mouse,  
Can torture so your lover.

## II.

You give your coffee to the cat,  
You stroke the dog for coming,  
And all your face grows kinder at  
The little brown bee's humming.

## III.

But when *he* haunts your door—the town  
Marks coming and marks going—  
You seem to have stitched your eyelids  
down  
To that long piece of sewing!

## IV.

You never give a look, not you,  
Nor drop him a "Good morning,"  
To keep his long day warm and blue,  
So fretted by your scorning.

## V.

She shook her head—"The mouse and bee  
For crumb or flower will linger;  
The dog is happy at my knee,  
The cat purrs at my finger.

## VI.

"But *he*—to *him*, the least thing given  
Means great things at a distance;  
He wants my world, my sun, my heaven,  
Soul, body, whole existence.

## VII.

"They say love gives as well as takes;  
But I'm a simple maiden—  
My mother's first smile when she wakes  
I still have smiled and prayed in.

## VIII.

"I only know my mother's love,  
Which gives all and asks nothing;  
And this new loving sets the groove  
Too much the way of loathing.

## IX.

"Unless he gives me all in change,  
I forfeit all things by him;  
The risk is terrible and strange—  
I tremble, doubt, deny him.

## X.

"He's sweetest friend, or hardest foe,  
Best angel, or worst devil;  
I either hate or—love him so,  
I can't be merely civil!

## XI.

"You trust a woman who puts forth  
Her blossoms thick as summer's?  
You think she dreams what love is worth,  
Who casts it to new-comers?

## XII.

"Such love's a cowslip-ball to fling,  
A moment's pretty pastime;  
I give—all me, if anything,  
The first time and the last time.

## XIII.

"Dear neighbour of the trellised house,  
A man should murmur never,  
Though treated worse than dog and mouse,  
Till doted on for ever!"

We are vexed to have to add that the book  
is not as nicely printed and got-up as it ought  
to be, considering what it is, and who are the  
publishers.

## THE FASHIONS.

At no previous season do we recollect having seen such elegant and fairy-like materials as those manufactured for the present year, and all the large West-end establishments seem to be vying with each other as to which shall carry off the palm for novelty, fashion, and, we might almost say, *extravagance*, in the display of ladies' toilets. Certain it is that we do not live in an economical age; and perhaps husbands are more indulgent and lenient than of yore to the wives' little foibles and weaknesses in their love of finery; and, as ladies will dress, and must have their garments fashionably made, we will proceed to describe a few very pretty things we noticed in our walk westward. Now that the hot weather has come in so suddenly, the materials displayed in all the large shops are muslins, barèges, grenadines, *mousseline de soie*, *foulards*, and Swiss cambrics. The muslins of this year's manufacture are most beautiful, of the clearest and most transparent appearance, the favourite pattern being that of a *chiné* description. Sashes of silk are worn with these dresses, arranged to match the pattern of the muslin, and some of them with the most elaborate fringed ends. Barèges and grenadines are being worn with cloaks of the same material as the dress, the favourite shape being the large circular, with a *treble box pleat* down the entre of the back. This cloak, on a tall, elegant h, and looks well made in grenadine or lamé, either black or white. Amongst the *fashionables* this cloak seems to have taken the place of the burnous, and it is certainly equally graceful in its appearance.

DRESSES and SHAWLS of *mousseline de soie*, made in grey, drab, and sombre colours, with bright borders woven in the material, we mentioned last month as being one of the novelties of the season, and Messrs. Grant and Gask have now added a further supply to their large stock, which shows that these dresses and shawls are likely to become very popular. For out-door wear, the short paletôts, or *sautes en barque*, as they are generally termed, are taking the place of the long and large cloaks and pardessus that have been so general. These little garments are generally made of the same material as the dress, and for washing fabrics are particularly suitable. Messrs. Grant and Gask are now showing a large assortment of printed cambrics, with designs to imitate braiding, sufficient material being allowed for one of the short paletôts, or *sautes en barque*, also designed to correspond with the dress. For the sea-side, this style of costume will be generally adopted, and should be worn with a straw hat, trimmed as fancy dictates. We may here mention that the short paletôts are made with hanging sleeves, cut with a seam at the elbow, *revers* in front, and pockets on each side. The peg-top sleeve has been used for this garment, but, having rather a masculine appearance, is not likely to become very general. We noticed a paletôt or yachting jacket of this description composed of dark blue cloth, bound with silk braid, and ornamented with *plain gilt buttons* down the front, which had truly a sailor-like

appearance. Another, of speckled cloth, braided in black, was also very stylish; but this was made with hanging sleeves, not very deep, and was certainly more suitable for a lady's garment. To those of our readers who are preparing toilets for the sea-side, we would recommend dresses and short paletôts or jackets of buff, white, or drab marcella, the dress and paletôt both to be braided in black. A pretty *turned-down* straw hat, with a very full tuft in the front, a stand-up collar and cravat, and kid gloves with gauntlets, should complete this very suitable and appropriate sea-side costume.

Talking of HATS, it may not be out of place to describe the shape of the last novelty in this way for ladies. It consists of a headpiece, and has behind and before a large peak, on the principle of the Albert hat. We have seen these hats in brown, black, and white straw, but cannot predict for them much popularity, for we think that no well-bred woman would care about donning so peculiar a style of head-gear. The pretty turned-down hats are prettier than ever, and many dainty specimens of the "*pork-pie*," or turned-up hat, have been produced. The latter forms a charming style of coiffure, if worn at suitable times, and in suitable places, but nothing can be in worse taste than to wear one of these conspicuous hats in a crowded street.

We have noticed many dresses within the last few days made of the new colour called "*cuir*," on account of its resemblance to leather; and these garments were very neat and quiet looking. A silk dress of this colour was made with one very deep flounce, *not put on very full*, and this flounce was again trimmed with three narrow ones at the bottom, ornamented with black and white blonde alternately. The effect of the blonde on the pretty soft brown silk was exceedingly good. The body was pointed behind and before, and the sleeves were made very deep, lined with white, and ornamented with a quilling of ribbon. We must not omit to describe a very handsome and elaborate dinner dress. It was composed of black velvet, with points of white satin at the bottom of the skirt, these points being ornamented with cross-bars of black velvet, studded with beads. A quilling of white satin, placed quite at the bottom, formed a pretty finish to this elegant skirt.

Although CRINOLINES are not worn so large as they were, the flounced petticoats and other substitutes spread out the dresses so much that, on the whole, there is no diminution in the circumference of ladies' skirts. Crinolines are now made in the form of a train behind, to suit the present style of skirts, and have generally a flounce attached, which may be worn or not, at pleasure. The longcloth or twill petticoats, with gaufered frills at the bottom, assist to keep muslin dresses nicely out at the bottom; and we have to thank Messrs. Cash and Co., of Coventry, for their admirable invention of the frilling, which requires neither hemming nor whipping. Ladies can now have their under-clothing trimmed at a very little expense, in a neat and finished manner, and at the cost of but little time.

We all know the inconvenience of even a moderate-sized crinoline in a crowded conveyance or railway carriage, and how we have wished that we could double up the superfluity of skirt to cause less discomfort to our fellow-travellers. We have seen a crinoline, which has been patented by the inventor, and is called the "Collapsing Skirt." It is composed of thick rows of gutta-percha or Indian rubber, jointed at intervals to admit of the petticoat folding over when the wearer is sitting down. When the dress is required to be inflated again, the "Collapsing Skirt" has merely to be undoubled, and the dress resumes its usual appearance. We cannot but think that this admirable invention will be hailed with delight by gentlemen as well as ladies; and, from all accounts, the petticoat is very durable, and does not soon get out of order.

To determine what style of SLEEVE is fashionable is really a difficult matter, as there are so many shapes now in vogue. For muslin dresses the simple bishop sleeve is very appropriate; or, if a hanging sleeve be preferred, one like that illustrated on the back of our Embroidery Sheet is very pretty and stylish. The gigot sleeve still continues in favour, made in one piece, and trimmed up the elbow with a quilling. Closed sleeves, slashed in a pointed shape at the bottom, allowing the white sleeve to be pulled through, are very pretty for young ladies' light silk dresses; and for rich robes, such as moiré antique or watered silk, the deep, hanging sleeve is certainly the most graceful and the most suitable shape to select. The sleeves *tight to the elbow* are now exploded, partially on account of their being very warm wear for this weather, and because there is no longer any novelty in them. The demi-closed sleeves are likely to enjoy a degree of favour for some time, as they are suitable for almost any material; they are being made with a *seam at the elbow*, which gives a certain amount of style and shape to the garment.

The large plain PARASOLS that were so much in vogue last season still continue in favour, and are likely to remain so, as they really are a protection to the face. The colour and trimming of the parasol, of course, depends on the toilet for which it is intended, selecting a brown, drab, or dark green for morning or walking costume, and white, or some delicate shade, for more dressy toilets.

We have seen some very stylish parasols brocaded in tiny bouquets, like the dresses that have been lately so fashionable, some white, embroidered in mauve or green, and others of a darker shade, embroidered with bouquets of mixed colours.

Checked silk parasols, ornamented at the edge with a plain band of silk or satin, the same colour as the darkest shade of the check, are amongst the novelties of the season; but fringes at the edge is no longer seen, unless it be on one of those very dainty little articles trimmed with lace, and which are more for ornament than use.

A little lace trimming may with advantage be introduced on a perfectly plain glacé silk parasol; for instance, a row of broad black Maltese lace, laid on three inches from the edge,

and another row of narrower lace placed almost close to the top. This ornamentation any lady may arrange for herself; and for light parasols, somewhat soiled and faded, this kind of trimming may, with very little trouble, be put on to completely cover the silk.

The large Empress COLLARS (or capes we might almost call them) are appearing again, and, for stout figures, are very suitable and becoming. In this matter we appear to have gone from one extreme of fashion to the other, as the very tiny collars have been so much worn. Young ladies, however, will not give up the latter style very readily, as they are so much more appropriate for them than the huge collars reaching down to the shoulders.

We must not omit mentioning the tiny stand-up collars and cravats that are being worn with the short paletôts or yachting jackets. They are being ornamented with beads and narrow lace, and are frequently made with gauntlets to match, mounted on stiff cardboard. These gauntlets are very comfortable wear out of doors, as they lie close to the glove, and protect the wrist from the sun. They have, besides, another advantage, of not getting tumbled underneath a shawl or cloak, which white lace or muslin cuffs are so liable to do.

In our remarks last month we had occasion to mention the steel cuffs and collars which many ladies are now wearing, and, from our own experience, could not say much in their favour. Since these remarks appeared, we have received a communication from Mr. Atkinson, of Sheffield, saying, that we "must have been misled by an inferior and spurious metal collar, which is extensively advertised, and which does not give satisfaction." He proceeds to say, "If I may trust the verdict of the many personal friends who have worn these steel collars and cuffs, they are in reality more comfortable than stiff starched linen or lace collars, as there are no small frills, stiffened by starch, to prick and irritate the neck. I feel sure that, as your only object is to give the most correct information on all topics connected with dress to your fair readers, you will be the first to acknowledge that you had conceived an erroneous impression on the subject."

Should any of our readers be about making a christening present, we would advise them to pay a visit to Mr. Simpson's establishment, Regent-street, where they will see some of the choicest and most elegant designs in every description of fancy article suitable for the purpose. There is a fashion in everything, and now, instead of the usual "fork and spoon," or "mug," caskets and ornamental boxes are presented on the occasion of a christening. Mr. Simpson has been making, for a lady of distinction, an exquisite little casket in Coromandel wood, with gilt ornaments, and lined with white watered silk. On the lining of the lid two gilt bands were inlaid, with the names of the godfather and godmother. This elegant little box was a complete *bijou* in itself. The Coromandel wood is now much used for little knick-knacks; book-slides, workboxes, caskets, and numerous other articles are manufactured of this beautiful growth of tree.

**ENGLISH SILK FABRICS.—INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.**—The *Times* states that the English silks make a great show in themselves, and there has been nothing yet displayed by foreigners which equals our best specimens of loom manufacture. Spitalfields, though but a shadow of its former self in the amount it produces, is as great as ever in the massive richness of its fabrics and softness of colour. Ballance and Co., and Kemp and Stone, of Spital-square, have exquisite specimens of this kind both in silks and velvets, and the latter especially are wonderfully good and rich; equal to anything ever produced by Lyons or Genoa. Grant and Gask, Oxford-street and Wells-street, send some gorgeous specimens of English-made silk curtains, where the brocade fabric is interwoven with designs in spun glass, as fine as silk. These *tissues de verre* are of a similar manufacture to those hangings that are now in the Throne-room at St. James's, and which have been some thirty years in use, though still as bright as ever. These massive fabrics are decidedly the richest and most beautiful of the kind shown, and, as exemplifying a not very costly and most desirable combination of silk and glass, deserve especial notice. Grant and Gask show also a fine collection of figured and watered silks and moires antiques. In the figured silks harmony of colour and beauty of design are carried to their utmost in these specimens, while the watered silks have a lustre which is most brilliant. There is a kind of passion for French silks just now, which nothing is so likely to cure as a quiet inspection of the English fabrics of this class shown in the south gallery of the Exhibition.

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE COLOURED PLATE.

**SUMMER TOILET.**—The bonnet is made of straw, embroidered in black, with a soft white silk crown, and is trimmed with tiny green silk ruches. The curtain is of embroidered straw, edged with green ruches; and the bandeau consists of a large rose, bordered on each side by a bow of velvet. The dress is made of the fashionable material called *mousseline-de-soie*, in white, with tiny green sprigs. It is arranged with a low body, cut square, over which a pelerine is worn, crossing in front, the ends being hidden under the baud of the sash. The skirt is very much gored, and is ornamented at the bottom with three flounces, put on almost plain, edged with green ruches, whilst a vandyke of green ruching is laid on just above the flounces, which gives a pretty finish to them. The sleeve is very simple, and consists of two frills, one rather deeper than the other, trimmed to correspond with the rest of the dress. The sash, which is of plain green sarsnet ribbon, is cut with two rounded ends, each of the ends measuring a yard in length. This dress has the advantage of being useful for a morning or evening toilette. For the former, a muslin chemisette, full under-sleeves, and the pelerine should be worn; for the latter, a ruche round the low body, edged with lace, and a deep piece of lace in the sleeves, would make a simple evening costume for demi-toilette.

**2ND FIGURE.—MORNING DRESS.**—The bonnet is made of grey *crin*, trimmed with violets and black lace. The dress is of striped mohair, ornamented with pleated violet ribbon of a very bright shade. The body is cut square, *behind and before*, and is made with a band—the quilled ribbon being carried up the skirt, on the body, forming braces, and descending to the waist behind. The sleeve is open, pleated in to the armhole, and is trimmed with two rows of quilling. The chemisette worn with this dress is of fine French cambric, nicely pleated, and the under-sleeves are puffed, and confined to the wrist by a narrow insertion.

**3RD FIGURE.—LITTLE GIRL'S COSTUME.**—The hat is of fine black straw, ornamented with a black feather, and Magenta tuft in front. The *Veste Turco*, which is now a very fashionable style of body both for ladies and children, is made of Magenta silk, trimmed with black silk, and braided in black. This *veste* is made very short in front, with the corners sharply rounded off, something like a Zouave jacket, and is worn over a white muslin chemisette and puffed under-sleeve. The sleeve is also very short, and consists of two pointed epaulettes. The sash of Magenta silk, bound with black, ornaments the chemisette in front. The skirt is composed of checked black and white silk, with a broad piece of Magenta at the bottom, headed by a narrower row of black. Dresses that children have grown out of may, with a little ingenuity, be made like our illustration, as, by ornamenting the bottom of the skirt with a different coloured silk, and by making a little *veste*, the old material would cut to advantage.

Full-sized paper patterns, tacked together and trimmed, of the costumes illustrated in this plate, may be had of Madame Adolphe Goubaud, 248, Strand, London, W.C., at the following prices:—

	s. d.
Low Square Body, with Sleeves and Pelerine .....	2 6
Ditto, including Trimmed Gored Skirt...	5 0
High Square Body and Sleeves.....	3 0
Ditto, including Skirt .....	5 0
Little Girl's Costume, with <i>Veste Turcos</i> , including Muslin Chemisette, Sleeves, and Skirt.....	3 0

A flat pattern is sent with each article.

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE COLOURED PATTERN.

**BOUQUET IN BERLIN WORK.**—Materials necessary for working this bouquet are:—Some Berlin wool, of the following shades:—6 shades of rose; 5 shades of scarlet; 3 shades of warm stone; 4 shades of blue green; 5 shades of yellow ditto; 4 shades of olive green for the dead leaves; 3 shades of yellow brown.

Many of our correspondents have requested us to insert in our Magazine a companion bouquet to that issued in January last. We are happy to be able to comply with their request, and present them with a pattern which will accord nicely with our former bouquet. — pattern may be worked in double or single

Berlin wool, according to the purpose for which it is intended—the latter, perhaps, being the most suitable, unless required for a very large article. Our pattern would look nicely grounded in maize, sky-blue, black, or white; or a pretty fawn, the same colour as the grounding of our design, would have a pretty and elegant appearance. Footstools, ottomans, and sofa-pillows may be ornamented with a worked bouquet like the one we are describing, and, if a little variety be desired, the colour of the roses may be altered to yellow or white, so that two patterns may be worked from the one. The price of wools and canvass for working a footstool is 3s. 5d.; a sofa-pillow, 4s. 6d.; with cords, and tassels, and lining for back, 11s. 6d.; which materials may be had of Mrs. Wilcockson, 44, Goodge-street, Tottenham-court-road, London. The postage of the materials is 10d., 1s. 2d., and 1s. 8d.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FRANCES. The pattern of a high-necked petticoat body would scarcely be appropriate at this season of the year, when ladies are wearing muslin dresses with low linings, and garments that are as cool as possible. Perhaps we shall be able to comply with FRANCES' request as the winter approaches.—K. W. The Colleen Bawn cloak is now too general and too common for us to give the pattern of it. What we aim at in our Magazine is to insert patterns and fashions that have not been seen by the public. The editress is pleased to be able to comply with the various requests made to her, and will endeavour to oblige K. M. the next time she writes.—NINA. Your writing is not sufficiently decided.—A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER. The new crinolines with flounces may be obtained at Mr. Peter Robinson's establishment, Oxford-street.—LIMITED MEANS. Children's dresses if prettily and nicely made, might, we think, be disposed of at any good baby-linen warehouse.—S. E. Y. The published prices of all paper patterns supplied by Madame Adolphe Goubaud includes the postage.—E. B. T. Messrs. Walter Evans and Co. do not manufacture black Boar's Head cotton. They make black sewing cotton, and *ingrain* black embroidery cotton.—A Subscriber, JEANNETTE M. SCOTT, has sent us a recipe, and, we think, a very good one, for transferring embroidery and other designs on to muslin. The lady has forwarded us a specimen, and we can vouch for the excellence of the arrangement. The following is the method of doing it:—Procure a piece of black tracing-paper; place this between the pattern and the muslin, and trace the outline of the pattern with an ivory knitting-needle; or, if this be not at hand, a stiletto would answer the purpose. Remove the pattern and tracing-paper, and the muslin will be found sufficiently marked to be nicely and easily embroidered. We tender our thanks to JEANNETTE M. SCOTT for her letter.—VALERIAN. The most fashionable mode of making a black silk dress is to trim the skirt at the bottom with narrow flounces, put on so as to form a series of points; to have the skirt very much gored, and the body made plain with points. The sleeves, if liked close, should be of the gilet shape.—MISS MYROCK. The production of the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE costs so much, with the coloured Fashion Plates, Patterns, and numerous other attractions, that it would be impossible to add to the list by inserting paper models.—D. C. The Garibaldi Shirt issued in the Coloured Plate is not the same as that given in the Buff Sheet. The diagrams or pattern of the shirt correspond to the figure illustrated on the same sheet as the diagrams. That shirt has no shoulder-piece.—L. H.

wishes to increase her present limited income. She does not like teaching; drawing is not her forte; nor does she consider herself qualified to become an authoress. L. H. wishes something to do at home, which would not occupy a very large portion of her time, yet be tolerably remunerative. In this *fast* age it will be no easy matter for L. H. to earn money without working for it, and working hard too. Energy and perseverance must be shown; and from the tone of L. H.'s letter we should think she is scarcely sufficiently industrious, and is, besides, too particular as to the employment. Work and remuneration will not come without being solicited and looked after; and we would advise L. H. to be a little less squeamish as to whether the work be done at home or not, and we have no doubt that she will find instantaneous and remunerative employment.—M. S. S. We shall not be able to insert the pattern of a Medici centure, as we have arranged our plans for the two forthcoming months.—LUCIA. The name "Annie" has appeared on the Embroidery Sheets.—MISS JONES. A bracket pattern has been inserted in the Magazine, designed with bouquets. It was excessively handsome, and answered for a cornice border, mantelpiece border, or bracket.—SARAH. We do not approve of hair dye of any description, and do not recommend it. Nature's own locks, uncoloured, whether black, brown, or grey, are surely preferable to the obnoxious mixture which of necessity must be used to produce the wished-for hue.—MISS ORAM. Whether or no you should exchange a *carte de visite* with a gentleman, depends on the relationship between you. It would be scarcely *comme il faut*, for instance, to do this with a gentleman whom you had known since yesterday.—MISS ROE. The recipe seems to be correct, and a mistake must have been made either in the ingredients used or in the manner of applying them. We very much regret to hear of your loss.—"Eva." Neither wood-engraving nor match-making is soon or easily learnt, and it would be some months before you could earn a penny at either work. But no honest labour is degrading. On the contrary—and a woman has learnt a great deal when she understands it—labour dignifies and elevates all of us; and, if we fairly perform the work that it is our duty to do, we shall be all the stronger, all the happier, all the wiser.—A SIX YEARS' SUBSCRIBER. We do not know the addresses of any people likely to be of service to you.—IGNORAMUS. We have not sufficient space to go into the matter of "music-teaching." We may have something to say on the subject one day.—G. H. G. The officers of the 34th Regiment we only know as individual members of our gallant army. They would be called upon to defend their altars and their homes, and attack other people's, in case of war.—JONES. We have no present intention of publishing a magazine for girls other than the "ENGLISHWOMAN."—LISA B. The price of "Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management," strongly bound, is 7s. 6d.—EVANGELINE S. A. R. Paraffin, good, there appears not to be any danger with. It is with the inferior articles that explosions take place.—O. K. P. Certainly not. A woman may not marry her father's brother—her uncle.

The following designs for various purposes, to meet the wishes of our correspondents, will appear in due course:—Round pattern for netting and darning; Monogram, "E. J. W." for marking pocket-handkerchiefs; a low square body; "E. A. S." and scroll for pocket-handkerchief; monogram, "E. B. T."; "A. C. R." letters interlaced; "Sophie"; "Maud"; "M. G." Braided waistcoat and braces for gentlemen; Grecian pattern for braiding of all widths; Braiding pattern for ladies' waistcoats.

CONTRIBUTORS RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—"The Adventures of Jack Peril;" "The Orphan: a Tale of Cornwall;" "A Novel;" "An Episode in the Reign of Terror;" "Cupid's Revenge;"

A mass of Correspondence stands over till our next number.



ANNIE.—The colour and texture are beautiful; the hair might be called "light golden," we think. If you look to the Supplements published with the May and June numbers of the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE, you will find several styles of coiffure. Rosa Bonheur parts her hair like a boy—at the side of her head—but a very intellectual face is necessary to bear this style of wearing the hair. Proficiency in music is only to be acquired by steady, constant practice. There is no royal road to pianoforte-playing. It must be mastered inch by inch. We make this reserve, however, that the mastery comes sooner to those who have musical talent; but no talent suffices without the industry.

PAULINE.—The bride is not required to pay for the bridesmaids' dresses.

EMMELINE.—Troublesome boys "of twelve years of age, who get the upper hand of their sisters," are very difficult subjects to treat. We are not quite sure that you will not have to silently endure more than you have suffered yet. Boys are sadly in the habit of getting the "upper hand," especially if they think they are thwarted in any of their own peculiar likes and wishes. Thus, say you exclaim, mildly, about your brother's habit of coming in, from the ploughed fields, with three of his companions—all thickly booted, and a goodly mass of clay clinging to their boots—and throwing themselves, and more especially their boots, on sofa, chairs, and couch; or if you suggest that he might put his rabbit-hutches in some more suitable place than in the drawing-room—or if you tell him, half-doubtingly, that you think girls are quite as good as boys—or if you ask him to go to the post for you when he is busy modelling his cutter from the "Boy's Own Magazine"—do any of these things, or a thousand others, and *Crisis Britannicus Juvenis* writes you down his mortal foe till—he wants you to do something for him, and then—he's a very nice boy, and you a dear, good sister.

AUGUSTA should always thank any one who renders her a service; therefore, she should thank the gentleman who escorted her home.

O. K. CANNESWELL.—Aqua Tofana, the celebrated liquid poison, is said to have been invented at the close of the 17th century, by a Palermitan woman, named Tofana; whence the term. This compound was retailed in small phials, labelled "Manna of St. Nicholas of Bari," and was supposed to have a miraculous power in curing various diseases. Its effect, however, was to kill those to whom it was administered; on which account it was much sought after by married women who were anxious to get rid of their husbands. Thus says an old writer. In 1659, so great was the mortality amongst married men, that suspicion was awakened, and a horrible secret society was discovered, at the head of which was an old hag named Sparsa, who, with several of her guilty companions, was executed. The woman Tofana fled to a cloister for asylum, and escaped punishment during many years; but she was, in 1769, torn from her place of refuge, and, on being put to the torture, confessed to having been instrumental to the death of 600 persons. By some it is asserted that she survived till 1780, but others declare her to have been strangled. The Aqua Tofana is said to have been a limpid, inodorous fluid, six drops of which sufficed to cause death. The experiments made by chemists at a subsequent period lead to the belief that it was mainly a solution of arsenic.

LINA.—The old Buccaneers had a practice of removing hair—superfluous or not, as it happened—by tearing off the flesh with red-hot pincers. This was a mode usually adopted, not only with regard to the upper lip, but all over the scalp; consequently, this may be regarded as an efficacious remedy. At all events, whether the remedy was not a little worse than the disease, LINA herself must judge.

MARIAH lives in a house, she tells us—as handsome a house, as handsomely furnished, as any one would wish to live in. Nothing is wanting—perfection, almost, is the word for every fixture and arrangement in the mansion. But, like all the world, MARIAH complains that happiness doesn't come; and, O wonder! happiness isn't with MARIAH another word for the Fairy Prince who has been expected ever so long. No! MARIAH complains that her parents talk about nothing but chairs, and tables, and carpets, and engravings, and pictures, and bronzes, and house-furniture, house art, housemaids, housemen, and house business in general. There is a lack of sympathy and kindness for herself and sisters which she most keenly feels. No one comes to see them, and she thinks it must be because her father and mother are such vulgar, disagreeable people. They offend all who know them, and never keep a friend more than a few months. And so MARIAH continues for several pages, in that delicate tracery on the "cream laid" which is so charming to the sight of an Editor wearied with proofs. We really don't know what to say to MARIAH. She can't send her father and mother to school to learn "manners," so much is certain. She can, however, do this—it has just struck us. *She* can be kind, and civil, and well-bred, even if her parents are uncouth, uncivil, and vulgar. Thus there will be an angel in the house that may do some good to the more mundane.

ALICE.—For the information on *Languedoc* you require, refer to "Beeton's Dictionary," just published, price 13s. 6d.

HISTORICA.—Who were the Encyclopædists? This term was bestowed upon a number of French philosophers, writers, and distinguished men, who were concerned in the production of the work entitled "Encyclopédie; ou, Dictionnaire Raisonné des Sciences, des Arts, et des Métiers." This work professed to be a species of Universal Dictionary, and many of its articles were most ably written; but by some it was looked upon as an elaborate and stupendous attack upon many of the doctrines of Christianity. The Encyclopædists have also been stigmatised as "enemies to all constituted government, and as having paved the way to the first French Revolution." Among the most celebrated of the Encyclopædists were Voltaire, Diderot, D'Alembert, Montesquieu, Turgot, Helvétius, Marmontel, Necker, Duclos, Condillac.

This Day is Published, Number One of

## BEETON'S PENNY DICTIONARY

OF

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## CHAPTER XXII.

PEELER'S POND, to which the donkey piloted the way after the manner described in the foregoing chapter, must, to judge from its appearance, have become a village unintentionally. The large, old-fashioned farm cottage, which had first impregnated the sweet wood air with its smoke, had been joined by one quiet homestead and another until there was, at the woody foot of the hill, a very fair cluster of houses—a cluster quite considerable enough to be called a village, only that they had fitted and arranged themselves in so comfortable and picturesque a manner, and with so little destruction to the five old trees of Peeler's Pond, that, at first sight, they rather gave one the impression of being a pic-nic party down in the woods, than of forming a real and stable little hamlet likely to hold its ground and increase with time.

The pond itself, from which the place took its name, and which was situated in the centre of the village, was a commonplace piece of water enough, fenced round with white paling, apparently for the safety of the donkeys on the green rather than of the children, for whom there was plenty of room to run under. It may, no doubt, have been a more picturesque pond once upon a time. What common village pond now used for cooling horses' legs in, or receiving all vagrant dogs, very young kittens, or very old cats, and being, besides, the place of fashionable resort for all the ducks and geese of the neighbourhood—what village pond, I say, though turned to these uses, does not seem, if you lie down beside it, or stand and watch it, in the lull of a spring noon, or in the twilight of a summer's morning, to tell, like man's records, of a vanished paradise, to be stirred by a breath of memory so plaintive that its stunted willow and its few remaining rushes bow with one accord before it, as though yearning after that dim morning of creation ere a leaf had fallen or a flower decayed?—a time when, framed with its blue forget-me-nots, it was a fitting mirror to reflect heaven's face, in all its thousand and ever-beautiful changes—when water-lilies floated on its clear bosom, when that same bare, stunted willow, which now the common little sparrows scorn to build their nests in, was a wilderness of silvery leaves, uttering a music as divine in its mystery and holy peace as that which wooed poor, sick, wandering Ophelia to her doom.



## CONSTANCE CHORLEY.

It will be remembered that it was a Sunday evening on which Christopher, the good wheelwright's son, led our little adventurers to this his native village. As they issued from the narrow lane the sunset colours were fading slowly in the murky waters of the pond, round which a tribe of yellow, downy goslings were taking their last sail ere retiring for the night. Already several ducks were waddling slowly up the green towards their homes, and had stopped at different intervals on the slope, some to admire the evolutions of the little goslings in the water, others to scan the chaise and its occupants with a lazy curiosity, and—"Duke could not help thinking, as he saw them occasionally glance askance at one another with a slight rise of the wings, very much resembling that movement we call shrugging the shoulders—to pass satirical remarks thereon, as it stopped before a door in a high wooden fence, tarred black, with light tree-tops appearing above it.

"'Old the oss, Mr. Kit?"

"Hollo, you young reprobate! and where have you sprung from?" said Christopher, shaking his fist at a little object that suddenly appeared from under the cart as it stopped, and took its stand at the horse's head. "What! you've been holding on behind again, have you? Take care, only take care, some of these days—my word!" and Kit passed his hand up the thong of his whip, and looked at the shrinking little figure as he uttered the last exclamation, as if the power in that whip was something baffling all description.

The individual who appeared thus suddenly to do the hospitalities of Peeler's Pond was a boy of about thirteen years, remarkable at first sight for the raggedness of his attire and the brilliancy of his coal-black eyes. His loose trowsers reached only to his knees, round which they hung in rags; these, together with a dirty red shirt with the sleeves tucked up to the elbows, and apparently much too large for him, composed the whole of his equipment. As he stood in the red sunlight, his head, breast, and feet bare, his small hand grasping the bridle, there was a savage grace in the outline of the little figure that made his cringing attitude and humble expression seem a mockery. At first he listened to Christopher's rough salutation deprecatingly, but presently began to shoot little fiery, searching glances at the children, so managing that they were unobserved by Kit, as he said—

"'Me hangin' on behind, Mr. Kit? who said as I was hanging on behind? I'd like to know who seed me?"

To Kit his words only conveyed a feeling of injured innocence; but to the children, accompanied by those curious little glances, they seemed a kind of menace.

"There, don't stand jawing at me," said Christopher, leaping down; "but mind what you're about with Tommy, you good-for-nothing little rascal!"

While Christopher took a large key from his pocket and proceeded to unlock the freshly-tarred door, and while the children descended from the chaise, the ragged little amateur groom, to their great discomfiture, continued to dart searching, satirical glances at them through his black hair, as he held Tommy's bridle.

A very fresh and pleasant picture it opened upon, that clumsy black door—a little yard, irregularly paved with round and oval stones, which shone as snow-white this April weather as the blossoms that the old blackthorn by the pump showered down upon them. On the right was the back of Uncle Vallon's workshop, a low-roofed, ungainly building, opening towards the road which Christopher had left when he turned into the narrow lane. On the other side of the door were a stable and a

gigantic old pump, with a red watering-can and some garden tools grouped round it. Directly opposite the door, and at the end of a long garden, stood the wheelwright's cottage. It was not an ideal cottage at all, boasted of no ancient thatched roof, or latticed windows, or rural porch; on the contrary, take it by itself, it was as unsightly as a modern cottage could well be, for the wheelwright, be it understood, though an excellent man at heart, was not in any way remarkable for good taste. The garden, also, was not laid out after the style of gardens most admired. It never, for instance, boasted the elegant and intricate archwork of scarlet runners that the garden of "The Waggoner's Rest" did, where Christopher and Madgie used to play at hide-and-seek every Sunday of their lives, till Madgie went into long dresses, and preferred sitting in the parlour and eating oranges to tearing her skirts with the pea-sticks. No—Uncle Vallon's was not such a garden as his brother-in-law's at Iversham, but all that two or three hours a day of hard, loving labour, without much taste or skill, could do for it, he did. But, though we all know love is a great gardener, and will frequently achieve wonderful things entirely unhelped by skill, he will at times plant his roses and cabbages together indiscriminately, and allow his most beautiful lilies to be choked by common clambering peas—and so it was in Uncle Vallon's case. The path leading straight from the yard to the house-door was bordered with violets, parsley, double daisies, white and red, thyme, pansies, horseradish, and other useful, low-growing vegetables. And year by year, on each side of this path, roses, hollyhocks, beans, dahlias, lettuces, tiger-lilies, and sunflowers flourished together in sweet companionship. An elder-tree and a lithe laburnum, arching where the path began, formed a fitting frame for this rude garden picture. Rude, indeed, and yet dearly cherished in more hearts than one. Little children, out with their nurses in the hot weather, loved it—loved to pause on the dusty road and peep at it through the cracks in the black door. And poor Uncle Vallon flattered himself it was the excellent taste displayed in the arrangement of form and colour these little weary ones paused to admire, and he beamed upon them as he slaked their thirst with a drink of the delicious pump-water, lifting the red can so gently for fear of hurting the little rose lips with its sharp spout. He did not know, nor did they, that there was a spirit pervading his garden that drew them thither as if by magic, that made them so love the gleam of the white stones, the dripping of the pump, and the sweet smell of the flowers, that in years to come they would remember the glimpses through that door as tenderly and wonderingly, as if they had been glimpses of paradise; and those rose lips, withered by their long and bitter draught of life, would thirst in vain for a nectar as delicious as the water from that old red can. What spirit was it, then? What but the sweet spirit of loving-kindness? Our little Constance felt it as she crossed the yard with Christopher, and passed under the rustic arch into the garden; it entered her heart with the soft beauty and stillness of the Sabbath evening, and beckoned her across the threshold of the cottage-door, whispering—"Here, for awhile, rest."

When Christopher had drawn the chaise inside the little yard, and given the ragamuffin groom to understand, in no very gentle language, that his services could be dispensed with, and had turned away with Constance, leaving the door ajar, the two boys remained standing, 'Duke within and the other without, staring fixedly at each other.

"So I was hanging on behind, was I?" said he of the black eyes, doubling his fists menacingly.

"I don't know," 'Duke answered, carelessly; "I never saw you."

"Oh, you didn't tell Mr. Kit, didn't you?"

"No, I didn't."

The staring match went on unflinchingly. 'Duke saw the boy's eyes flash with a kind of contemptuous pity and surprise as they rested on his somewhat girlish dress and fair soft curls, and his cheek burned, but his blue eyes never once wavered in their cold, haughty stare.

Thus for some minutes the boys continued in perfect silence; and gradually, as they stared, a mutual satisfaction, almost respect, began to spring up between them, which soon began to show itself in a rather strange fashion.

"Who are you—Mr. Kit's cousin?"

"What's that to you?"

And, to show him that he was at least a person of property, 'Duke accidentally put his hand into his pocket and jingled his money, at which sound the other instantly pricked up his ears.

"Stand a ha'p'orth o' bull's-eyes?" he asked, jerking his head in a certain direction of the green.

"All right," said 'Duke, producing the halfpenny. "Will you get them? Four a penny, I suppose?"

The boy nodded, and took the money, and made his way across the green in the direction he had indicated, leaping and tossing the coin in the air as he went. He soon returned with the bull's-eyes, and the two ran down together to discuss them on the edge of the pond. As soon as they were diminished sufficiently to make conversation practicable, 'Duke's new companion said, as if speaking to himself, while he looked down in the pond, in which he was paddling his bare feet—

"My eye! that was a beauty!"

"What?" asked 'Duke.

"My eye! it was! I see it this morning, jest at dusk, down in Earlwood Holler, in a hedge on the other side of a ditch."

"Oh!" said 'Duke, his eyes kindling instantly—"a nest! How many were there in it?"

"Five Blue-uns—such beauties!—my eye!"

"Oh!" sighed Duke; "wouldn't I like——"

The other glanced at him mischievously as he hesitated, and then continued, as he paddled his feet in the water—

"I'm going after 'em to-morrow mornin' before it gets light. Come with us—or mayn't yer?"

The last question was quite enough to decide 'Duke; if he had had any scruples of conscience before, all now must make way for his offended dignity to assert itself; so he replied, with readiness—

"Yes, I'll come; where am I to meet you?"

"Just where I am," answered the child, stretching his ill-clad limbs on the grass. "If it doesn't rain I shall sleep here to-night, and if it does I shall climb over old Vallon's wall, and sleep in the stable. You may go and tell that, if you like."

"Tell! I tell!" said 'Duke, indignantly; "as if I should think of such a thing! I'll help you over, if you like. Alf. Heron, at our school, a boy twice your size, has stood on my shoulders often."

"Well, it's no odds to me whether you tell or not. I can find another place if I'm turned out o' there."

The little outcast pillowed his head on the knotty root of the willow, and lay kicking the quiet water with his heels, and watching the drops sparkle as they splashed up in the air, perfectly regardless of his companion. 'Duke, as some of the drops fell on his face, rose and made his way up the slope in some chagrin, but still unmoved in his determination to keep his appointment on the following morning, whatever difficulties might await him.

Just as he made his appearance at the black door, Christopher was tightening Tommy's harness preparatory to starting off once more to "The Waggoner's Rest," and was saying to Constance—

"Your brother must have gone off with that little scamp."

"Is he a very wicked boy, then? or is he only poor?"

"Wicked!" answered Kit, stuffing a heap of shawls in the chaise for the baby; "I should say so, rather, though perhaps not quite what people make him out. But take my advice, and don't let your little brother have anything to do with him; he wont do him any good, that's quite certain."

"Oh, I wont, indeed," said Constance, very much alarmed. "He shall never go near him again."

Christopher drove off, and 'Duke walked up and down the garden and over the white stones of the yard, all the pleasant, cool evening, with his sister's arm round his neck, and listened absently to her fairy tales and hymns, for his heart was incessantly wandering to his new companion down by the pond, and to the blue eggs at Earlwood Hollow.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

SIMPLE and insignificant as the events of the Sunday may have appeared to the reader, they tended, nevertheless, to change greatly the aspect of affairs in the wheelwright's quiet household. The only subject discussed at breakfast next morning was that which naturally lay nearest the father's and mother's heart, namely, Christopher.

"Of course, Eppie," said the wheelwright, in a tone of resignation, "when he's gone to live at the works at Todness, we mustn't expect to have him home here oftener than once a week; he *might* come over of evenings once in a way; but if he attends to his business, and reads himself up a bit—for look you here, my boy," said old Vallon, pushing his cup from him, and folding his brawny hands on the table, a "bit of learning in a man's head is like a pool o' water in a meadow; while there's more running into it, though it's ever so little, it'll keep good and fresh; but leave it shut in to itself, and it'll get stagnated and unwholesome, and breed all sorts o' disorders and unnatural things. So, as I was saying, Eppie, if he does as he ought—reads himself up a bit at the Institootion yonder, in his spare hours why, I take it, he'll have enough to do all the week, without walking over here a good six mile; but as to Sundays, my lad, you know my opinion on them, and I know you wont cross me in it; it's the only thing I've got to ask of you, Kit, now you're a-starting in life, is that you'll come home every Sunday. Perhaps I've got too strong notions on that matter; but I mean to bide by 'em. It's my opinion a lad can't well go wrong so long as he comes home of a Sunday; I'd even go so far

as to say that if the Old Gentleman himself, supposin' he was once a lad beginning the world, had been made to spend his Sundays at home, he'd never 'a' been what he is."

Kit laughed, but gave his sacred promise to adhere to this simple talisman, which, by his father's account, might have wrought so wondrous and desirable a difference in the state of humanity in general. He then ventured to inquire how the little quarrel with his uncle Humphrey had terminated.

"My boy," answered the wheelwright, "your grandfather did it all with his fiddle, for which I am sure we are greatly beholden to him, for your uncle is your uncle, Kit, whatever his notions may be, and I'm a'most as much again' falling out with your own flesh and blood as I am again' spending your Sundays away from home; and so you see, Christopher, we're much beholden to your grandfather for setting things to rights with his fiddle."

Christopher did not fail to make his acknowledgments to his grandfather, who stood at the door, with a pewter pot that flashed in the sunshine, waiting for his breakfast ale, blushing all over his bald head as he listened to these praises of his musical genius, and mumbling, "Not at all, not at all."

"Then, Eppie," continued the wheelwright, "you'll push along all you can with Kit's things, for there's no time to be lost, and this afternoon we'll go over together, Kit and I, in the chaise, and see Gumbridge."

Gumbridge was Gwynne and Hardell's head man, who had promised, in the event of Kit's becoming a pupil of theirs, to accommodate him at his own house.

"You've a mind you'll get rid of him soon enough, father," said Mrs. Vallon, half smiling and half crying as she leant her head against Christopher's shoulder. "I don't know what I was a mother for at all, just to have my girls took from me one way and my boys another."

A momentary spasm passed over the wheelwright's face at the word "girls," for it had brought him a vision of two little faces, brighter in their baby beauty than any of those to whom he gave drink at his garden-door.

"Come, Eppie," he said, rising, and slapping his knees to knock off either dust or the ghostly sense of wee, clasping hands; "as for them, my woman, there's no wonder, surely, in them being took away; such as them, was they fit to stay? The only wonder about it is—and that is a wonder—why they were ever sent. But, speakin' o' boys, Eppie, isn't it better that they should be out in the world, and a-longin' for home, than at home, a-longin' to be out in the world?"

A little comforted, perhaps, by this logic, Mrs. Vallon ceased to complain, but cried quietly against Christopher's shoulder for the remainder of breakfast-time. The meal over, the wheelwright donned his apron, kissed the baby, and went to work. Grandfather Vallon also encased his thin, long figure in a leather apron, that made him look like a white-headed bodkin in a sheath, and sallied forth to the workshop with a grave, business-like air, though he did little else there but grind tools for his son, help him with his lunch ale, and occasionally play him a tune on the fiddle. Christopher remained in-doors on pretence of "doing up" all the maimed chairs, stiff looks, and injured articles he could find, before he went away; but in reality, if such a weakness may be owned in a genius such as Kit, to give an eye to the progress of his wardrobe, which he could not exactly agree with the wheelwright in thinking might be left with perfect safety in his mother's hands. Suits of her make or choice, though they might, no doubt, cut a more

than decent appearance at the table of "The Waggoner's Rest," would hardly do to sit down to dinner in with the *Misses Gumbidge*.

Such, then, Kit persuaded himself, was his reason for remaining at home; but it is to be questioned whether this were not, in good truth, as much an excuse to conceal his real motive from himself as the repairs had been to hide the anxiety about his outfit from his father. Still, if so, it is not unnatural that a young man like Kit, with a horror of anything approaching to the "sentimental," in the sense the word is generally used, should disavow as long as he could to himself, as well as to others, the interest he felt growing up within him for the strange travellers who had crossed his path so many times, and under circumstances so remarkable, and whom fate had now brought under his father's roof.

To do Christopher Vallon justice, it must be recorded of him that, whichever of the three motives here given might have been the true one, he was faithful to all, for half-an-hour later found him melting glue over the fire, superintending the cutting-out of his new collars, and watching, with an odd mingling of curiosity, amusement, and suspicion, a certain little figure bending, with a perplexed and weary face, over a sheet of writing-paper, as yet unsullied by the touch of the pen held over it. What manner of child or woman (for there was as much of the one as the other in her) could this be whom he had snatched from the most terrible of death's ministers? And what was that sad, unflinching purpose, mysterious, inexplicable, from which she never seemed to withdraw those steady, mournful eyes, or cease to follow with those firm, but weary feet? Was it for good or for evil?—selfish or self-sacrificing? He remembered how he had actually asked her, that night down by the river, to confide her secret to him, and how she had refused, with a good deal of vexation, and smiled to himself as he thought how little trouble it would be to him to find it out, if he chose to do so. For the present, however, he did not: he even stopped 'Duke once or twice when that young gentleman was disposed to be more communicative than his sister would have desired on their affairs, taking a malicious pleasure in the certainty he felt that she must, sooner or later, break down in her childish weakness, tell him all, and appeal to him for help. Meantime, he had done his best to place their position in as reasonable and satisfactory a light as he could to his father and mother.

While Kit was stirring his glue, and making his reflections upon her thus, Constance, bending over that blank sheet of paper, was calling to her mind a scene that took place some seven or eight years back in a darkened room of the old house at Lymp-ton, and where she had seen, for a few minutes, the person to whom she was now trying to write—her mother's sister.

Leaning her cheek on her hand, and looking down at the paper, she seemed to see a form stretched upon a bed, and a face with liquid, spiritual eyes, lifting itself heavenward from masses of black tangled hair, which the hands were tearing in the last agonies of death. One sat in a chair at the foot of the bed, with a white, unrumpled handkerchief to his eyes; one also knelt beside the bed, with a face and form wonderfully resembling the face and form of the dying. Then it seemed to Constance the face sank down on the dishevelled hair, and lay there at perfect rest, so mobile, so beautiful, that the room was no more dark; and ere long the figure crouching by the bedside rose, and Constance beheld a lady, tall and slender like her mother, but, unlike her, showing pride and stateliness in every gesture. Moving to the foot of the bed, she turned eyes, full of passionate, vengeful grief,

upon him who sat there with his white handkerchief to his face, and, pointing to the quiet form upon the bed, uttered words of bitter reproach. Then Constance remembered being caught up and held tightly in her arms, and wept over, and intreated and commanded, in a confused, passionate flow of words—not one of which she could recall—to come to her in any trouble, and she should find in her a mother.

The dark room and all within it vanished, but the vision had done its work; the pen flew over the paper fast—so fast as to perfectly astonish Kit, and yet not so fast as the loving, pleading words came gushing from the heart that had at last opened fully and unrestrainedly at memory's touch. Here, surely, she felt, was a love strong enough to pity and help her without trying to force from her that one secret which she must bear unrevealed to the end of life. She ran on about 'Duke, her love and her fear for him, till the whole sheet was filled with her round school-hand, and Christopher quietly, and, as he thought, unseen, laid another near her; but she looked up and smiled sweetly and wonderingly, as one to whom anything in the shape of courtesy is strange, as she said—"Thank you, it is done."

"Is it?" said Christopher. "You'd better let me give it to grandfather, then, to go up the road and watch for the mail passing; he's got nothing else to do but fidget for his beer."

"There, then—wish it luck for us, Christopher."

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#### CHAPTER XXIV.

ONE evening, the wheelwright was at work in his garden. Three days of incessant rain had passed, during which the variegated border of flowers and vegetables before spoken of had grown at such a rate as to considerably narrow the path, and the young spring annuals were pricking up crisp and strong, and sending forth such long trailing shoots as quite baffled the wheelwright's skill in training, and made him right glad of the assistance of these expert little brown hands that worked beside him. It should be mentioned that ever since that visit to Gumbidge's—which, by-the-bye, passed off in a satisfactory manner—Mrs. Gumbidge sending her kind regards to Mrs. Vallon, with assurances that her dear son should be treated as one of the family, &c., &c.—ever since that visit, I say, the wheelwright had looked with much greater sympathy on his young visitors, and had endeavoured, by showing a gentleness and frankness in all his intercourse with Constance, to make up for his former suspicions; for, on the journey, Kit had confided to him the manner in which he found the girl left to her dreadful fate on the night of the fire, while Daniel Chorley was listening to the applauses of his manly efforts in saving the property; and Kit easily made his father believe what he himself could not believe, namely, that Constance had left her home in consequence of this. These last two days, during which Constance had been watching for an answer to her letter, all the family showed nearly as much anxiety as herself. Old Grandfather Vallon would put down his fiddle, or even his beer, to look questioningly at Christopher when he returned from his visits to the post-office, and say, "Tut! tut!" when Kit shook his head.

To the post-office had Kit gone this evening, and thither Constance kept turning her head as she worked in the garden with the wheelwright. 'Duke was standing holding the black door open, on pretence of waiting for Christopher,

though his eyes were not turned in the direction he had gone, but were watching longingly a ragged little figure turning over head and heels on the very edge of the pond. The fascination this little figure had over him was something wonderful; it seemed as though no earthly power could keep them apart. Of their first early morning escapade no one ever knew. Waking, Christopher found him lying quietly at his side, and suspected nothing, for the only tokens of an hour of wild, delicious freedom with the ragged Aaron in Earlwood Hollow—namely, three blue eggs and a rent in his frock—"Duke had carefully concealed. But it was impossible to conceal the intimacy long. Soon mysterious signal whistles were heard over the wall, after which 'Duke invariably disappeared, sometimes not to return for hours together, keeping poor Constance in a state of incessant anxiety; and the Vallons agreed with one accord that, if it were true we have each an evil genius through life, 'Duke had assuredly lighted on his in the person of Aaron, the little homeless vagabond of Peeler's Pond.

"I'd say, leave 'em alone," remarked the wheelwright, in answer to something Constance had said on the matter, "and it won't be long before they sicken o' one another; but that young Aaron's got curious notions o' some things as are better kept to himself—cu-ri-ous notions he's got."

"What are they, then?" asked Constance, without taking her eyes from the corner which Kit would presently turn.

"My dear," answered the wheelwright, pausing, and leaning on his spade, "that's more than anybody can say. Aaron himself couldn't tell you what his notions is on the matters I mean. The clergyman has tried more than once to get 'em out of him, but all he can say of 'em is what I say, that they're curious—some 'll go so far as to call 'em heathenish, but I wouldn't like to go that length myself, though he does do strange things sometimes, enough to freeze your blood. Do you know Breakwater Point?"

"No," answered Constance.

"It's the highest cliff along the coast this side of Todness, and great pieces are blown off nearly every strong gale, so that people are afraid to go near it. Well, they say that in a great storm you may see a little figure perched up on the very point, that you may know to be Aaron's by the frill of rags round the knees, kicking and howling at the thunder, and mocking the lightning strokes with his arms. The clergyman talked to him about it once, and asked what he went temptin' Providence for in that wicked manner; and Aaron said he went to see if he couldn't find things out, for, if there was anything to find out, it was more likely to be found out up there at those times when the sky opened and the sea rose up than doing as the clergyman did, reading old books, and praying to know more in churches and places where nothing could be seen. Ay, he's a curious boy, and there's no making him out. How do we know what his thoughts may be as he sits there?—better than ours, perhaps. Eh, what? Christopher with a letter? You don't say so! Bless my soul!"

Christopher had come up unseen while they were talking about Aaron, and, turning suddenly, Constance saw him standing there with a letter in his hand. How she walked up the garden and into the house she scarcely knew; for now, as she stood in her little bedroom, her knees would not support her, and she had to kneel down and press her hands tightly to her side for some seconds before she could open the letter and read her fate.



# CHAPTERS ON SCOLDS, AND HOW OUR FOREFATHERS PUNISHED THEM.



## I.—HOW THEY PUT A BRIDLE ON THEIR TONGUES.

“But for my daughter Julian,  
I wold shee were well bolted with a Bridle,  
That leaves her work to play the clack,  
And lets her wheel stand idle.  
For it serves not for shee-ministers,  
Farriers nor Furriers,  
Cobblers nor Button-makers,  
To descant on the Bible.”

CHAUCER.

ONE of the most extraordinary instruments of punishment which man ever invented, even in his most barbarous days, was the “brank,” or “scold’s bridle,” by which he sought to cure woman of that dear privilege of hers—which has been libellously termed an “hereditary complaint”—*scolding*; and as, most probably, only a few of the readers of the *ENGLISHWOMAN’S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE* know that such a punishment was ever in use, I purpose saying a few words upon it, and to follow it up by other varieties of punishments now obsolete. Our “forefathers” certainly were not very strongly imbued with gallantry, nor could they have had very strict notions of propriety, or they would never have subjected our “foremothers” to such degrading punishments as those I shall have to describe. It is true that, from motives of delicacy (!), women in the early ages were either buried alive in pits, or drowned, in preference to hanging; but it is equally true that, for minor offences, the cucking-stool—whose truly ignominious origin I shall have to speak of in another chapter—the brank, the pillory, and public whipping, with other degrading punishments, were inflicted without remorse, and with every shameful accompaniment which brutality and ribald licentiousness could invent. Such punishments *never* were, and never could be, deserved, and it is indeed well that the time for their infliction is past.

The “brank,” or “scold’s bridle,” or “gossip’s bridle,” as this curious and painfully-ingenuous instrument has been variously called, was at one time in pretty general use throughout the kingdom, and in Scotland. Indeed, it has been said by

some authorities to have been of Scotch origin, and to have gradually worked its mischievous way "over the border," and so to have extended itself throughout England. Whichever country, however, may have had the honour (!) of inventing it, the use of the brank was general in, I believe, most, if not all, the counties of England, and records of its use occur in many of the old corporation accounts. The instruments themselves are scarce; but I have, after many years' research, succeeded in collecting together drawings and memorandums of about thirty examples which still exist. Some of these are still in the possession of the corporations to which they have originally belonged; others are in public museums; and others, again, are in my own and other private collections. Of course one does not suppose for a moment that these are all the specimens which exist at the present day, for, doubtless, there may be many others, which, as yet, have not come under one's notice: of such I shall be thankful to receive memorandums and sketches.

The county in which most "bridles" occur is Cheshire, in which no less than thirteen examples are still preserved, most of which have been engraved and described in the "Reliquary," Quarterly Journal (vol. i., pages 65 to 78).

The brank consisted of a kind of crown, or framework, of iron, which was locked upon the head; and it was armed in front with a gag, a plate, or a sharp-cutting knife or point, which was placed in the poor woman's mouth, so as to prevent her moving her tongue; or it was so placed that if she *did* move it, or attempt to speak, it was cut in the most frightful manner. With this cage upon her head, and with the gag firmly pressed and locked against her tongue, the miserable creature—whose sole offending, perhaps, was that she had raised her voice in defence of her social rights against a brutal or besotted husband, or had spoken honest truth of some one high in office in her town—was paraded through the streets, led by a chain, by the hand of the bellman, the beadle, or the constable; or chained to the pillory, the whipping-post, or market cross, to be subjected to every conceivable insult and degradation, without even the power left her of asking for mercy, or of promising amendment for the future; and, when the punishment was over, she was turned out from the town-hall, or the place where the brutal torture had been inflicted, maimed, disfigured, bleeding, faint, and degraded, to be the subject of comment and jeering among her neighbours, and to be reviled at by her persecutors.

The brank, it appears, was never a *legalised* instrument of punishment; but, nevertheless, it was most generally used, and was one of the means by which those petty kings, but arch-tyrants, of provincial towns, the mayors, bailiffs, constables, or justices, kept up their power, and held the people in awe. It was one of those cruel means by which authority was preserved, and power vindicated, at the expense of all that was just, and seemly, and rational. Let my fair readers fancy, if they can, now-a-days, a man "presenting" his wife to the mayor as a *scold*, or as a *gossip*, and claiming that punishment should be administered to her! What would they think if they saw the poor woman "bridled," the knife-point thrust into her mouth, the iron hoop locked tight round her jaws, the cross bands of iron brought over her head and clasped behind, her arms pinioned, a ring and chain attached to the brank, and thus led or driven from the market-place, through all the principal streets of the town, for an hour or two, and then brought back bleeding to her loving (!) husband? Let them fancy all this, and then say whether it is

not indeed a happy thing that our lot is cast in better days than those in which such disgusting public punishments could be asked for by husbands or neighbours, inflicted by corporate authorities, or tolerated by the people themselves?

The brank has frequently been alluded to by old writers, and its use as a "bridle for the tongue" will be familiar to most people by its frequent mention in old ballads and in religious works.

A quotation from Chaucer heads this article, and Gay, and other writers also, have allusions to its use. Robert Burns, too, in his poem "On Dining with the young Lord Daer," says—

"Sae far I sprackled up the brae,

I dinner'd wi' a Lord!

\* \* \* \* \*

And govin as if led wi' branks,

An' stumpin' on my ploughman shanks,

I in the parlour hammer'd."

Dr. Plott, the celebrated historian, in his history of Staffordshire, says—

"We come to the *Arts* that respect *Mankind*, amongst which, as elsewhere, the civility of precedence must be allowed to the *women*, and that as well in punishments as favours. For the former whereof they have such a peculiar artifice at *New-Castle* [under *Lyme*] and *Wallsall* for correcting of *scolds*, which it does, too so effectually, and so very safely, that I look upon it as much to be preferred to the *Cucking-Stoole*, which not only endangers the *health* of the *party*, but also gives the *tongue* liberty 'twixt every dipp; to neither of which is this at all lyable; it being such a *bridle* for the *tongue*, as not only quite deprives them of *speech*, but brings shame for the transgression, and humility thereupon, before 'tis taken off. Which being an instrument scarce heard of, much less seen, I have here presented it to the reader's view (tab. 32, fig. 9) as it was taken from the original one, made of *iron*, at *New-Castle-under-Lyme*, wherein the letter *a* shews the joynted collar that comes round the neck; *b c* the *loops* and *staples* to let it out and in, according to the bigness and slenderness of the neck; *d* the joynted semicircle that comes over the head, made forked at one end to let through the *nose*, and *e* the *plate* of *iron* that is put into the *mouth* and keeps down the *tongue*. Which being put upon the offender by order of the magistrate, and fastened with a *padlock* behind, she is led through the *towne* by an *officer*, to her shame; nor is it taken off till after the *party* begins to shew all external signes imaginable of humiliation and amendment."

The brank to which he alludes as being in use at Newcastle-under-Lyme afterwards became the property of Mr. Mayer, of Liverpool, from whose magnificent collection it has been, much to the regret of antiquaries, stolen. Gardner, in his "England's Grievance discovered in relation to the Coal Trade," printed in 1655—a most curious book—speaking of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, says—

"John Willis, of Ipswich, upon his oath said that he, the Deponent, was in Newcastle six months ago, and there he saw one Ann Bidlestone drove through the streets by an officer of the same corporation, holding a rope in his hand, the other end fastened to an engine called the Branks, which is like a Crown, it being of iron, which was musled over the head and face, with a great gap or tongue of Iron forced into her mouth which forced the blood out. And that is the punishment which the magistrates do inflict upon chiding and scoulding women, and that he

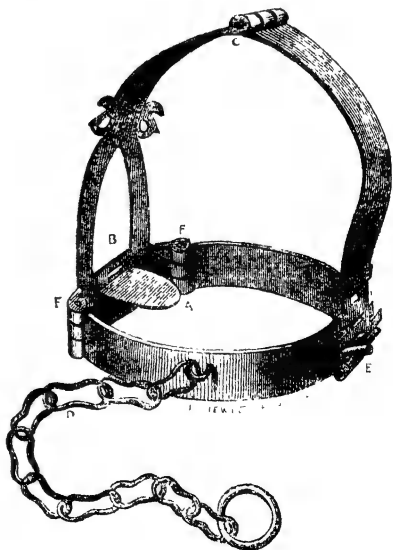
hath often seen the like done to others. He, this Deponent, further affirms that he hath seen men drove up and down the streets with a great Tub or Barrel opened in the sides, with a hole in one end to put through their heads, and so cover their shoulders and bodies down to the small of their legs, and then close the same, called the new-fashioned Cloak, and so make them wear it to the view of all beholders, and this is their punishment for drunkards and the like."

One of the earliest known existing examples of the brank is preserved at Walton-on-Thames, near London; it bears the date 1633, and the following curious couplet—

"CHESTER presents WALTON with a bridle  
To curb Women's Tongues that talk too idly."

It is traditionally said that this brank was given to the parish of Walton by a gentleman named Chester, who had, by the gossiping and tattling of a woman to a rich kinsman, from whom he had great expectations, lost a large and promising estate. It has, however, been also said that this brank was actually presented to the town of Walton by the city of Chester; and the fact of so many examples still existing at Chester, and in its county, would appear, perhaps, to favour such a supposition. At all events, the Cheshire magnates had tested its efficacy pretty considerably, and, therefore, might have been anxious to introduce "the fashion" of wearing branks into other localities! Another dated example, formerly belonging to the workhouse at Chesterfield—the only brank known to have been connected with Derbyshire—is still in existence. It was first engraved in the "Reliquary"\* to which I have before referred, and from that publication I transfer the accompanying engraving and description, premising, however, that this example is one of the most harmless ones which have come under my notice, but is, at the same time, one of the best specimens known.

"The Chesterfield brank is nine inches in height, and six inches and three quarters across the hoop. It consists of a hoop of iron, hinged on either side, and fastening behind; and a band, also of iron, passing over the head, from back to front, and opening in front to admit the nose of the woman whose misfortune it was to wear it. The mode of putting it on would be this:—The brank would be opened by throwing back the sides of the hoop, and the hinder part of the band, by means

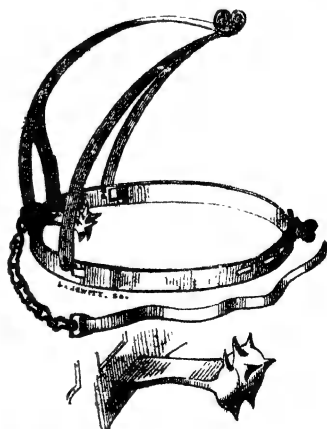


\* The Reliquary, Quarterly Journal and Review; a Depository for Precious Relics—Legendary, Biographical, and Historical—Illustrative of the Habits, Customs, and Pursuits of our Forefathers. Edited by Llewellyn Jewitt, F.S.A. London: J. R. Smith, 36, Soho-square

of the hinges, c, f, r. The constable, or other official, would then stand in front of his victim, and force the knife, or plate, a, into her mouth, the divided band passing on either side her nose, which would protrude through the opening, b. The hoop would then be closed behind, the band brought down from the top to the back of the head, and fastened down upon it at e, and thus the cage would at once be firmly and immovably fixed so long as her tormentors might think fit. On the left side is a chain, d, one end of which is attached to the hoop, and at the other is a ring, by which the victim was led, or by which she was, at pleasure, attached to a post or wall. On the front of the brank are the initials 'T. C.,' and the date '1688'—the year of the 'Glorious Revolution'—the year of all years, memorable in the annals of Chesterfield, and of the little village of Whittington, closely adjoining, in which that revolution was planned. Strange, that an instrument of brutal and tyrannical torture should be made and used at Chesterfield, at the same moment that the people should be plotting for freedom at the same place."

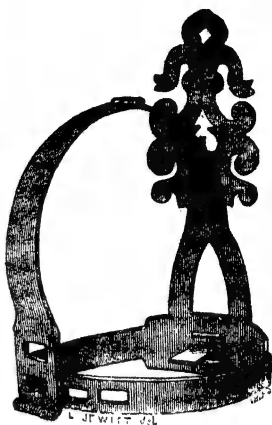
I have said that this is one of the most harmless of branks. Of course, by this it will be understood that the form of the plate, or knife, for pressing or cutting the tongue is referred to. In some examples, the plate, or knife, is evidently intended simply to press down the tongue and keep it quiet, while others are sharp at the end, for cutting; and others, again, are covered with little spikes, which lacerate the mouth in all directions. One, called the "Witches' Bridle," formerly at Forfar, is one of the most savagely cruel things which could well be invented. In place of the plate, or gag, is a kind of spur rowel, with three sharply-pointed spikes; when placed in the mouth, the upper spike pierced the roof of the mouth, the lower one the palate, while the other bored the tongue. Added to this is a chain, by which the constable could twitch or pull the bridle at pleasure (!), and thus add to the excruciating pain which his victim must be enduring.

Another equally cruel specimen is that shown in the accompanying engraving of the one preserved at Stockport, in Cheshire. The gag, in this instance, terminates in a bulbous extremity, covered with *iron pins*, nine in number—three on the upper surface, three on the lower, and three pointing inwards. Of course, with such a contrivance, not only the tongue, but every part of the mouth, must, of necessity, be lacerated during the infliction of this diabolical punishment. Added to this means of injury, a chain and leather thong are attached in front, so that the beadle, in leading the poor offender round the town, might, if cruelly inclined (and what beadle was not?), give it a sly jerk or two now and then. Instruments of even greater punishment are preserved at Worcester and at Ludlow.



The most usual form of the brank is like that of the Chesterfield example, but

some are highly ornamented, and made as grotesque in appearance as possible. One is not, in form, unlike an old-fashioned horn lantern, with a door behind and a sort of face in front; another has the front band formed like a nose, and the mouth and chin inclosed in a pierced plate; and another is an iron mask, with apertures for the eyes, a pierced prominence to fit the nose, and a long, funnel-shaped peak projecting from the mouth. An excellent example, in my own possession, is the accompanying. It formerly belonged to the Corporation of Bewdley. The plate, in this instance, is simply a thick piece of iron, to press upon, not cut, the tongue.



The notices, where they occur, of the infliction of this punishment, in corporation accounts, or other records, are very curious. One or two examples will serve to show their character.

*Worcester*, 1658.—“Paid for mending the bridle for bridling of scoulds, and two cords for the same, *js. ijd.*”

*Congleton*, 1662.—“Matthew Lowndes, sworn gaol-keeper, and a list of the mace, bridle for scolding women, bolts, locks, and manacles given to him.”

*Edinburgh*, 1567.—“Bessie Tailiefeir, in the Canongate, Edinburgh, having slandered Bailie Thomas Hunter by saying ‘he had in his house ane false stoup,’ which was found not to be true, she was sentenced to be brankit, and set on the cross for an hour.”

At *Morpeth*, 1741, “Elizabeth, wife of George Holborn, was punished with the branks for two hours, at the market cross, Morpeth, by order of Mr. Thomas Gair and Mr. George Nicholls, then bailiffs, for scandalous and opprobrious language to several persons in town, as well as to said bailiffs.”

One of the latest instances of the brank having been used for punishment occurred at Congleton, in 1824. Of this occurrence the following is a very graphic account:—

“In the old-fashioned, half-timbered houses in the borough there was generally fixed, on one side of the large, open fire-places, a hook; so that, when a man's wife indulged her scolding propensities, the husband sent for the town gaoler to bring the bridle, and had her bridled and chained to the hook until she promised to behave herself better for the future. I have seen one of these hooks, and have often heard husbands say to their wives, ‘If you don't rest with your tongue, I'll send for the bridle and hook you up.’ The mayor and justices frequently called the instrument into use; for when women have been brought before them, charged with street-brawling, and insulting the constables and others while in the discharge of their duty, they have ordered them to be bridled and led through the borough by the gaoler. The last time this bridle was publicly used was A.D. 1824, when a woman was brought before the mayor (Bulkely Johnson, Esq.) and magistrates, one Monday, charged with scolding and using harsh language to the churchwardens and constables, as they went, on the Sunday morning,

round the town, to see that all the public-houses were empty and closed during divine service. During the examination, a Mr. Richard Edwards stated on oath 'that, on going round the town with the churchwardens, on the previous day, they met the woman (Ann Runcorn) in a place near the Cockshoot; and that, immediately on seeing them, she commenced a sally of abuse, calling them all the scoundrels and rogues she could lay her tongue to, and telling them it would be better of them if they would look after their own houses, rather than go looking after other folks', which were far better than their own.' After other abuse of a like character, they thought it only right to apprehend her, and so brought her before the bench on the following day. The mayor then delivered the following sentence :—'That it is the unanimous decision of the mayor and justices that the prisoner (Ann Runcorn) there and then have the town's bridle for scolding women put upon her, and that she be led by the magistrates' clerk through every street in the town, as an example to all scolding women; and that the mayor and magistrates were much obliged to the churchwardens for bringing the case before them.' In this case I both heard the evidence and saw the decision carried out. The bridle was put on the woman, and she was then led through the town, by one Prosper Haslam, the town clerk's clerk, accompanied by hundreds of the inhabitants; and, on her return to the town-hall, the bridle was taken off in the presence of the mayor, magistrates, constables, churchwardens, and assembled inhabitants."

In the engraving at the head of this article I have shown a brank in use, so that my fair readers may better understand the mode of its infliction. The brank here represented was formerly at Warrington, in Lancashire. It is an excellent example, and has cross-bars to keep it *in situ*, and is surmounted by an iron trefoil and other ornaments. In this case, as in some other examples which I have seen, the chain is attached to the back of the brank, so that the miserable offender was *driven before* the beadle, instead of being *led by* him, as in the other examples here engraved. The Stockport brank, and the one from Bewdley in my own possession, as will be seen by the engravings, have had the chains in front for leading by—pretty "leading-strings" for a lady to wear, truly!—while the one from Chesterfield has it at the side. The chain being attached to the back might, perhaps, allow of giving greater pain to the sufferer than when in front, as a pull or a sudden twitch from behind would drive the knife further into the mouth, and also make the iron frame press painfully against the nose. Whatever added to the heaviness of the infliction seems to have immediately commended itself to those in whose hands the ordering of them rested.

Much more might be said on branks, but my object has been simply to describe the instrument and its mode of infliction, so as to give the readers of the *ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE* an idea of the treatment which some of their countrywomen have been subjected to in former days. Should any of them, however, for curiosity's sake, ever attempt to put one on for a few moments, let them take warning from the following little anecdote, and take care not to clasp it on too firmly until they have well assured themselves that they can unfasten it again :—A major in the army, a few years ago, was, with some friends, examining the brank at Walton Church, when a dispute arose as to its being sufficient to prevent speech, and it was determined to try it on the head of the major. He "was a large, stout-made, soldierly man, who had been selected to teach George III.

the manual exercise ; and the king, who never forgot this or any other agreeable act of service rendered by another person, gave him his commission, thus promoting him from a sergeant-major to a full majority, and the king was very gracious to him also on several occasions. This royal notice made the major very apt to take offence at the slightest intrusion on his dignity. The mask was carefully put on by the clerk, and the snap fastened. As it closed, the result soon appeared, for the major could only roar and point with his finger to unclothe the helmet and release him ; but, alas ! the head proved too large to admit a finger between the mask and the head to unfasten the snap, and so there the major stood, chained to the desk like a bear, roaring and dancing in great anger. At so ridiculous a figure it was impossible not to laugh most unseemly, and his friends were obliged to run out of the church to prevent the scandal, leaving him in the hands of the little clerk, who was standing on a form to reach the tall man's head, looking all the time most dolefully at the difficulty, and considering how it was to end. Ultimately the blacksmith had to be sent for, and the prisoner was released ; but the laughter was never either forgotten nor forgiven."

In closing this account of the branks, I cannot refrain from repeating that it is a happy thing such a barbarous, disgraceful, and utterly unnecessary punishment should have become obsolete, and that, at all events, *our* days are not stained by its infliction.

In the next chapter I propose saying a few words on another old punishment—the *Ducking-Stool*—of which my readers may, perhaps, have occasionally heard, but with whose origin and mode of infliction some may be unacquainted.

LLEWELLYN JEWITT, F.S.A.

## THE TWO BRIDES.

I SAW two maids at the kirk,  
And both were fair and sweet—  
One in her wedding robe,  
And one in her winding-sheet.

The choristers sang the hymn,  
The sacred rites were read—  
And one for life to Life,  
And one to Death, was wed.

They were borne to their bridal beds  
In loveliness and bloom—  
One in a merry castle,  
The other a solemn tomb.

One on the morrow woke  
In a world of sin and pain ;  
But the other was happier far,  
And never awoke again !

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.



## WAYFE SUMMERS.

## CHAPTER XX.

JUSTINE MARIE.

I WAS able to leave my bed, and sit, supported by pillows, in an easy chair by the window, before the autumn winds had stripped the trees in the neighbouring square. It was a strangely quiet season. Days spent in the stillness of the sick room, where, in three weeks, I seemed to have been so long separated from the healthy world, that common street cries, and sounds in distant parts of the house, came upon me with a curious interest, in which a sense of my own weakness set me wondering how I had felt before I was taken ill, and, for a little while, left me almost vainly endeavouring to realise what would be my sensations if I lived to recover from the exhaustion which had succeeded disease.

But I was cheered by constant affection, strengthened with close regard. For one hour or more every day my guardian came to see me, bringing his after-dinner wine to a little round table at my side. Mrs. Goodward came, and sat quietly working as she talked gently, but not in whispers. Oh, how terrible are those sick-room whispers, and the noisy quietude of heavy feet trying to walk airily! Mrs. White, dearest and best of all, was with me every day, and in these long, quiet evenings succeeding the hazy, slumberous afternoons, I learned more of her real nature than I had ever guessed before. To gauge the compass of her mind was beyond my power, for it possessed a strength of which I believe she was herself unconscious, and rose to regions where ordinary apprehensions fail to penetrate the surrounding mists of doubt, or shrink from approaching the uncertain paths by which they fancy the ascent can alone be made.

In those few weeks my soul seemed to grow. Callow imagination spread its fledgling wings in a wider space. Vistas of thought (their ends seen distantly) opened out from beyond the hedged plot whence I had before only caught vague glimpses of their vast extent. Often my whole consciousness seemed expanded, and the present life and time—myself and all things bodily—seemed but as motes in the broad effulgence of eternal dawn. These moods were brief as their expression is incoherent—may have been in part a condition of physical weakness—but their influence remained, and returning health, instead of banishing them altogether as faucies, developed from them many established beliefs.

The nurse whose acquaintance I had made so suddenly still remained as the sole attendant of my room; and, as she sometimes sat at my bedside in the morning, or waited, looking through the window, while I partook of the tea and dry toast which formed my breakfast, I had, almost unconsciously, formed a habit of speculating upon her character, and fancied, I knew not why, that some mystery was associated with her quiet, almost silent, manner. Hers was a pleasant face, too, shaded by a reserve which was not sorrowful, but still spoke of some sad experience patiently endured. When we became more intimate, I used sometimes to ask her to read to me, and as she sat at work on an evening, when Mrs. White was necessarily absent, questioned her about Cornwall, and the rocks upon its rugged sea-coast, with which she seemed familiar. As she spoke there was a strange thawing of that self-repression which seemed to be a part of her character, and I

was surprised to discover that she used language which more than ever convinced me that her station was above that of an ordinary nurse.

"What is your employment at home?" I asked. "You are not a professional nurse, I think. Do you live with Mr. and Mrs. Donhead?"

"Oh, no," she said, quickly, "I am a teacher—a governess of the school in Poltrewyn, the school connected with Mr. Donhead's church; it is now closed for the repairs of the school-room, and I came here by Mr. Donhead's request."

"You will not think me needlessly inquisitive, I hope. Do your friends live at Poltrewyn?"

"No."

"Nor in Cornwall?"

"The few friends I have live near Poltrewyn; if I have any relations they live in France."

"You left them to come to England, then?"

"I came to England when I was a little child with my mother—she is dead."

"And your father?" I asked. "Forgive me," I added, as I saw her raise her hand suddenly to her flushed face, and placed my own upon it—"forgive me: I did not mean to question you from mere curiosity; you have been kind, and have so constantly waited on me."

With a quick, impulsive manner she kissed my hand as it lay near her cheek.

"I came to find my father—or my mother did," she said. "I never saw him. I never speak of it except to those who have known me all my life—it pains me, oh, so much!—but to you I can say more than to a stranger, for I know you will feel how hard it has been to bear, because you yourself have had a trial which will make you understand me."

"Did you learn that before you came?"

"Partly. I have heard something of it from Mrs. Donhead, and still more since I have been here."

It is an admission which can scarcely fail to convict me of a meanness which I would gladly forget, but my hand fell from her slight clasp as she told me this, and I was angry for a moment, for I suspected that my aunt had made her a confidante, to whom she might reveal the relation in which I stood to herself from an unworthy motive, either for the purpose of implying her own doubts of me, or for the relief of that mistrust which she had at first been unable to conceal on her recent visit. Looking up, flushed and indignant, I met such a sad expression in the dark eyes opposite—so painful a suspense in the trembling lip—that I was ashamed.

"You think," she said, slowly, "that I have forgotten my position here—that I have sought to learn more than I ought of your affairs—but, indeed, it is not so. Mrs. Donhead told me only that you were her niece, and why you were coming to her house—I suppose because I have been for some time teaching her children in the nursery. All I have been told here has only been to explain your illness; part of this, too, I heard from Mr. Donhead before I came; he said it was necessary I should understand the patient I came to nurse."

"But why? I have only seen you when you brought food or medicine; you have only been here to—to——" I shrank from saying "to wait on me," for I was already aware that her duty was only exceptional, and that she was superior to the services she had been rendering.

"I have been with you when you did not know it," she replied, quietly, "while you were very, very ill."

"Was I delirious?" I said, suddenly catching her meaning. "Did I say anything wild and strange?"

"Nothing very wild, but you talked very much of your mother, and of somebody named Bradley—do not speak of it now, it will distress and weaken you so much—you recited French often, and I spoke to you in French at those times."

"Could you speak French when you first came to this country, Marie?—you said your name was Marie; may I ask what is your other name?"

"I am called Marie Rose—that is the name of the ship in which my mother brought me from France; my real name is different—at least my mother's name; it was Dufour. I am never called by it."

Our conversation was interrupted, I remember, by the entrance of the doctor, and it had already been sufficient to flush my face and quicken my pulses dangerously.

"Why, nurse," he said, with a quick look, as he felt my feverish hand, "the patient has been talking, or has been up too long. She must lie in bed to-morrow. You must sleep, if possible," he added, turning to me. "What has happened? I shall countermand wine and beef-tea—to-morrow brings bread and water-gruel once more." There was no help for it, for he looked so serious beneath that light, bantering smile, that I thought it best to obey, and lay nearly prostrate for two long, close, sultry days, during which Marie often bathed my temples, and, on her own responsibility, brought me cool, weak lemonade, but remained obdurately silent.

The doctor had bidden me farewell, however—departing, as Mrs. White told me, to accept an appointment in some large factory or mine where a resident medical attendant was paid by a voluntary subscription from the wages of the people employed. I was becoming rapidly convalescent, and kept my room only because I was yet too weak to walk beyond the passage. I had my French books brought up to me, and my nurse would sometimes read a few pages as I sat waiting for Mrs. White to come home.

She had been sitting, one evening, turning over the pages of Falconer's "Shipwreck," which had, with some other volumes, found their way down from the library, and, without her knowing it, I had watched her face twitching with a painful emotion as she looked fixedly at the picture in the frontispiece, which represented a vessel tossing, dismasted, in a wild waste of sea. Suddenly she looked up, and heaved a shuddering sigh.

"Will you come and sit near me?" I said. "You were once going to tell me how you first were called Mary Rose—tell me now. I am coming to live in Cornwall, you know, and we shall be friends. Will it pain you to remember?"

"No—oh, no," she answered, plaintively. "I never forget; but there is not much to tell, because I know so little. I recollect, when I was a very young child, living in Paris—not that I can remember the city, for I seldom went further than a large fountain, all planted on each side with trees, which was a short walk from our house. I think it was in an old-fashioned part of the town that we lived, for I was once or twice taken in a coach to a great, broad street, where there were large gay shops and trees on each side the road, with benches under them; there were soldiers going along the road at the time I remember best, and drums beat-

ing, while a great crowd of people looked on. It was my mother's servant who was with me then, and we were waiting in the coach for the soldiers to go past. We had been to buy the materials for dresses, and some other things, for I was told my mother was going to England, and had been frightened all the day before at the idea of crossing the sea. We lived in a large house, occupying four rooms and a kitchen, paved with pretty blue and white tiles, on the second floor; and when we reached home that day almost all the furniture had been removed, and two or three great trunks were lying open in the middle of the room where my cot was in a little alcove by the side of my mother's bed. I don't know that any relations came to see us except my uncle, Jean Dufour, and he never came except at night, and seemed afraid to stay long. I don't think he took much notice of me, for I was sent to bed with Annette on the nights when he visited us; but my mother had a few friends, ladies, who came sometimes of an evening. One of them taught me to hem a pocket-handkerchief, I remember, and I used to hear them ask whether any letter had come from monsieur—meaning my father—or whether he was in Paris. On the day after we had bought the dresses and packed the trunks we were going to England to join him, for my mother used to hold me in her lap and cry bitterly that he was dead, or that he had forsaken her; for, though letters would arrive containing papers which she would go out to exchange for money, there were scarcely ever more than two or three lines, written to say that he was in London, and could not come to fetch us.

"All night I kept waking and crying myself to sleep again, and in the morning Annette went away to her friends, who lived at some distance, and my mother and I went to meet the great coach (I know now that it was the diligence), to take us to the ship which was to bring us to England. It was a small vessel, and there were only three other passengers on board—an old gentleman, who was returning to England, and a traveller and his wife, who had been to buy goods in France, and had some large bales and chests down in the hold.

"I believe my mother knew these people, and that she had taken the opportunity to secure her passage by this ship. I was very ill soon after we left the harbour, and lay in the cabin—a close, stifled place, I remember—thinking that the ship was turning round and round under the water. It was all so confused that I think I must have been quite delirious, when I woke to find the cabin quite dark, and heard a great trampling overhead, and a rushing of water, and a dreadful roaring and whistling, which I thought was guns firing. I was being tossed backwards and forwards in my bed, when I felt my mother's arms round me, and heard her pray as she clasped me to her breast. The awful trampling, and the rushing of the wind and the sea, were louder than ever, and presently the other passengers came stumbling into the cabin, and one of the sailors brought a lantern, and went up on deck again directly. I was wild and scared, but somehow I seemed to know that we were being shipwrecked, and my mother was lying insensible upon the floor, so that the lady, who came in with her husband, was compelled to force her hands open and take me away. She recovered presently and said something, but the shouting and din above, and the lashing of the sea, and the noise of the furniture, which was dashing from side to side, prevented her being heard. The old gentleman, who had been on deck, came down again now and fell upon his knees. There had been a fearful crashing and heavy beating overhead a moment before, and as the beating continued the ship

seemed to tremble all over, and to roll backwards and forwards quicker than it had done before. The captain came to the top of the stairs, and called to us, in a voice that made itself heard, to come on deck if we could, for the ship was lost—he could not make out the lights. My mother lay as though she would never recover strength, and, while they were endeavouring to rouse her, I went and lay down by her, and clasped her cold face between my hands. I remember being snatched up in a man's arms, and his staggering up the ladder with me as I screamed and struggled to remain. Then there was a great black abyss of water, with flying clouds of white resting on it—a great shout and cry for help—a shock that scattered everything and shut out everything—and I never saw my mother again."

Up to this part of her strange narrative my nurse had shed no tear. Like one who sees what he describes at a distance, her eyes were looking widely out, as though the wall of the room were no obstacle to their vision; now, however, the lids dropped suddenly, and her head drooped upon her uplifted hands, as a moan of pain escaped us both. I had never been brought face to face, as it were, with such a dread agony as this history expressed, and, feeling that I had been the cause of its revival, begged her to forgive me. She recovered presently, however, and, assuring me that it eased her to tell me, went on.

"The first thing I remember afterwards was a great glass case, full of sea-shells, hanging against the wall at the foot of a little white bed where I was lying. I was just able to turn round, and, as there was a curtain only on one side, I could see that the room was a small one, lighted by a leaden lattice, through which the sun was shining, and that the furniture was of dark-coloured wood. There was a round table, and four or five heavy chairs with knobs on the top of the backs. The floor was very clean, and besides the case of shells that hung over the mantel-piece there were other ornaments that looked like metal cups, and sea-weed in all colours, and two or three pictures in frames—prints, I mean, coloured—and, as I learnt afterwards, on Bible subjects.

"I noticed all these things as though I had gone from one terrible dream into another less terrible; but presently the horror came back, and I seemed to hear the rush of the wind, and hear the trampling again, and I screamed for *maman*!

"I never knew how long I lay there; there was nobody in the room when I fell into this wild terror. When I came to myself again it was the dusk of the evening, and I could see by the light of a candle on the table that a girl of about thirteen sat by my bedside, holding a cup, from which she had been giving me something with a spoon. I began to sob violently, and she took my head upon her bosom, and cried too, trying to soothe me.

"I couldn't understand her, for I had only learnt a few words of English; but she was a fair, handsome girl, with soft, sweet, blue eyes, and so tall for her age, that she presently took me in her arms, and walked with me up and down the room till I fell asleep. The next day I was better, and a doctor came, who spoke to me in French. There was a boy in the house a year younger than the girl, and a man came in—a rough, thick-set, weather-beaten man—their father, as I knew afterwards. Their mother had died two years before.

"The boy I very seldom saw, for he and his father gave up the room entirely to me, and the sister nursed me, O so tenderly! Sometimes they would bring me

shells, or something nice to eat or drink—fish, or cream, or new milk—but this was not till I grew stronger.

"I soon learned to understand my dear, kind nurse—would that I could help her now as she helped me then!—but it was from the doctor that I afterwards heard the end of that awful night. The ship had broken upon the rocks of that terrible Cornish coast—whether from a false light being displayed, or not, was never discovered; my mother was never seen, but the doctor thought, from my description, that she was dead when I was taken upon deck. The man who carried me away was thrown on shore, still holding me in his arms, and would have met his death but for the owner of the house to which I had been taken. He, with others, was on the shore, and, with a rope round his body, dashed into the waves, and caught both my preserver and myself in his arms. The brave man who saved my life had gone away to sea again before I recovered, but I have seen him many times since, and call him my father, and my dear protector my grandfather.

"I found that two of the trunks which had been packed on the night before Annette left us in Paris had been thrown ashore. They were strongly bound with iron, and came up without being destroyed. The man whom I have called grandfather claimed them as his share, for I am afraid he had no objection then to the seizure of the wrecked cargo by the men and women on the beach, although I am confident he had no hand in misleading the captain—if there really was ever any false light to lure to destruction—and, as there was a strict inquiry, I think this was only a surmise. He had great difficulty in keeping possession of the trunks, however, but he was a strong man, and stood upon them with a great cutlass in his hand, threatening to cut down the first that attempted to take them away.

"There was a feeling, too, amongst the men that I was a poor orphan cast away, and that it would be cruel to rob me of the only possession which the sea had given up to me, so that I had my clothes, and, what was still better, a small sum of money was discovered in a little workbox along with my mother's portrait. I will go up-stairs and bring it you."

"Let me go with you," I said, as I rose and leaned upon her shoulder.

"No. My orders are imperative. I will go alone. I look at it nearly every day, and seem to see that sweet face as it looked at me, long ago, when I lay in my little crib."

"Before you go, tell me is your protector—the man whose daughter nursed you—still alive?"

"Oh, yes; he lives near Poltrewyn."

"What is his name?"

"Penruth; he was a sort of fisherman and small farmer in one. Now he lives at home, and only attends to a sort of cottage farm."

Penruth! I was wondering where I had heard the name, and, not having discovered what made it seem familiar before she returned, had referred it to some locality in Cornwall, the coincidence being, perhaps, not uncommon in the county.

She brought down with her a small box of dark wood, slightly inlaid with silver, and fitted with reels and other implements of needlework. As it lay on the table I could see that everything within it was kept in order, but never used; the tray of reels lifted out, and from the bottom space she took a small morocco case and handed it to me, her face working painfully. I held out my hand, and, as

she came towards me, drew her to my side, and so, with her head upon my shoulder, we looked together at the portrait of the mother whom she had lost so strangely on that fearful night.

It was a lovely face, and, but for some of the fine lineaments which still showed some trace in her own, no resemblance could have been discovered between the daughter and the picture—a fair face, sweet, smiling, but with the sorrow of a disappointed child upon it; with bright, waving hair gathered in a bunch of curls. Either the artist flattered, or the mother of Marie Dufour must have been very beautiful.

"This was hers," she said, as, with a trembling hand, she took a little book from the pocket in the lid of the workbox. "See, there is her name written in it."

It was a book of prayers in French. I turned to the first leaf, and there, written in half-faded ink, read—

"JUSTINE MARIE,

"RUE TAVERNIER,

"PARIS, March 13, 18—."

### BEAUTY IS BUT SKIN DEEP.

I CARE not a rush for the rosiest blush

That glows on the cheek of a maid;

My love's unfed by her lips of red

For kisses ripe displayed,

Or the tresses fair of her golden hair

With diadems overlaid.

To mow those fair tresses comes scythe-bearer Death,

And the roses will die 'neath his poisonous breath.

For me too grand is her dainty hand,

Her fingers so taper and white,

Though blue as the skies are her sparkling eyes,

To me they are dull as the night,

And not to my taste is her delicate waist,

Though it be laced ever so tight.

For grim Death will come, and will shroud her blue eyes,

And her waist will reduce to its skeleton size.

What do I care if her arm be fair,

Or white as the mountain snow?

Or her tiny foot, in a dandy boot,

Her crinoline peeps below?

And the teeth of a girl, though pellucid as pearl,

Were never intended for show.

For what will she profit me, being so fair,

If her love's in her ankles, her heart's in her hair?

But whene'er I find an unruffled mind,

And a heart that is witless of scorn,

A soul within unsullied by sin,

And a nature that's loving and warm,

The prettiest face, such mental grace,

Will serve, as a gem, to adore—

Haste thee, and seek her, and bring to my side,

I will woo her, and prize such a well-dowered bride.

W. H.

## PALACE GARDENS.



THE essayist is at issue with the artist. Why are we never to have a little cheerful hypocrisy—a scintillation of refined pretence—a charming sense of elegance and gentility, upheld by a convenient mixture of truth and falsehood, but they are to be reflected by the facets of this hard mirror of cynicism, and reduced to their prismatic colours? Are there no editions of Lord Chesterfield's Letters still extant? Must we be forbidden to discourse of Shakspeare and the musical glasses unless with an intimate appreciation of both? In a word, is the whole fabric of modern society to be levelled?—the nice intricacies of the fashionable toilette to be discarded for camlet and homespun?—the booths of Vanity Fair to be stripped of guinea pen-wipers, elegant inutilities, adorable gewgaws, and hung instead with knitted hose, enduring tin-ware, and culinary requisites?

It was all very well when the sarcastic shafts were aimed only at foibles with which our neighbours and not ourselves were concerned—the absurdities, for instance, of tight-lacing, and of inordinate crinoline; but there is now to be detected, on the part of the pictorial satirist, an attempt—feeble, of course—to meddle with the very heart and core of social distinctions—to hold up to ridicule



that touching and beautiful reverence for aristocracy—whether of birth, wealth, or station—which lies at the roots of British morals, and is a part of that careful and well-established training which has so long been constituted the glorious birthright of Englishwomen. “Palace Gardens” indeed! It is a mere shallow pretence to attack our most cherished institutions, and to destroy those well-defined distinctions of classes which everybody who has attained “a position” is naturally anxious to preserve.

It may, perhaps, be a little disagreeable sometimes, it may be admitted, to feel compelled to discard former friendships; but this is one of the necessary incongruities of a very incomplete stage of existence. Yes, it certainly is—and surely this must be considered a frank concession—a very painful necessity when we have to decline further acquaintance with people who have done us a service. But, then, how very indelicate in them not to perceive that our “position in society” cannot possibly include familiarity with those who are of a much lower grade! On the whole, there is nothing so troublesome as old friends who may, perhaps, remember us when our natural advantages had not procured for us that recognition in society which we now enjoy. They are so absurdly sensitive, too, these people; even an occasional invitation to a second day’s dinner party won’t satisfy them; and they are absolutely furious if you don’t bow to them in the street, even when you are yourself anxious to secure the recognition of a Cabinet Minister.

It’s really laughable, too, when we reflect that these very people ape our manners—that is to say, the manners of the upper classes—and that they, too, recognise amongst their plebeian ranks distinctions known only to themselves. There’s no doubt, for instance, that the milliner’s apprentice looks up to the forewoman with a degree of envious regard which is extremely ludicrous; that the small shopkeeper marks with a red letter the day when he is invited by the thriving head of “an establishment” to “go down to his place and cut his mutton, and drink a glass of old port;” that the big tradesman has an unfeigned, though carefully-concealed, reverence for the “wholesale,” and feels an inch the higher for having been seen whispering to him “on ‘Change;” that the merchant’s wife looks with good-humoured forbearance, but certainly with surprised pity, at the tradesman’s “good lady,” who has hired a dingy fly to pay an unaccustomed morning visit; that, on the other hand, she joins with glee in a stall at the fancy fair with the lady of the local Member of Parliament, and reads her name with no little pride in the list of those who assisted at the last half-ministerial banquet at the Mansion House, Who shall say in what ramifications the universal influence extends? The merchant may be looked upon with considerate toleration by the banker or capitalist, whose ware is money. The banker himself, either untitled, or, at best, a knight, bows reverently before a coronet; the coronet’s lady, sending cards of invitation to the feminine representative of commercial influences, endures her society, perhaps for the sake of its value in bullion. Each in turn becomes the centre of a little circle of satellites, each being in turn the satellite of another centre round which they revolve, until, moth-like, they venture too near and are consumed (in other words, snubbed), or, by a fresh acquisition of centrifugal force, are whirled upwards into the illimitable of the exquisite, and join fresh constellations in a more gorgeous, and, perhaps, more tedious, round.

And then to think that this should be reflected through all classes—that from the monarch to the milkman, the premier to the pork-butcher, the universal

tendency should be to follow in the wake of a long train of courtiers revolving in concentric, and yet disunited, circles—circles which never really unite at any point of their circumferences, but whirl in parallel courses never destined to approach, to all infinity! Glorious! glorious!

Perhaps the only people who really don't seem to have a—a Palace Gardens, in short—are the genuine and actual artisans, labourers, workmen. Of these it is true, as Carlyle says, that he who has sixpence can pay cooks to cook for him, soldiers to fight for him, kings to govern him, and so forth, and is, to the extent of sixpence, master of all other men; but they only recognise it (the real, true, genuine workmen, that is) in its real politico-economical sense, and trouble themselves very little about imitations of the manners of the upper classes—seldom, to do them justice, looking down upon the more unfortunate members of their own. Thus it would seem that the workman is the most really independent of all classes, and, beyond the occasional hard necessity of cringing to a self-inflated employer, or, what is worse, the too-ready request for eleemosynary beer, knows little of the "Palace Gardens" element. It is strange, however, that his class, in mass, occasionally has its satellites, who are mere temporary pretenders, it is true, but still satellites when it suits their own turn. Of these are demagogues, or, what is much the same thing, reformers who wish to begin their improvements by entire destruction and indignant vengeance. To hear these men on the hustings, it might be thought that they waited with outstretched hands to clasp the hardened palms around them in one great grasp of universal brotherhood, beyond which they recognised no other; to the labouring class, as a body, they are the meanest of all fawners, the falsest of all flatterers. To the single workman who, being in their employ, holds a different opinion from their own on the subject of wages, they are scarcely as tolerant as to the peer who systematically neglects to answer their letters. Then, certain manufacturers and traders are, after another sort, the satellites of the workman, by a sort of strange amalgamating process striving to identify themselves with his class, as thus:—Should a patient, thoughtful, intelligent artisan—and there are many such—make a great discovery, or complete a valuable invention, and by these means obtain a notoriety which in reality elevates him to a position more worthy than their own, they are ready to join issue and cry, "This is a man of the people—a worker—one of *us*." A very humiliating corollary to which is, the manner in which the same men are ready to speak of and treat the rest of us in their dealings with the labourers under their own control who happen not to have become famous.

But these considerations are too wide to admit of further extension. One word to the artist for her future guidance. Let those ineffable principles regulating "position," and which are stigmatised under the by-word of "Palace Gardens," once be subverted, and what will become of Belgravian mothers, of amusingly-concocted letters respecting incomes necessary for a proper establishment, and of those other topics of polite society?

All which terrible probabilities have superseded any distinct allusion to the picture at the head of the previous page. It tells its own story. "Palace Gardens" and its cold shade have begun to blight the very bud and blossom of fashionable life.

## GREYHILL: A STORY OF A SPIRIT.

## IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

## IV.—“COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.”

My readers may understand how terribly I feared to see the next night approach. I would have left Greyhill altogether had any less stake hung upon my stay; but I could not resign Sydney; neither could I adjourn to the attics without risk, as before explained; but there was nothing to prevent my passing the night secretly in the drawing-room, and giving the bed the appearance of having been slept in when I visited my chamber in the morning. This, therefore, I did. I did not sleep, nor did I expect to do so. I saw nothing; but I could hear plainly enough those terrible screams—wild and urgent at first, then stifled and despairing. I heard, also, the steps of men on the stairs, the hoarse whispers of frightened groups in the hall, and cries of shrill terror from the maids who hung over the banisters, afraid to lose sight of their protectors. The other deficiencies my own mind supplied with horrible vividness, and with a frequency that rendered the night intolerable. The next one I passed out of doors. I felt that my reason would not bear any further strain.

Every morning, on visiting my room, I found it as I at first mentioned—the coverlet slightly rumpled, the empty glass at the bedside, the secret door in the wainscoting ill-closed; and I knew the nocturnal scene had been rehearsed in my absence. These signs were visible four days; then they entirely ceased.

One day, accompanied by Wilson, I explored the passage leading from this room. We found nothing but a long, vault-like hall, damp and stifling in atmosphere; this ended in a square, panelled room, filled with tottering furniture that bore visible tokens of former magnificence, worm-eaten as it now was. Beyond this we could not go—the door was not to be found; perhaps we did not search for it very anxiously. I was amply satisfied with what I had already seen, and Wilson marvellously scrupulous, and fearful of intruding upon the ghosts in a way they might imagine themselves justified in resenting upon him, individually, at their subsequent re-appearance. Another day we tried the passage through the wall, but found it so choked up with dirt and rubbish as to be literally impassable. We therefore left it alone. I may say, I think, that the day I left Greyhill was, for two combined reasons, the very happiest of my life.

Sleeping under the broad heavens—sounds well, but it does not *feel* equally desirable. The most ardent lover ever known might be pardoned for growing a little cool in the chill dews of a northern spring night. The eighth day of my departure was drawing to a close when I presented myself at my lady's door. A little while I was left alone in the drawing-room, awaiting her presence; then she glided softly in, and ensconced herself in the remote corner of my sofa. She was dressed for a ball, and never had I seen her look more royally, more brilliantly, beautiful. A diamond star glistened above her white brows, and the snowy folds of her dress floated about her like silver clouds. Her eyes were lustrous, but half-tender, and her sweet lips had banished their disdainful curl, and lay mutely folded together, like twin rosebuds the evening moisture had washed into more vivid bloom. She crossed her small hands over her bosom, and said, softly—

“Who am I to welcome?”

"A husband, Sydney Grey."

"Have all my conditions been conscientiously fulfilled?"

"I have passed a week at Greyhill."

"Ah! but how?"

"The accommodation was not magnificent. I may, therefore, reply—As I best could."

"This is not the answer I require; it is a mere evasion, unworthy of a gentleman. You are a coward!" said Sydney, with inexorable disdain.

"If I had been a coward," I gravely replied, "I should have been either dead or mad at this moment."

She wrenched her hand from mine with haughty zeal, regarding me meanwhile with steady, icy scorn, all the more stinging and pitiless for the half-smile that accompanied it.

"Explain yourself," she said, very coldly, at last.

I had meant to lie to her, but my resolution paled, and finally died away, before the glance of her truthful eyes. I blurted out the whole facts of my stay at Greyhill, beginning at the first and ending at the last hour. She never stopped me once, and the indignant words I had expected remained unspoken. She listened without a single interruption, and gradually, as I proceeded, I noticed an expression of stony horror creep over her face, while her fingers closed round my wrist with a constraining, earnest gripe. After a time she vanquished this agitation and became grandly calm and still; but her lips were compressed and colourless, and her eyes distended. When I had given the last word of my little history, she said, with a smile, just as an ordinary woman would speak of her jewels or equipages—

"Do you know you have been signing my death-warrant?"

"I, Sydney! Good God! how could I, when I love you better than any earthly thing I have ever seen or known?"

"It is none the less true that I have taken my death from you, nevertheless."

"No! I could not have frightened you so much as that, dear Sydney. My tale was a mere fable, the fantastic and distorted chimera of a heated brain. Do not believe it, child. It was unworthy of a second's credence, and I was mad to scare you with my superstitious follies."

"I am not scared, Paul. Feel my hand—it is as warm and steady as need be desired. The shadowy arrow has met my heart. But see, I can smile still."

"Sydney, what can you mean?"

"I will tell you; but first it is necessary you should know something of my early history; forgive me, therefore, if I am prolix. I desire you should understand all. When I was born, those who had known my grandmother spoke of me as resembling her, even at this early stage, to a most marvellous degree. My mother, who had refused her credence to the rumour that fastened such crimes to her memory, defied it by giving me the same name. When she died, which was before I had learned to know her well, I was committed to the care of servants alone, and they injudiciously followed the example she had set, and inflamed my young mind with long tales of the beauty and grace of which I was the heritor, and now and then a low, mysterious whisper, still more fascinating, of her guilt and pride. I was imaginative, naturally, and very much depended upon menials for amusement. I, therefore, listened eagerly to their gossip, and felt amazingly flattered at

resembling one appearing to me a miracle of outraged loveliness. This feeling was enhanced by finding, one day, a large trunk of wearing apparel that had formerly belonged to my grandmother. I arrayed myself in one of the antiquated robes, powdered my hair, and then, descending, presented myself before my father with gleeful delight. He turned absolutely livid on seeing me thus, dismissed me with a harsh reprimand for childish folly, in which I fancied I discovered deeper significance; and for the future, all the household were forbidden to mention before me the name of Sydney Grey. I considered this prohibition very unnecessary and unjust, and resented it as well as I was able by imitating my grandmother in every way that lay in my power. I filled my bosom with violets, that I might bear about me the perfume I had detected in her clothes, and every spring I gathered heaps and heaps of these flowers to treasure in my drawers, that this odour might never quit me until the year brought me round a fresh supply. Never was I so radiant and gratified as when a visitor, regarding me scrutinisingly, would comment on my likeness to the Sydney Grey in the picture-gallery. The obvious pain this comparison gave my father took but little from my own individual and personal satisfaction on the occasion. Until his death, when, in default of a male heir, the southern estate went to a distant branch of the family, I passed all the day not occupied with my studies, nursing my doll, and singing doleful songs, under this portrait I have spoken about. The eyes seemed to start from the canvass full of vivid life and meaning, and followed me when I moved with unfailing persistency. There seemed to me a sort of prophecy in their steadfast urgency, as if they desired to mark out for me, the last descendant of the Greys, a part expiation of their misery and crime. When I grew up, living with my aunt, a matter-of-fact woman of the world, these impressions and presentiments were partially erased, and contact with the realities of life gave a more practical, a less imaginative, bias to my mind; but still they were never entirely eradicated and conquered."

"But, Sydney, all this gives you no reason to meet my tidings with such a string of lugubrious predictions."

"Because you have not heard all. Suddenly and inexplicably, my mother, before she died, experienced an urgent longing for Greyhill. She had never cared for the place before, though she generally accompanied my father there for a couple of months during the shooting season. But now she seemed most unaccountably anxious to see the place again, and, on my father's hesitating to comply with her request, she started off alone, on foot, and when found was fainting from exhaustion, but still as resolute as ever to reach Greyhill this way, if my father continued to withhold his consent. My father, finding her wishes so deep-seated and urgent, no longer opposed them, and she went—but only to die. He told me this himself when I was old enough to understand it, and it made an indelible impression on me at the time. This impression was terribly strengthened by a subsequent occurrence. My father lived a gay life; he loved the world, and the world loved him. He was little enough at home, and every new and fashionable devilry found him foremost in the rank of proselytes. One evening he came home earlier than his wont, and called me in to sit with him. I was not in bed, being allowed very much my own will in such matters, and having a true childish antipathy to early hours. 'Sydney,' he said, taking me on his knee, and kissing me with unusual warmth, 'I am going to Greyhill.' 'Oh, papa, pray, pray don't!' I pleaded pitifully. 'I must,' he answered solemnly. 'I have been

trying to help it ever so long, but now the influence is stronger than I can conquer. I dare say it is a mere fancy, but go I must. There's some unruly instinct, or presentiment pushing me forward that will not bear contradiction. If I humour it once, perhaps it will take itself off. I sha'n't stay more than a few days; I dare say it will be cursed dull, but I can try my hand at thinning the sparrows if there's no higher game to be found. And now God bless you, my child!" and he kissed me again most lovingly. Paul, he never came back. The next morning early he left for Greyhill—the morning after that he was found a corpse in his bed."

"And what has all this to do with you and your prospects now, Sydney?"

"Everything; for, from the moment you told me of the scene you witnessed at Greyhill, a wild and urgent longing to go there seized upon me. It was strange even when I gave you your week's probation, my very heart fluttered over it ominously enough, and yet some agency I could not analyse or understand pushed me on to demand it. You know I am a coward—that I have a strong belief in supernatural powers influencing human destinies—that I live in abject fear of any demonstration of this towards me individually—that I am morally convinced that what you have related to me was no fable, but a fact; and yet I declare to you, that at this minute I am so impatient to get to Greyhill, that I have difficulty to keep myself from starting now at once and just as I am. I hunger and thirst to be there—my very eyes burn to behold it; and yet I am calm, sane, perfectly collected; no sudden shock has weakened my faculties; I feel the same in every way, physically; but, mentally, my heart is reading its death decree, and gathering up all its courage to meet the icy hand that is soon to crush out its life and warmth."

"Oh, Sydney! for Gods' sake do not speak so!"

This was all I could say. There was an accent of truth and conviction in her manners and words that struck chill to my very feet. To see her smiling so resolutely and bravely above my crushing agony made my very heart bleed. She was dear to me at that moment dearer than she had ever been. It was terrible to lose her, and by the words of my own lips—to feel that no effort of valour and love could save her, if it was as she said. But must it be? When I asked this question, Sydney shook her head sadly, but firmly; and when I begged her to battle vigorously with this ominous desire for Greyhill, and wrestle against the evil presentiment that threatened to make its own fulfilment, she answered me, in a cool, steady voice, that her final decision was made, and as inexorably unchangeable as the "law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not." When a woman like Sydney Grey says this, further remonstrance is worse than useless, insomuch as opposition is more likely to cement the resolution than destroy it. I therefore made no more petitions, except that I might be allowed to accompany her in her journey.

Sydney demurred greatly at this. What would the world say and think?

"There is an easy way of settling these scruples, Sydney," I answered, with tremulous vehemence. "Give me the right to support you in this crisis, if it be one. One sight of the place will, I am sure, conquer the desire, and then I shall be ready to take you where these memories may be extinguished, and be free to make your happiness out of the power and extent of my passionate love. Shall not all these things come to pass as I have said?"

Sydney hung down her head, and crimsoned; then she lifted her eyes

searchingly to mine, and, seeing nothing there to negative the promise I had given, she sank against me, and her proud lips just parted to give me the little word on which my whole destiny hung.

A week after that we were married.

I had persuaded Sydney to forego her wish regarding Greyhill for this space of time, though elaborate preparation and a gorgeous ceremonial were far from my desire; nevertheless, I thought it right, for her sake, to make the sacrifice of a few days' happiness, out of respect to the opinions of the world, that this sudden marriage would militate against most intensely. Sydney acquiesced in my representations, though I could see how desperately she longed to find herself journeying towards Greyhill. Late in the day of our marriage we reached it together. The house looked far more cheerful than I had left it, for my wife's maid had preceded us by some hours, and her feminine skill had brought about a rapid change in the aspect of things around. Wilson shook his head solemnly when he saw us, but I was too accustomed to his lugubrious moods to yield them any significance.

Reader, there is little more to say. Sitting with my bride by the old fireplace, I rejoiced in the realisation of my former dream; and whilst I kissed away her blushes, and smothered all her evil prophecies as they neared her lips, became a willing convert to the doctrine I preached, that the only spirit that lords it despotically over human destinies is the heaven-sent spirit of love.

I had not meant to sleep that night. I had declared myself ready and vigorous enough to wrench my bride from the shadowy grasp of a thousand ghosts. But, alas! the force of nature was stronger than my will. With Sydney lying on my bosom, listening to her gentle breathing, the numbness of repose crept sympathetically over my senses, and I *believe* I slept.

When I awoke, the gentle breath was still—the head on my breast bent, pale and heavy, beneath its massive braids the violet eyes slumbered for ever—under their marble lids—the proud, noble heart had ceased to beat. My Sydney was dead.

Reader, I am an old man now, and the frost of many winters is sprinkled in my hair, but the facts I have recorded will remain clear and distinct in my memory until the last minute of my sojourn upon earth. That there may be another solution of the mystery given, more natural and feasible, I am not prepared to dispute. I have often wished to believe, myself, that accident, inadvertence, or superstitious fears had a share in deceiving my judgment and penetration. I know your scruples by heart. You would say, Wilson, anxious to retain undivided possession of Greyhill, might have favoured, and even actively participated in, the delusion of its being haunted, in order to scare you, and the chance of future intruders, from the premises. Again, your imagination, strangely excited by the narrative he gave you, and the shadowy antiquity of your surroundings, might have grown vivid and diseased, and presented you with the vision, or nightmare, you have stated, the distinctness of every word and motion being no uncommon part of this infliction.

In Sydney's case, as with her father and mother, the strength of their belief might have brought the fulfilment of the prophecy. All these things are barely possible; whether they are probable, or suggested and well warranted by the

facts that I have recorded, I leave to those readers to determine who have kindly followed me through "Greyhill."

Perhaps some of them may remember Sydney Grey in the zenith of her imperial charms, and marvelled with the world over her strange marriage and death. If there are any such, to them I dedicate this simple tale, and they will know how to pardon the bitter tears of regret and sorrow that have stained the last few pages. Henceforth her name will bear no outward echo of my forming until I open my arms to her in heaven, and we meet under the eye of God, to be parted again nevermore.

E. M. O. L.

## DRAWING-ROOM NECROMANCY.

### IN THREE CHAPTERS.

#### II.—MODERN MANIFESTATIONS.

THE term "modern manifestations" has been adopted to express the various means by which the denizens of spirit-land, who have "shuffled off this mortal coil," seek, in the present day, to hold communication with those who are still in the flesh.

Whether there be any truth or not in this alleged intercommunication between the quick and dead—these wondrous sights and sounds with which the spirits of men and women of the buried past seek strange communion with the souls of men and women of the passing present—it is a subject which may not, *must not*, be dismissed with that catch-a-weasel-asleep sort of shrug with which anything out of the common, or beyond the pale of ordinary and immediate comprehension, is now received.

The whole matter is too grave and of too serious a nature to be peremptorily dismissed without an inquiry of the most searching kind—not made in an antagonistic spirit of prejudice that is determined to resist conviction, but with an earnest desire to see whether these things be so or not. It is easy to spatter anything, however truthful, and anybody, however good and wise, with the mire and clinging clay of ridicule. Many a promising scheme, many a brilliant thought or design, that would have been fraught with lasting benefit to mankind if it had been carefully worked out, has been nipped and blighted by the chilling frost of sarcasm; but there is no argument in a jeer, and a smart and caustic jest will not go far in pulling the truth of this matter out of the very deep well in which it is hiding itself.

Modern manifestations are of a twofold nature: they are visible and invisible, appealing chiefly to the senses of sight and hearing. Chief among the demonstrations that are palpable to mortal vision are the appearances of brilliant coruscations of coloured light and the transparent, luminous hand, and the visible movement of different articles of furniture, and even the human body, without any apparent agency. The sounds are endless in variety, varying from slight raps, resembling the pecking of a fowl against a piece of wood, to thundering blows that might proceed from the hammer of mighty Thor, or the grim smiths of limping Vulcan, which shake the house in which such manifestations take place to its very foundation.

Now, the majority of these manifestations are not modern—every one of them



has been noticed before ; and we cannot deny the evidence adduced in support of the actual occurrence of these wonders, although we may differ widely in our notions of the agency by which these things were brought about.

With regard to visible spiritual manifestations, or the incarnation of the spirit—if such a term may be allowed to express the means by which it makes itself palpably visible to mortal sight, perhaps by acting on our imagination, and causing us, by the power of its will, to see, or fancy that we see, that which has no *tangible* existence—it will be useless and foreign to the purpose to recount more of what are termed “ghost stories” than will be sufficient to support the truth of the assertion that these be no new things which are happening daily in our times, but that similar occurrences, equally strange, have taken place in bygone days, and have been noted as worthy of memory by clever, reasoning, thoughtful men of widely different callings in all grades of society. And in support of the above assertion, that it is possible for us to see that which has no actual existence, it will be sufficient to remind the reader of all that he or she sees nightly when the eyes are closed in slumber—the vivid representations of persons, places, and things, familiar as well as strange, that are presented to us in our dreams.

Shrewd and quaint John Aubrey, in his “Miscellanies,” gives an account of an appearance of the thin, transparent, luminous hand which is so common an occurrence at the *séances* of modern spiritualists. It is briefly this:—Sir Walter Long, of Draycot, married, as his second wife, the sister of Sir Egremont Thynne, a sergeant-at-law of some eminence. This lady was possessed of much ambition and cunning, and, in order to secure her husband's property for her own children, used every artifice and wile to induce Sir Walter to disinherit his son and heir by his first wife. In course of time he consented to her proposal, and her brother, during the assizes at Bath, drew up the deed and handed it to his clerk to engross. Lady Long was anxious to get the bad business over, and urged the lawyer to use the utmost despatch in the preparation of the necessary writings. He ordered his clerk to sit up during the night to complete the parchment. While he was engaged in writing, a shadow fell across the deed that lay before him ; hastily looking up, he saw a woman's fair and delicate hand before the candle, which melted into air as he gazed upon it. Unwilling to credit the evidence of his senses, he wrote on. Again the hand appeared, and the clerk, feeling a natural alarm, and influenced, probably, by a sense of the injustice that would be done to Sir Walter's heir if this deed were completed and carried into effect, went immediately to Sir Egremont Thynne, and, after telling him what had happened, refused to go on with the work. Unfortunately, however, the scruples of the clerk did not affect the principals in this iniquitous proceeding: the deed was drawn, sealed, signed, and delivered, and the heir defrauded ; but at the death of Sir Walter Long his first wife's trustees insisted—and carried their point, too—that the disinherited son should have a portion of his father's broad acres.

All who refuse, in accordance with the rationalistic spirit of the age, to give the slightest credence to what they can neither understand nor account for, will smile at Aubrey's story, and talk of heated imagination, overworked brain, indigestion, dyspepsia, a pork chop or two too much for supper, more ale and sack than were good for him, and a score of the usual receipts for producing spectral appearances and so-called illusions, to account, in what they term a rational way, for the strange sight that the clerk saw. They will altogether ignore the ministry of

guardian angels or *messengers*, and refuse to allow the possibility of the soul of the loving mother seeking to guard her darling son from loss and harm.

There are many stories—accredited stories, too—similar to this, and evincing reasons equally good and reasonable for spiritual intervention in mundane affairs. Tales, too, may be cited which tell us how beings of solid flesh, and bone, and blood, have been raised from the ground by invisible agency, and carried into the air, as Mr. Home, the celebrated medium, has been said to have been raised to the ceiling of a lofty room more than once during the last three or four years. In 1720, the son of a Scottish peer, Lord Torphichen—who is asserted, by the way, to have been a bit of a pickle—occasionally floated off into the air, and was as often brought down to mother earth again by the united efforts of his alarmed and anxious brothers and sisters, who clung with might and main to the skirts of his clothing. So much for Mr. Home's elevation being a thing unheard of until the present time; and for the music that sometimes accompanies the presence of spirits, are there not narratives which tell us how, by unseen and mysterious agencies, harmony such as no mortal fingers could produce (no, not even the immortal Mozart himself) has fallen on the ear of the awed and astonished listener from the strings of an instrument that once belonged to some one as dear to him as life itself, whom he hopes to rejoin in that mysterious hereafter which is close at hand for all of us?

Accounts of spiritual communications by knocking are common enough during the last two hundred and fifty years, at least, and in Germany cases are on record which occurred nearly seven hundred and thirty years ago. Narratives of circumstances of a most startling character that have taken place since the commencement of the present century are, to use a homely but expressive phrase, as common as blackberries; but it will be sufficient at present to turn to some of the authenticated cases of knockings in our own country that are similar in many points to the "rappings" of the present day, and more particularly in the undoubted fact that questions which were put to the agency that caused the noises, or any remarks made respecting it, were answered, or noticed, by knocks of various kinds and numbers, that simply affirmed or denied what was said by any one who either directly addressed it or spoke of it to any one else who happened to be present, although previous to the commencement of the manifestations in America no one thought of obtaining replies to any question through the medium of the alphabet.

The most remarkable of these authenticated cases of knocking and rapping are those which occurred in the houses of Mr. Mompesson and the Rev. Samuel Wesley.

Mr. Mompesson was a gentleman who resided at Tedworth, near Ludgershall, in Wiltshire. In March, 1661, he was instrumental in depriving a begging impostor, who had been a drummer in the Parliament forces under Cromwell, of his drum, with which he roamed through the country, beating the points of war in every direction. This drum was left at first in the hands of the bailiff of Ludgershall, who sent it to Mr. Mompesson's house about a month after it had been taken from the owner. Mr. Mompesson was just leaving home on a visit to London when the drum arrived; on his return, his wife told him that they had been much alarmed by what they had imagined to be thieves trying to effect an entrance, but which, in reality, was the commencement of the disturbances with which the house and its inmates were troubled for two years without intermission. For about a

month the knocking, which resembled the hollow rattle of a drum, was only heard outside the house and on the roof; but after this time it principally occurred in the room where the drum was. The children were then horribly troubled and persecuted by the invisible drummer, their bedsteads were beaten violently, their hair was pulled, and they were lifted in their beds: the noise would also follow them from one room to another. Once, Mr. Mompesson's man-servant saw two boards moving in the children's room; he asked the agency by which they were moved to let him have one of them in his hand, upon which it was pushed up to him. On another occasion, when Mr. Cragg, a minister, and several of the neighbours, were assembled at Mr. Mompesson's house to hear and witness these extraordinary occurrences, the chairs moved about of themselves, the children's shoes were thrown from one end of the room to the other, and a bedstaff was hurled at Mr. Cragg, which hit him on the leg as lightly as a lock of wool would have done, and remained against his leg as it fell, without rolling on the floor.

Now, what happened at Mr. Mompesson's on this occasion is exactly similar to what occurs at many modern manifestations. Heavy tables and chairs are moved about without any apparent agency, and remain in positions which they could not possibly retain in obedience to the *known* laws of nature, as the bedstaff lighted on Mr. Cragg's leg, and remained stationary, without visible support, in utter disregard of the laws of gravitation.

It is impossible to give a detailed account of the whole of the frightful annoyances to which Mr. Mompesson's family were subjected from April, 1661, to April, 1663, without intermission, but it is necessary to mention that it—the agency—whatever it was—answered questions by rapping and word of mouth, and visibly appeared to Mr. Mompesson's man-servant.

Some gentlemen, among whom was Sir Thomas Chamberlain, of Oxfordshire, were at Mr. Mompesson's for the purpose of hearing the knockings, when one of them said—"Satan, if the drummer set thee to work, give three knocks, and no more." Thereupon three knocks were given; and when he bid it, if it really were the drummer, give five knocks, and no more that night, five knocks were given, and the house then remained quiet for the rest of the night.

The Rev. Joseph Glanvill, chaplain to King Charles II., attracted by the fame of these wondrous knockings, came to the house to inquire into the truth of the reports which had reached him. He heard and witnessed many things for which he could not account, and was soon convinced that spiritual agency was at work to effect it. He slept with a friend in the room where the chief part of the disturbance had taken place. Just before daybreak, they were aroused by a loud knocking at the chamber-door. No reply was vouchsafed to Glanvill's repeated inquiry—"Who is there?" but the knocking continued. At last, in answer to his solemn adjuration—"In the name of God, who is it, and what would you have?" it replied—"Nothing with you."

One night, after cruelly persecuting and frightening an infant by leaping on it, it appeared at the foot of the bed occupied by Mr. Mompesson's servant. He was unable to distinguish its size and shape clearly, but distinctly saw two red, glaring eyes gazing at him. In January, 1662, lights of a blue colour were often seen about the house and in Mr. Mompesson's chamber. These are the only visible appearances mentioned.

Now, about April, 1663, the drummer was arrested, and committed to

Gloucester gaol, for appropriating somebody else's property to his own personal use. While he was there a Wiltshire man came to see him, and the drummer inquired what was going on in that county. His visitor replied, "Nothing, as far as I know." "How?" quoth the drummer, "have you heard nothing about the drumming at a gentleman's house at Tedworth?" The Wiltshire man confessed that he *had* heard of that diabolical tattoo, and was getting rather tired of it. "Ah!" maliciously rejoined the drummer, "I have plagued him, and he shall never be quiet until he hath made me satisfaction for taking away my drum."

For this assertion the drummer was tried for witchcraft at Salisbury, and sentenced to transportation for life. While he was on the high seas the drumming ceased, but recommenced on his return to England—which he soon managed to effect. He did not scruple to aver that he had acquired a knowledge of the black art from a man who was reputed to be a wizard.

Let us now proceed to the manifestations made at Epworth Parsonage, Lincolnshire, in 1716-17, at that time the residence of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, the father of the founder of the sect of the Wesleyan Methodists.

They commenced on December 1st, 1716, by groans at the dining-room door, which were followed, a few days after, by knockings in various parts of the house. Mr. Wesley himself did not hear these knockings at first, and when his wife told him about them he thought little or nothing of them, saying it must be done purposely to alarm them. However, the night after, Mr. Wesley heard nine knocks at his bed-head, and, on rising to ascertain the cause, could find nothing. After this the noises assumed different characters, such as walking and running in the room above, emptying of bags of money on the floor, and the crash of breaking bottles. Mr. Wesley then asked Mr. Hoole, the rector of Haxey, to come and hear these strange sounds. He did so, and joined Mrs. Wesley in persuading her husband to address the invisible agency that caused them. When he did so it knocked three times—its common mode of knocking—but it often imitated knocks made by others, particularly Mr. Wesley's rap at the front door. It appears that the knocking was always more violent when any one asserted that it was caused by rats, or ascribed it to natural causes. It made the latches of the doors clatter and rattle, and always knocked loudly and angrily when the prayer for the royal family was read. It was obedient to the orders which it received from Mr. and Mrs. Wesley; refraining from disturbing the latter during the time she was employed at her devotions after she had expressed a desire on this point, and following Mr. Wesley to his study when he rebuked it for disturbing the children, and bade it come there to him if it had anything to say to him. Although, as in the Tedworth case, it chiefly worried the children, they soon became familiar with the sounds, and would chase them from room to room.

By comparing the principal facts mentioned in these cases with the modern manifestations, as they are called, it will be plainly seen that there is nothing new or modern in them, but that the *modus operandi* adopted by the spirits at present is essentially the same as that which has been used by them in all cases on record, except when they have had the power to appear visibly; and that present events are but the last link in a long chain of supernatural communication between those that exist in the spirit and those that live in the flesh, that can be traced from the earliest ages; certain events attracting the attention of the public generally more particularly at one time than another.

But in times gone by people heard and refused to believe in things which passed their understanding with the same determined, dogged scepticism that characterises the manner in which ninety-nine persons out of a hundred still receive any mention or suggestion of the possibility of supernatural intervention in the things of this life, or anything beyond such operations of nature as they can readily comprehend and easily account for. Mr. Mompesson suffered in purse, personal affairs, and the peace of his family; some, who thought that he caused all the racket that took place nightly in his dwelling by means known to himself, denounced him as an impudent impostor; others, who allowed that Nicholas the Elderly had some finger in the pie, looked on him as a man stricken by God for some hidden crime or impiety. In our own days it is pretty nearly the same. Those who venture to assert their belief that these things are, and can be, meet with derision and utter scorn; they are pitied as those who are giving themselves up to the pursuit of some insane, yet withal harmless, folly; and disbelievers, proudly conscious of their own superior mental powers, point significantly, with extended digit, to their own intellectual brows, and growl or whisper, as temper or tone of voice may incline them, "Mad as March hares!"

It is necessary, however, again to insist that exception is taken only to those who thus treat ladies and gentlemen of refined intelligence, who are worthy of credit, and deserve a patient hearing. Visitors to Mr. Forster and media of similar pretensions do well to rummage the recesses of ancient history for apocryphal names that fall as ugly stumbling-blocks in that gentleman's path to fame, and pull out the best wing-feathers of that young Yankee eagle (no offence to our cousins in the Southern States), as he poises himself for a fresh swoop on the yawning pockets of the credulous Britishers. They would be right, too, to fall with sixty-Sayers-power (as the *Daily Telegraph* suggested in its wholesome wrath) on the lurking confederate that raises the phosphoric hand above Mr. Forster's table amid the gloom of closed shutters and lowered gas.

Manifestations appear to have been frequent in America within the last eighty years. In 1789, a case, in which knocking and table-moving were combined, occurred at New Hackensack, in that country. Another singular manifestation took place, many years later, at the residence of Mr. Dods, in the village of Levant, Penobscot county, U.S. In 1834, knockings and other remarkable phenomena happened in the house of Mr. Joseph Barron, who lived in the township of Woodbridge, Newark county, which, it was thought at the time, were occasioned by electric agency. In the same year manifestations of a similar nature took place at Canandaigua, New York, and, two years later, in various parts of Pennsylvania.

But it was the affair of the Fox family that led to the attention that is now so earnestly given to spirit manifestations in America by the public generally, and by certain fashionable and literary circles in this country, to the disgust and wonder of those matter-of-fact people who declare, with charming self-abasement and a modest want of appreciation of their own personal charms, whenever ghosts and their ghostly goings-on are brought on the *tapis*, that they never saw anything worse than themselves in their lives.

In 1847, one Michael Weckman occupied a certain house in Hydesville, Arcadia, Wayne county, New York. One evening, somebody, as he imagined—but something, as it afterwards appeared—rapped furiously at the street-door.

Mr. Weekman promptly opened it to let in the expected candidate for admission. There was no one there. This happened a second time; and the wrath of the offended Weekman prompting him to take vengeance on the disturber of his domestic peace, he lurked with subtlety behind the door, with the handle in his left hand, and a hickory rod in his right, ready to give him a prompt and warm reception. Again the knocking rattled and reverberated through the passage; out rushed the outraged Michael, and saw—nothing; whereon he carefully bolted and locked himself into his dwelling, and, doubtless, quieted his shattered nerves with an extra allowance of something hot before he courted “nature’s sweet restorer.”

Soon after he gave up the house, and, on December 11th in the same year, John D. Fox and his family took possession. In the following March they were astonished to hear knockings in one of the bedrooms, accompanied by the movement of the chairs. After two or three days, becoming alarmed, they called in some of their neighbours, who were as much astounded as they were. A few nights elapsed, and Miss Catherine Fox, growing accustomed to the unwonted sounds, snapped her fingers in an attempt to imitate the noise; her efforts were promptly copied by the rapping agency. Her elder sister, Margaretta, then fifteen, clapping her hands together, told it to do as she did; the number of strokes was instantly and correctly given. Mrs. Fox then desired it to rap out the ages of her children. This was also done; and at last she told it if it were a spirit that caused these noises, to rap twice. Two raps were given. Subsequent inquiries elicited that the rapper was the spirit of a man aged thirty-one, that he had been injured in that house, and that his remains were buried somewhere under the dwelling.

Mrs. Fox then asked if it would spell out the name it bore when on earth, if she called over the letters of the alphabet. Five quick raps were immediately given, which is the ordinary way in which the spirits now ask for the alphabet when they have any communication to make. The name of the knocker was then found to be Charles Rayn, and it was soon ascertained that Charles Rayn in the flesh had been murdered in the house and buried in the cellar. The cellar was searched soon after, but no bones were found.

Margaretta Fox then went on a visit to Rochester, to stay with a widowed sister, Mrs. Fish, and the knockings were heard in her sister’s dwelling and in other houses in Rochester. Catherine Fox about the same time went to Auburn, New York, and there the knockings were also heard.

Very shortly after, an account of these doings crept into the columns of the New York papers. A committee of gentlemen was appointed to investigate the matter, and a committee of ladies assisted them, who had a private *séance* and examination of the Misses Fox, with unlimited right of search. The ladies declared their inability to discover any natural causes for the sounds, or that the girls were in any way instrumental in producing them; the gentlemen endorsed their report; and a subsequent investigation at New York produced the following from Mr. Horace Greeley, the editor of the *New York Weekly Tribune*:—

“We vouch for the perfect honesty and good faith of the Fox family. There we stop, awaiting more evidence. That some influence outside and unconnected with the volition of the family causes these manifestations, we are confident. What that is we have yet to be assured. The ladies say that they are informed that this is but the beginning of a new era, or economy, in which spirits clothed

in flesh are to be more closely and palpably connected with those which have put on immortality—that the ‘manifestations’ have already appeared in other families, and are destined to be diffused and rendered clearer, until all who will may communicate freely and beneficially with their friends who have ‘shuffled off this mortal coil.’”

During the year 1849 the progress of the manifestations was slow but sure; but in 1850, and the two following years, the movement spread throughout the States with such extraordinary rapidity that it was calculated that, at the end of that period, there were no less than 30,000 media in the United States, and that 300 at least were doing a very good business as such in Philadelphia.

Among the most notable of these was Mrs. Bushnell, whose fame as a medium was thoroughly established at Cincinnati in 1850. She was a clairvoyant of celebrity, and, therefore, was well fitted to become a channel of communication between this wicked world and the world of spirits. At one remarkable *séance* she correctly described people whom she had never seen, and she gave an account of the illness and death of the brother of one of the gentlemen present, who was absent from home on a journey, even describing certain things he had with him with surpassing accuracy, as it was afterwards found. But stranger things even than these happened, and gentlemen of repute and credit who witnessed them bore willing witness to the truth of all they saw and heard.

An extraordinary manifestation took place in 1850 in the house of Dr. Phelps, a Presbyterian minister at Stratford, Connecticut. Articles of dress were removed from various parts of the house with lightning rapidity, and wreathed into figures with remarkable artistic skill, in what was consequently termed by the family “the phantom chamber.” Shawls, caps, and dresses, that had been seen in their proper places a minute before, were constantly found to be removed instantaneously to this chamber of wonders, the door of which was kept carefully locked, and twisted into a marvellous resemblance to the human figure. His son was lifted bodily from the floor and carried across the room. Hair-brushes, candlesticks, and tumblers were *seen* to dash against the window-panes, without visible agency, and shiver them into a thousand pieces. But enough has been said. It is needless to dwell on further instances, or to dwell on the undoubted facts that heavy tables were lifted from the ground and turned in such a manner that their surfaces presented an angle of more than forty-five degrees to the horizon, heavy lamps and other articles remaining steadily in their places without falling off; and that Mr. Home, a medium of great power and a clairvoyant, was repeatedly raised into the air by invisible agency, and remained suspended there for two or three minutes, at the house of a gentleman of the name of Cheney, residing at Manchester, U.S.

The media soon began to resolve themselves into classes: there were seeing media, hearing media, writing media, drawing media, and even media who possessed the singular power of emitting from the tips of their fingers delicate floral odours. Communications in prose and verse, good, bad, and indifferent, were received from the spirits of persons who had sat in high places when on earth, as statesmen, poets, and philosophers. Much of all this undoubtedly belongs to the inordinate quantity of chaff and husks of spiritualism that Mr. Forster and his fellow-craftsmen serve up for the delectation of *gobemouches* who hunger and thirst for the marvellous are satisfied with anything; but, when all that has been heard, and said,

and done has been winnowed by careful and impartial inquiry, grains of golden truth will be undoubtedly gathered up, and a key discovered that will unlock another occult secret of nature, and elicit the laws by which our connexion with the unseen world around us is governed. Yet this is certain, if some of the messages given through media of credit have been trivial and of little worth, the great majority have been healthy in tendency, enjoining Christian love and charity and purity of life, giving comfort to the mourner, healing the diseased, and convincing them that doubt.

It has been, and will be, objected that spiritualism has driven many mad. It is not so. There are, unfortunately, no statistical returns of the number of those who have become so through communication with the spirits. A few have yielded to this as the immediate exciting cause of insanity, but it has not yet obliged the Americans to annex additional wings to their lunatic asylums. Madness is a mental disease to which all who fall, sooner or later, under its influence, are predisposed, as much as predisposition to bodily disease has first existed in all who languish for a time under some sickening malady. Could we look into the origin and constitution of those demented by spiritualism, we should find that their mental organisation was such that it only required some exciting cause to deprive them of their reason, and that anything else might have been equally instrumental in overthrowing the balance of their minds, and producing a similar effect.

Despite all objections, the movement has gained ground and grown in strength during the last ten years. The malice and mendacity of Mrs. Norman Culver failed entirely to damage the reputation of her relatives, the Misses Fox, although matter-of-fact individuals threw up their hats with delight, and bellowed, *à la* Harry the Eighth, "She has got the right sow by the ear," when the scandal of the *exposé* floated across the Atlantic to sceptical England. Searching inquiry, made by men of thought and reason, instead of crushing it, has produced adherents and supporters among whom Judge Edmonds stands conspicuous, who had the manliness and courage to avow his belief as soon as he found that there were no natural means by which he could account for the wondrous marvels he heard and saw.

### STILL TO BE NEAT.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest  
As though you were going to a feast;  
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd,  
Lady, it is to be presumed,  
Though art's hid causes are not found,  
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,  
That makes simplicity a grace;  
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;  
Such sweet neglect more taketh me  
Than all th' adulteries of art:  
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

BEN JONSON.



## THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

If there is any one part in particular of the "system" (as it is roughly called) under which we live—any one part of the "machinery" of society which more than another inspires one with contempt, it is our prison discipline. Yet, contempt apart, nothing can be more amusing than the way in which the enormous majority of people believe in it, and jumble up its base expediencies and unutterable stupidities with their notions of everlasting right. The absolute irrelevancy of the greater part of our "punishments" to the "offences" for which they are inflicted; the relation of insanity to crime; the neglects of the fortunate, from which the errors of the unfortunate so often, if not always, begin; the true relation of a man who has done a legally-recognised wrong to another man who has not; the true relation of society to a released prisoner; the true objects of legal punishment; questions whether the whole criminal scheme is not, from first to last, a blunder; and many more such matters which look as if they could not be escaped by any one reading a newspaper—do not occur to the average Englishman at all. He swallows, whole, the state of things into which he is born—boils it—without a misgiving; and thinks, in relation to crime, that a few reformatories and one Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society are really wonders of wisdom and goodness. To whom does it occur to ask what is the *just* relation of "respectable" men and women to men and women who have forfeited respectability?—to suspect the logic of shutting up the "bad" people all together within four walls and in an atmosphere of crime?—to doubt whether the whole system, from beginning to end, is not rotten and base? Probably it *does* occur to a few Utopians of to-day to ask such questions, to have such suspicions, and to harbour such doubts. Probably, also, these Utopians of to-day will be looked upon as mere humble pioneers by the practical reformers of a hundred years hence. In the meanwhile, let us get out of our prison system—as much amusement as we can, eat our bread-and-butter, and say our prayers.

*Female Life in Prison*.—By A PRISON MATRON (Hurst and Blackett)—might have been a better book, but, as it is, it contains a good deal that is, from the necessity of the case, interesting. As may be conjectured, even the iron régime of a prison is found flexible when applied to that wonderful thing, human nature, and that most wonderful of all things, female human nature. Rules are *forced* to bend, and do bend, and there is some hard winking going on in Millbank and other penitentiaries, as well as among the criminals at large, like the present writer and reader. That is one interesting fact. There is another, not unknown, in other shapes, to students of human nature; namely, that women prisoners are infinitely more unmanageable than men. They "break out" more—to use the gaol phraseology—tear up blankets, break in doors,

and do other things in order to get sent to the black hole, or the "dark," as it is called. Well, it is very easy to talk platitudes about this. Women are more "hysterical." Yes, but what is "hysterical" in the last resort, in its moral relations? How does it affect moral responsibility, and how does it stand related to *punishableness*, apart from mere disciplinableness? Because it must be borne in mind—though no one seems to remember it, or even to have thought of it—that the alternative is not between infamously and severely punishing on the one hand, and letting alone (or else making too comfortable) on the other hand. There is such a thing as *discipline*—very painful discipline—inflicted in love, and submitted to in love. But this is too large a subject to do more than hint at, and our readers will expect some idea of the contents of the volume before us.

One of the first things—the first, we believe—that a female prisoner has to submit to is the cropping of the hair. This is a great trial to every woman, and we do not hesitate to denounce it as a wicked thing in itself. You have no more right to cut off a woman's hair than you have to hang her—and that you have *not* a right to do. If she must die (which is an open question, we will admit), kill her decently, and not with a rope, in that shameful way. However, at present, women do have their heads cropped, in spite of weeping, praying, kneeling, coaxing, and other attempts to escape the shears. A common fancy of these ignorant creatures is that, if they are married, their hair belongs to their husbands, and they will often defy the "matron" to touch their heads, on that very ground! Surely the fact speaks volumes upon the whole question of the sacredness and significance of a woman's hair—without the necessity of a reference to St. Paul, who may, however, be quoted by those who please, with his emphatic appeal to "Nature herself." When the poor thing is shorn she goes off to her bath, which we hope she enjoys. Of course hair grows, however, and, in the end, hair-pins and back-combs have to be set up, and *are* set up, in spite of the "authorities." The women *will*, too, have looking-glasses; they break windows, and conceal pieces of glass, "in spite of the most rigid scrutiny." That, says the authoress, is *the rule*, and not the exception. "The possession of a trifle of this kind will often keep the worst woman patient for many weeks; the confiscation thereof will transform her to a pythoress." The great Bonnet question is also much agitated in gaols: the women hate the "poke" shape that is forced upon them, and invent new fashions in their caps—quite a series of them in the year. Once the "Director" very foolishly threatened to make the women go back to the old, ugly shape of cap, but he did not dare to execute the threat; which he had no earthly business to make.

There is a good deal of interesting matter connected with the "education," so called, that goes on in prisons. Reading in Bible-class and a writing lesson constitute almost all the school duties required of the women. Originally copy-books were given to them, until the leaves began to disappear, and to be used for furtive correspondence; latterly single sheets of paper are laid before the women, and collected at the end of school hours, the writing being, of course, duly criticised by the teachers. At one time an attempt was made to teach the elementary rules of arithmetic—an innovation which, unfortunately, proved a signal failure. It was the last feather on the camel's back, and the women would have nothing to do with such arduous mental exertion. To do them justice, the authoress says, they made the attempt; but the extraordinary answers that were returned to questions the most simple, and the shouts of laughter from the women at the blunders that were made, were subversive of good order, and often of good temper. A scene like the one we are about to give was of not unfrequent occurrence, we are told:—

"Attention, please. Twice two?"

"Four," would be responded pretty generally.

"Twice three?"

The examination was now growing difficult, and, out of twenty-five women, six or seven would venture to reply, "Six."

"Twice four?"

Dead silence follows this appeal, and is suddenly broken by one voice crying out, "Nine," at which there is a loud roar of laughter from the rest of the class.

"What are you laughing at, stupids?" this lady has heard a woman passionately exclaim; "I'll fetch one of you a bit of the mouth in a minute, if you don't stop grinning."

"Jackson, I shall report you," remonstrates the matron on the watch.

"I aint come here to be laughed at, miss, I can tell you!"

Jackson will, we are glad to learn, probably subside, if the matron be a woman of tact, and well acquainted with the humours of the prisoners.

Arithmetic having proved a failure, the teaching resolved itself again into Bible-class and writing-lesson, which has (the authoress believes) continued to this day without any change.

The old prison women are naturally more difficult to manage than the young women; and "if there were a general meeting in the school amongst the former, there would be little chance for the one matron and two school-mistresses against fifty furious prisoners"—so says this experienced lady. The old prisoners come to school with more reluctance than the young ones; often lump themselves down on the forms and open their Bibles with an impatient dab upon the desk. Occasionally it happens that a prisoner will sit down in a corner and refuse to read or write, remaining there stolid and defiant during the whole time.

"I can't stand it, miss; it only drives me silly," the woman may exclaim, in reply to her matron's reproof. "I'll be quiet here; I sha'n't do any reading to-day—catch me at it!"

Another of the old prison women will suddenly leap to her feet with a stifled exclamation, which may pass for a mild remonstrance or a muttered oath, and stride over her form indignantly.

"Miss —, I want to go back to my cell."

"Wait till schooling is over, Jones."

The woman shakes her head savagely.

"I'm sick of schooling. You'd better take me back to my cell—I shall only make a row here. Don't say I haven't given you warning."

If the woman steadily persists, for the sake of peace and quietness the matron allows her to withdraw, accompanies her to her particular ward, and locks her up in her cell. On her return to the schoolroom, the prisoners will invariably be discovered talking at the top of their voices, deaf to the reprofs of the school-mistresses, and stolidly oblivious of their presence. Quarrels have begun on the old subject of "palling in;" jealous mutterings echo from one form to another; threats of punching each other's heads, and scratching out each other's eyes, are common; and it requires all the matron's power to subdue these angry waters, and cast oil upon them, before the tempest rages forth in earnest.

During the last half-hour of "schooling," the women, weary of tuition, begin to talk and whisper together; if not too loudly, the matron, as a general rule, allows the little privilege of a gossip. But "the ways of one matron are not those of another in the schoolroom—each has her own peculiar style of management; and according to the good sense and discretion of the officer, so is there more or less discipline in school hours." This nobody will be surprised to hear. A bad officer loses half the command over her women at these times; fifty unruly natures together in one room are hard to keep quiet when books are wearisome, and blots and splashes plentiful.

Occasionally the superintendent, the deputy, or the chaplain will enter, and a general rising of the inmates of the room takes place—a few prisoners, of a sullen turn, feigning not to notice arrivals until attention is directed to their breach of courtesy by the matron in attendance. The superintendent, deputy, or chaplain having departed, after asking a few questions—perhaps on the progress of the women—the school subsides, and lessons are resumed. The time for dismissal having arrived, the schoolmistress raps the table, and the women rise, whilst she speaks the benediction used in churches—"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with us all evermore. Amen." In earlier times it was usual to substitute

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

But the women, with little reverence in their natures, and glad of an opportunity of exercising their voices, gave vent to such vociferous bawling, and such sly, wicked additions of their own to the verse, that it became necessary to discontinue singing, and use the benediction.

School over, the first twenty-five women, with as much delight as was ever evinced by a restless crowd of boys turning out of a village-

school to a breezy common, start from their forms towards the door, the matron using her best endeavours to send them out with some semblance of order. The more artful of them may, before this time, have filled their thimbles with ink, intending to make off with a small modicum of that fluid, to be used in correspondence with a "pal" in some other portion of the prison. This thimble she will carry in her hand to her cell, sometimes betraying herself by dropping the ink upon the stones, or spilling it over her dress, and, if ingenious enough to keep it concealed till dinner-time, will sink it in half her dinner loaf, and put by that half till tea-time. "Not at all hungry to-day, miss," is her excuse; "perhaps my appetite will come round by tea."

Our readers will thank us for some illustrations of what is really womanly among the better-behaved. The principal amusement of the "good conduct women" appears to be the making of remarkably tiny shoes and boots, constructed with exceeding neatness, and from materials the diversity of which is a puzzle to the officers. From innumerable bits of rags, of all shapes and colours, are these boots made by the more skilful women, and constructed with a grace of outline that renders them worth preserving as specimens of prison skill. These little boots and shoes—generally ladies' lace-up boots—are carefully padded, closed at the top, and sewed together in pairs; they are seldom more than an inch or an inch and a-half in length, and are thus handy for concealment. They are often offered as little presents from the prisoner to the matron; if they are seen in the cell, a matron of judgment will not provoke the woman by making an immediate seizure of them, although the rule of forfeiture is absolute.

"Oh, give me these, Jones! I should like them for my little niece—or sister," says the matron. And Jones brightens up with delight at once, and, happy in having the power to confer a favour, is radiant with pleasure for a week together.

The construction of small rag dolls is another source of amusement that is against the rules, but in which the women will employ themselves during the over-time after tea. In the making of these dolls they are not quite so skilful, materials being limited, and their knowledge of anatomy—even the anatomy of dolls—being imperfect to the last degree. These little dolls have extraordinarily small waists and long crane-like necks, and the outline of their features is stitched in coloured thread on the white nob that represents the head. Sometimes, it seems, the dolls are strictly *prison dolls*, with the regulation dress, apron, and cap complete, and are representatives or caricatures of "pals" in other wings. If a scrap of silk can be filched from the dress-making women, a *lady* is attempted; now and then it is a servant, standing on a flat piece of card with a broom in her hand, the handle a splinter of the table, perhaps, and the bristles abstracted from the cell-broom. If the doll be intended as a present, great care is taken with the capillary decorations, and from the worker's own head will be shorn sufficient hair

to give effect to the *tout ensemble*! But they are ugly specimens of art at the best, and the immense mouth that is marked in red cotton, under the long black line significant of the nose, gives a gail-bird look to the whole of them, which a disinterested observer is more quick to perceive than those who have been working under difficulties, and in fear of detection, for a week at least. This excellent matron-authoress tells of one woman, with a taste for juggling, making a series of small balls from "ravellings" of her work, and practising in her cell the art of flinging these balls from one to the other with a success at which any professional mountebank might have gnashed his teeth with envy.

Crochet, again, we are told, is often practised, *sub rosa*, by the prisoners. A woman will begin slowly to accumulate a store of prison cotton for the purpose, concealing it in the interior of her bed, perhaps, until time allows her an opportunity of commencing; or else beginning at once, and concealing her work each day. In spite of the cell being searched once a week, the woman will often contrive to evade detection of her hidden store. A crochet-hook is formed out of a hair-pin or needle; and a prisoner skilful in the art will turn out a neat and perfect specimen of work. If she be attached to her matron, which is very often the case, the woman will suddenly thrust it in her hands when completed.

"What's this for?" is the exclamation.

"It's for you."

"But I must not take it—it's against the rules."

"Burn it, then."

"But this is prison cotton. I ought to report you."

"Do if you like!"

But it is not reported, in nine cases out of ten—the antimacassar or the d'Oyley is quietly destroyed, and the case, with all its extenuating circumstances, communicated to the principal matron, or consigned to oblivion, as judgment may dictate. A few of these prisoners' efforts to evince their affection to the matron in charge are very embarrassing to the officer. It is very hard to report a woman for working weeks or months to make some little present on the officer's birthday—the date of which she has managed artfully to elicit—but it seems to be a dangerous secret for the matron to keep, and may peril her position. And it must not be forgotten that, after all, women of this class are *not to be trusted*, notwithstanding all their manifestations of affection; in the event of a "break out," they will seek to bring the officer into trouble even respecting presents received from themselves; a little cloud no bigger than the hand will turn most of them into enemies, who will vow war to the death, should the chance be offered them! This is, of course, what might be expected from coarse natures of either sex; but it is not to be denied that women, in general, think a quarrel puts a natural end to good faith.

The book, as our readers will see, is full of very readable matter, and we should like to see it in a second edition.

## THE FASHIONS.

DRESSMAKERS are now beginning to be busy, preparing toilets for the sea-side or for travelling; and at no previous season do we recollect such sensible and useful costumes as are now being arranged for the above purposes. Dresses and paletôts, or *sauces-en-barque*, both made of the same material, are universally adopted for morning wear at the sea-side, or for travelling; and these, accompanied by *turned-down* hats, gloves with gauntlets, tiny collars and cravats, and boots of the same colour as the dress, form what the French would call *une toilette ravissante*.

The material most in vogue for these dresses and paletôts is called *toile de lin*—a kind of glossy gingham—and is a fabric that washes and wears very nicely. To give our readers an idea of the appearance of the dress when complete, we must refer them to our Supplemental Fashion Plate issued with this number of our Magazine, where they will see one of the most charming sea-side costumes that has been invented this season.

Braiding seems to be the favourite trimming for washing dresses, such as piqué, Swiss cambrics, *toile de lin*, &c.; and even white muslins are being ornamented in the same manner.

Sometimes the braiding design is carried rather high up the skirt, to imitate a *double skirt*; sometimes up the front *en tablier*; and, again, a pretty scroll just above the hem. However, braiding is now so fashionable that it matters little how the device be arranged, but the paletôt, or *sauce-en-barque*, that is worn with it, must always be ornamented to correspond.

Piqué dresses, in buff or white, are being made with short cut-away jackets, little waist-coats, and plain braided skirts. For out-door wear this costume is completed by a scarf, braided to correspond, or by a short paletôt.

The Greek pattern still continues one of the favourite designs for braiding. Rings interlaced also form a very pretty and effective, and quickly-executed, braiding pattern; using, in these cases, broad braid for the purpose.

Toilets composed entirely of white are in great favour this year; and white muslins, embroidered in relief with stars, sprigs, flowers, &c., seem almost as much in demand as the coloured muslins. A great variety may be made in the arrangement of white dresses by altering the colour of the trimming. Coloured silk ruching is very much used as a trimming for white muslin dresses, as well as black lace; and, with a coloured sash tied behind, or, rather, knotted behind (for bows are scarcely necessary for this style of sash), to match the shade of the ruching, forms a pretty style of dress for a summer *toilette habillée*.

We will describe one we saw at La Maison Gagein, in Paris, and which would serve either for a morning or evening dress. The material of which it was composed was clear white muslin, embroidered in large, *very much raised* dots, and was made with the skirt trimmed with one

founce at the bottom, about nine inches wide, ornamented with a row of black lace, and headed by a mauve silk ruching. The body was low, and the sleeves reached only to the elbow, for evening wear, and, for a dressy morning toilet, was covered by a most dainty little muslin Zouave, with demi-closed sleeves, and a half-square of muslin, trimmed with black lace, headed by a *ruche*. This toilet was simple and elegant to a degree, and a lady could arrange one herself like it with very little difficulty.

The embroidered muslin Zouave is made very short, and forms a pretty style of covering for a coloured silk dress with a low body, and has a cool and comfortable appearance at this season of the year.

Two silk dresses coming from the same establishment must not pass unnoticed. One was a magnificent black glacé silk, trimmed at the bottom with a broad band of *azuline* blue silk, bordered on each side by a braiding design in black. On the black silk, just above the band of blue, another braiding design was arranged in *blue* braid. The skirt was, of course, very much gored; the body was made with a round waist; and the sleeves, not very large, were arranged with a deep turned-back cuff in blue, braided to correspond with the skirt.

The other dress, of pale green glacé silk, was even prettier than the one we have just described. It was made with nine tiny founces at the bottom of the skirt, put on in three series. Each of the founces was braided in a small Greek pattern, in narrow black silk Russia braid; and between every series of founces a larger Greek design in broader braid was arranged. This skirt is new, and extremely stylish. The sleeves were cut with a seam down the back, and were open to the elbow. Two rows of braided frilling were carried round the sleeve and up the opening; and the third row was continued quite to the top of the sleeve, where it was put in the armhole. Two long ends of silk, also braided, were worn behind, secured to a braided band, made slightly pointed in front, like the Medici *ceintures*.

Nearly all dress sleeves this season are made with a seam at the elbow, and a turned-back cuff, projecting an inch or two beyond the seam of the sleeve at the bottom. Black lace and lace rosettes are very much used as a sleeve trimming for silk and grenadine dresses, and silk ruches are much in favour for the purpose.

Self-coloured *mousseline-de-laine*, such as lavender, grey, drab, or *azuline* blue, is being much worn both for ladies' and children's dresses. This material is now dyed in such beautiful shades, so pure and bright, that, for morning dresses, it has become very popular. It is nice cool wear, and is inexpensive.

The prettiest and most suitable way of making these dresses is with a plain or *slightly* full body (according to the figure), the new

bishop sleeve, closed at the wrist, trimmed with rows of silk ruffles, and a pleating of silk ribbon, one and a-half to two inches wide, *placed quite at the bottom of the skirt, below the braid.* A pointed silk band in front, and two ends of pinked silk worn behind, give a pretty finish to the dress.

The garment we saw made in this style was of a pretty warm shade of fawn or grey, with the quilling ruffles, sash, and buttons down the front of the body in silk matching *exactly* the shade of the dress.

Grenadine dresses, with large circular cloaks made of the same material, are very popular; the latter being trimmed with a silk ruche all round, and no other ornament whatever, unless it be a small piece of gimp, with a tassel or rosette, to confine the pleats somewhat at the back. These cloaks on tall figures are extremely elegant.

Among the more recent garments that have appeared for out-door wear we may mention the *rotonde camail*, a kind of short cloak made of black cashmere. It is sometimes trimmed with two deep rows of lace, the upper row being *laid flat* on the cashmere, and the lower row forming a frill at the bottom, the lace for this row being slightly pulled on. Between the two rows of lace, to form a kind of heading, a handsome gimp trimming is generally introduced. This cloak may be made in black silk, and is one of the most stylish outer garments we know of for walking toilet, especially when worn with silk, *barège*, Chambéry gauze, foulard, or grenadine dresses.

There are two styles of HAT which seem to be equally in favour this season—one, the sailor's hat, with straight brim; the other, the turned-down, or bell-shaped hat, with rather flat crown. The former seem to be very popular, and are sometimes trimmed with a row of tiny feathers hanging all round the brim. The latter are ornamented in a variety of ways, but generally with a *large bunch of feathers or flowers placed quite in the front.* Field flowers, which are now so beautifully imitated, are generally chosen when this style of trimming is preferred; if feathers are selected they should be small, and grouped together in a tuft, and placed quite in the front.

A great revolution has taken place in the *chaussure* of ladies, which, generally speaking, admits of but little variety. For the black SHOE or BOOT, which used to be worn on nearly all occasions, coloured ones are substituted, to accord nicely with the dress with which they are worn. For house shoes we have noticed some, made with high heels, in blue, violet, scarlet, and green morocco. These are generally worn with silk or cotton stockings spotted with the colour of the morocco. Black boots are being worn with scarlet heels, and scarlet rosettes in front, but, of course, only on occasions when a dressy toilet is required. *We need scarcely tell our readers that a boot of this description would scarcely be suitable for ordinary wear.*

SWISS BODIES, made in white muslin, covered to a certain height with silk behind and before, and trimmed with ruffles, are likely to be much worn during the coming summer. The silk

body is cut pointed at the top, sloped on each side to the arm-holes, where it is finished off by silk shoulder-straps. This kind of toilet is particularly suited to young people. Black silk or velvet, made up over the muslin, is very stylish, and, in these materials, may be worn with any coloured skirt.

HEADDRESSES are, to a certain extent, disappearing, unless for *full evening toilette*, and combs, secured in massive plaits behind, seem to have taken their place. These combs are now made in such variety that no lady will find any difficulty in getting one to suit the colour of her hair. Combs, with tortoiseshell knobs, and elaborate steel, gilt, and silver tops, are amongst the most fashionable kinds; and these tops are now made with a hinge on one side, so that they may be pressed closely against the plait, or stand out a little, whichever the wearer may prefer.

Wreaths for the hair are now seldom or rarely seen; flowers are placed in tiny bunches here and there, and, when the hair is much frizzed, have a much prettier appearance than the large heavy wreaths which have so long continued in favour.

Long sprays of flowers, falling on one side, and a coronet or bunch for the front, are much used instead of wreaths, and, for bridal coiffures, are extremely elegant. The hair *ornamented* in this manner has a graceful, informal appearance which it is almost impossible to obtain with a wreath; and, as formality in the matters of the toilet is always to be avoided, we think this arrangement is likely to meet with a great degree of favour.

A favourite trimming for Leghorn and white straw hats, both for ladies and children, is black lace. This is tastefully arranged round the hat with a bunch of flowers in front, and a smaller bunch behind. Lace lappets are sometimes used for the purpose, and sometimes blonde edged with lace, either black or white, or a mixture of both. We have seen many round hats, almost the shape of the sailor's hat, trimmed with lace and flowers in this style, and on children and young girls they look remarkably pretty. Long ends whether of lace or ribbon, generally ornament the hat behind.

The pagoda-shaped PARASOLS may be ranked amongst the novelties as far as this portion of a lady's toilet is concerned. They are stylish-looking, and, to be quite in character with the pagoda shape, are seldom trimmed. We have seen several in checked silk, with broad bands all round of plain silk or satin; others in plain glacé silk, with spotted and checked borders; but they are all made without any *fussy* trimming. For occasions when a full-dress parasol is required, nothing is so suitable and *distingué* as black or white lace, made up over a bright-coloured or white parasol.

Now the travelling season is coming on, it may not be out of place to mention the very convenient and portable UMBRELLAS that are now being so much used. These umbrellas are made to fold, and are sometimes worn suspended from the waistband, and, when rolled up and secured, are not larger than the smallest parasol. They are exceedingly light, and *answer the purpose*, for travelling, of either an

umbrella or parasol, and, being so small, may easily be carried in the hand-bag. Surely these tidy, convenient little articles are preferable to the long umbrellas, which, somehow or other, always seem to be in the way when rolled up with shawls, wraps, and rugs.

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE COLOURED PLATE.

**EXHIBITION TOILET.**—The bonnet is composed of white chip, with a soft mauve silk crown, and curtain of the same material. A plume of mauve feathers ornaments the top of the chapeau, and is arranged to curl over the front, and to form a portion of the bandeau. A quilled blonde cap and white strings complete the bonnet inside. The dress is of glacé silk, of a pretty shade of green, trimmed with black silk ruchings. The body and skirt are made in one, the former being cut high behind, and open in front, with revers which cross one another slightly, something like a double-breasted coat. The revers are trimmed with ruching, which is carried to the waist, and then again to the bottom of the skirt. The body is fastened by means of black silk buttons, these being also carried down the front of the skirt. Four tiny black frills, each one about one and a-half to two inches in width, are placed closely together at the bottom of the dress, then a space of green, and again two ruches of the same width as those at the bottom, the whole forming a new and not expensive trimming. The shawl is made of double muslin with rounded ends, and is trimmed with lace and black silk ruching, and embroidered in black in graduated dots. The edge of the shawl is scalloped, and the lace is slightly full on. Care must be taken not to put the lace on with too much fulness, as then the beauty of the pattern cannot be seen; but, on the other hand, sufficient fulness must be allowed to prevent the lace from being drawn and puckered. A square of white llama or grenadine would have an equally pretty effect as the muslin, and would be more durable. These shawls are very expensive articles to purchase ready made, but if a lady will take the trouble to embroider and trim one herself, she may arrange it for about half the sum she would have to give for it complete, and a better lace could be obtained. The embroidered dots may be easily accomplished by working them over and over in medium-sized purse silk. We may here mention that the green dress illustrated in this figure may be made with a body and pleated skirt, like an ordinary dress, when the mode we have just described is not liked. Arranged in this manner, the body would still have a very stylish appearance.

**COUNTRY OR SEA-SIDE TOILET.**—The hat is composed of Leghorn, with a flat crown trimmed in front with a handsome bunch of artificial wild flowers, terminating in sprays on each side. The brim is edged with lace, which serves as a protection to the face, besides being very becoming. The dress is made of a material that is now extremely fashionable, and very elegant—white grenadine, sprigged with mauve.

It is made with a low lining and high body, buttoned to the throat, over which a fichu is worn, crossed in front, and terminating in two long rounded cords behind, forming a kind of sash.

The body is plain, and the sleeves are very full, confined at the bottom by a band just large enough for the hand to slip through, and trimmed with two mauve silk frills. The top edge of the fichu is ornamented with a cross-way band of silk, and the bottom by a frill to correspond with the rest of the dress. The bottom of the skirt is finished off by three bands of mauve silk, placed at intervals, and headed by two silk frills, laid slightly over one another. The width of the bands of silk at the bottom is one inch, the distance between the bands and frills four to five inches, and the width of each frill is two and a-half inches. A small turned-down collar and black cravat are worn with this toilet.

Full-sized paper patterns, tacked together and trimmed, of the dresses illustrated in this plate, may be had of Madame Adolphe Goubaud, 248, Strand, London, W.C., at the following prices:—

	s.	d.
Green Glacé Silk Dress, body and Skirt in one, complete .....	5	6
Body with Revers .....	2	0
Ditto, including Sleeve .....	3	6
Sprigged Grenadine Dress, including Skirt, Body, Sleeves, and Fichu .....	5	0
Body, Sleeve, and Peterline .....	2	6
A flat pattern is given with each article.		

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE COLOURED PATTERN.

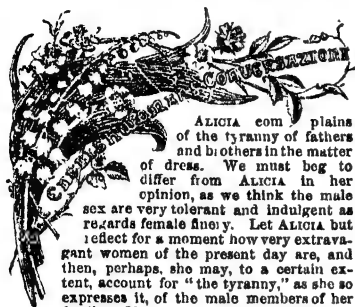
DESIGN FOR A SOFA-PILLOW, FOOTSTOOL, OR CORNER FOR TAB E-COVER BORDERS.

Our design is suitable for working any of the above-mentioned articles, either in single or double Berlin wool. For the footstool or table-cover border single wool should be used, and for a pillow double wool is the most suitable, as the work would not be sufficiently large for the latter purpose if executed in single wool. The shades should be selected of the brightest possible colours, and all the gold portions of the pattern should be done in filloselle, to give the work a richer appearance.

For a small pillow, sixteen inches square, suitable for an arm-chair, our pattern will be found to work sufficiently large in single wool, using appropriate canvass.

To give a little variety to the pattern, all the roses may be worked in different colours for the different corners. For instance, working the pattern as it is for the 1st corner, a dark crimson and a yellow rose for the 2nd, a white and red rose for the 3rd, and a dark yellow and white for the 4th. In this way the pattern may be very much varied.

The price of materials sufficient to work a footstool in single wool is 2s. 6d., or 3s. 6d. if filloselle be used. These may be had of Mrs. Wilcockson, 44, Goudge-street, Tottenham-court-road, London, W. The postage of the materials is 6d.



ALICIA complains of the tyranny of fathers and brothers in the matter of dress. We must beg to differ from ALICIA in her opinion, as we think the male sex are very tolerant and indulgent as regards female finery. Let ALICIA but reflect for a moment how very extravagant women of the present day are, and then, perhaps, she may, to a certain extent, account for "the tyranny," as she so expresses it, of the male members of her family. If ALICIA had been a woman of the seventeenth, instead of the nineteenth, century, her complaints would not have been without foundation. We are alluding to several curious restrictions concerning ladies' dress which were made by the Puritan emigrants to America; and the following extract from Brook's "History of Medford" will prove how tightly the reins were obliged to be held, so far as the government of the ladies was concerned:—

"It appears that the people of Massachusetts, more than two centuries ago, were obliged to enforce several severe laws, to prevent the ladies of their community from dressing extravagantly. These singular public exposures make it evident that the puritanical fathers of the colony did not, when fashion was concerned, have that deference shown to their wishes which they required, and hence their law on this subject, which is thus recorded in the legal acts of the time. Under date of September 3rd, 1634, the General Court made the following decree:—'That no person, either man or woman, shall hereafter make or buy any apparel, either woollen, silk, or linen, with any laces on it, silver, gold, silk, or thread, under the penalty of forfeiture of the said clothes. Also all gold or silver girdles, hat-bands, bolts, ruffs, beaver hats, are prohibited. Also immoderate great sleeves, slashed apparel, immoderate great ruffles, longwing, &c.' The legislators of the colony having thus effectually prevented extravagance of dress in their wives and daughters, next turned their attention to the framing of a law for the prohibition of garments beyond a certain length and width. On September 9th, 1639, the General Court decreed:—'Hereafter, no garment shall be made with short sleeves, whereby the nakedness of the arm shall be discovered in the wearing thereof; and, hereafter, no person whatever shall make any garment for women, or any of their sex, with sleeves more than half an ell wide in the widest part thereof, and so proportionately for bigger or smaller persons.'" Think of this, ALICIA! and make a little allowance for the complaints of your father and husband, which may, after all, not be quite groundless.

SERAPHINE writes to ask:—"What is the smallest sized waist known?" as if a small waist were considered to be a physical beauty. We have not seen the size of the smallest waist recorded, but we should think 15½ inches, which SERAPHINE says is the size of her waist, absurd dimensions for any one with the least pretence to a good figure. We would remind SERAPHINE that a small waist does not constitute one of the features of a perfect form. Far from it; for let it be remembered that the Medici Venus is considered the most beautiful figure of a woman ever yet seen, and the waist is 23½ inches round—7½ inches larger than SERAPHINE'S. If we had not SERAPHINE'S word for it, that she did not tighten, we should say that she must have endured many hours of misery and wretchedness in consequence of trying to alter her natural figure by compressing it into so very small a compass. Let

SERAPHINE remember Rousseau's words—"Gracefulness cannot subsist without ease; delicacy is not debility; nor must a woman be sick in order to please." It may not, perhaps, be too late to repair the injury she has done to her constitution; but take our advice; don't cultivate a small waist. It is not pretty, neither is it one of the attributes of a good figure. If SERAPHINE wishes to enjoy good health, and preserve the beauty of her complexion, let her avoid tight lacing.

A CORRESPONDENT has written to us for directions as to the proper method of washing hair-brushes, an operation that requires much care if the brushes are to be preserved hard, and in good order. We all know that hot water and soap very soon soften the hairs, and rubbing completes their destruction. The following method we have tried, and found it answer admirably:—Dissolve a piece of soda about the size of a large walnut in two pints of hot water, pour the water into a basin, and dip the brush up and down in the water (without letting the water touch the back), until all traces of dirt are removed, using no friction whatever. Shake the brush well after rinsing it in a little clear cold water, wipe the back and handle with a soft cloth, and put the brush to drain in a shady spot. In cold, damp weather the brush may be allowed to dry on the corner of the fender, provided there be not too large a fire. Clothes-brushes may be cleansed in the same manner.

VIATOR.—A dilemma—a logical dilemma—has been described as a verbal checkmate. Aristotle, wishing to refute the opinion of Protagoras, who maintained that there was nothing true in the world, argued thus:—"Your proposition is either true or false; if it is false, we are not, of course, bound to believe it. If it is true, there is such a thing as truth in the world, and, consequently, your proposition is false."

J. E. H.—The pretty little plant sent to us is merely the common wood-sorrel (*Oxalis acetosella*), adorned with petals of an unusual colour. We have met with purple and blue flowers on this plant in several parts of Britain, and some dried specimens are among the most precious treasures of our herbarium. Though rare, the richly-coloured oxalis is known to most collectors, and is mentioned in the best botanical works. The yellow oxalis, found in Devon and Cornwall, is a distinct species, and is known under the botanical name of *Oxalis corniculata*.

## NOTICE.

The SHILLING EDITION comprises, besides the contents of this Magazine, an 8-page Supplement, containing illustrations of the CHEMISE RUSSE, New Stitches in Point Russe, Six Engravings of the Newest and most Fashionable Mode of Making Dresses, Hanging Sleeve, Muslin Pleth, Young Lady's Coiffure, Work-Basket Cover, Braiding Patterns, Parasol Cover in Venetian Embroidery, Knitted Square for Counterpanes, Braided Slipper, &c., with full directions for working and making the same. Also a Fashion Plate of large size, and a Photograph of the late Prince Consort.

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THE FASHIONS

Expressly designed and prepared for the

Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine



## CHAPTER XXV.

THE tiny window of the bedroom, with its thick calico curtains, admitted just enough of the tender April twilight to enable Constance to read her letter. On opening it she was surprised to find a different handwriting to that which the envelope bore. A sickening apprehension crept over her as she saw how blotted and illegible it was, and made her read hurriedly—

"MY DEAR NIECE,

"The doctor's eye is on my pen, and I am timed whilst I use it, therefore expect little from me, much, ah! much as I owe you. Had your letter come to me a few hours ago I might have helped you, and in doing so been spared this wretchedness I feel in remembering I have allowed pride and aversion to keep me from my sister's children until the close of my life. My dear child, I am indeed alarmed at this strange step of yours. It is only knowing your father as I do that stays me from urging you with my last breath to return. I advise you not to come here for two reasons:—first, you say he knows you intended to do so; but my second reason is this—near where you are staying resides a schoolmaster, to whom my brother sent his little boy from India, paying him five years in advance. The child died before the end of one year, and the schoolmaster, being unable to return the money, offered to take another boy in his stead; but to this day the debt, which on my brother's death became mine, remains uncanceled; and I will write to him and use what means are necessary to arrange with him about taking your little brother, and you will see or hear from him immediately. I send you a trifle for present use. I am thankful indeed you are with such good people as the Vallons. John Vallon knew your mother and me well. Ask him if he forgets the Armstrongs, and tell him Jane Armstrong implores him to befriend her sister's children. My child, I can guide my pen no longer. Good bye! I will think for you and help you all I can whilst I can; but remember I am very poor; it is little I can do for you after all. Heaven bless and help you, prays

Constance read her letter twice, and then rose to her feet with the elasticity of

one who, travelling in the darkness, suddenly sees a light defining clearly the path she has been seeking. No longer was the aim of her heart a dim, hopeless thing, to be attained only by a hurrying on of weary little feet through the strange world, further and further away from where that heart so longed to rest. The blind impulse had become a possibility. The aim was to be won by work. The thought gave her wonderful strength—such strength that she, if needs be, rather than flinch from her purpose, she could and would meet *hi*, and give him again her sad, firm challenge as she had done on that February morning when he overtook them in his anger at the beginning of their pilgrimage. She sat thinking with her elbows leant on the broad window-sill till it grew too dark to see the glimmer of the yard-stones through the trees, and then, taking her letter, she found her way down-stairs and into the parlour, where the wheelwright's family had assembled for the evening.

It must here be mentioned of the wheelwright, that though, during the day-time, he left all the members of his family pretty much to their own devices, he was exceedingly particular that the evening should find them in as high a state of civilisation as was compatible with existing circumstances. The parlour was kept under lock and key all day; but in the evening, when he came in from his gardening, the wheelwright, divesting himself of his boots outside the door, unlocked it himself, and placed a bouquet of fresh flowers on the polished table, lit the oil-lamp, and took down a well-bound book or two from the bookshelf of stained deal which Kit had made, and distributed them about the room, pausing from time to time, with his head on one side, to notice the effect. In times gone by, when this parlour was pervaded by the light of two golden heads, and the prattling of two little tongues, now silent, the wheelwright often fancied himself in a land of beauty and music such as Christopher sometimes read of in the Eastern tales. When these heads, and all the hopes with which he had encompassed them, as he watched them, week by week, rising a little higher than the table, had been laid to rest in the cold earth, the parlour was shut up for awhile. But it was not many days before the wheelwright's boots were seen outside the door again, and his fresh flowers on the table; for, as the patriarchs of old made acknowledgment of the mercy of their God towards them by sacrifices more or less costly, so it even had been his wont to make this room a shrine on which to display, in humble gratitude, the extent of his prosperity.

It was here the Vallons were assembled, when Constance came down with her letter, engaged in their several occupations. The wheelwright was reading his newspaper on one side of the fire, and his wife sat opposite in her neatest array, rocking the baby to sleep; Christopher was reading, and Grandfather Vallon sat at the end of the table mending his fiddle, which he was obliged to keep on a tea-board, together with his tools, for fear of scratching the bright table. 'Duke, who had come in tired from an excursion with Aaron, had fallen asleep with his head on the wheelwright's knee.

Constance slipped quietly in, and sat down by Mrs. Vallon. Every one was anxious, yet every one forbore to question her concerning the letter she held. The room was silent for some minutes, except, indeed, that now and then Grandfather Vallon would make his chair creak and startle the baby, and draw upon himself a warning gaze from the brown eyes of his daughter-in-law, or perhaps let one of his tools fall on the table, and make the wheelwright say, reproachfully—"Have

a care, father! have a care! He wants a bigger teaboard, Eppie." And Eppie would frown, and raise her eyebrows, and say she "hadn't patience!" Poor Mrs. Vallon, she had a sweet temper, but that sweet temper was sorely tried by her father-in-law, and the wheelwright had often much ado in keeping their warfare from destroying his domestic peace. He could have provided for the old gentleman elsewhere, but wisely reflecting that every woman, even one as sweet-tempered as his wife, "must let out her spirit on somebody," and that no one would have borne it so quietly as his father, he came to the conclusion that things had best remain as they were.

"Am I to read it out, my dear?" asked the wheelwright, as Constance, moved by a sudden impulse, put the letter in his hand.

"If you please, Uncle Vallon," said she, for uncle was the name by which he had taught his little guests to call him.

And Uncle Vallon took the letter and read it slowly and feelingly, while Christopher laid down his book, and grandfather paused with his spectacles on his nose to listen. After the reading of the letter a silence ensued, which was broken by grandfather's remarking it was "werry deep"—his usual verdict to anything he could not understand, or that sounded rather dreary.

"Poor soul!" said the wheelwright, after a time; "I'm sorry for her, from my heart, I am. Such a family for pride there never was as those Armstrongs; and I suppose Miss Jane, being the last of 'em, has had the whole weight o' the family pride upon her till she can't stand under it. Poor soul! poor soul!"

"To think on her rememberin' o' you, Jack!" said grandfather, a little proudly.

Mrs. Vallon looked round at him sharply.

"Rememberin'? and what o' that? When anybody's mother's been in a family the time his was in hers, I should think anybody had a call to be remembered, father."

"So they have, Eppie," acquiesced the old gentleman, with wonderful good-humour. "Yes, they ought to remember you, Jack, for your mother lived amongst 'em goin' on for thirty year, and she caught the rheumatic fit as carried her off through goin' up every night to nuss the old gentleman when his head got light all along of his daughter a-marryin' a——"

He was stopped by seeing Mrs. Vallon shaking her head at him with great vehemence, and frowningly directing his attention to Constance, who was listening with a pale face. To show that he understood the hint, he added, with a wink—

"Along of his daughter a-marryin' a foreigner."

"Go along," said the wheelwright, who had noticed nothing of this by-play.

"What are you thinkin' on, father? None o' the Armstrongs married a foreigner."

Grandfather winked with all his might as he said—

"Yes, yes; you know, you know—Miss Ada."

Mrs. Vallon glanced at Constance, and saw that she had understood but too well that it was her mother of whom they talked, and felt as if she should like to box grandfather's venerable ears for his pains.

"It's a strange thing," said she, "that some people can't open their mouths without making mischief. I never feel so, but I know whose family it runs in."

"Come, come, Eppie," said the wheelwright, soothingly, "you musn't be hard on father; he don't mean harm."

It happened, most unfortunately, that Grandfather Vallon's next move by no means proved a confirmation of this assurance, being to try the mended strings of his fiddle, and thereby producing a noise which set everybody's teeth on edge, and woke the baby, which Mrs. Vallon had just got to sleep. Snatching it up, she sat in the rocking-chair and began to rock furiously, darting any but approving glances at the old gentleman, who, pleased with his repairs, flourished his fiddlestick and struck off tremulously into "Kitty of the Clyde."

"There's *some* women," cried Mrs. Vallon, raising her voice above the music as the baby opened its round eyes wide, and would insist on poking its little night-capped head under her arm to stare at grandfather—"there's *some* women as don't know how grateful they oughter be for blessin's as others haven't got; and I may say—though, goodness knows, I've never known it since I've been married—but I may say, a woman's greatest blessin' is not to have her husband's relations sat down about the place, scrapitin' and tweedlin', while a child's cutting its back teeth!"

Mrs. Vallon, on finishing her speech, sat silent and trembling, for she knew her husband would be greatly pained by it. To speak thus was a length she seldom went to, and she bit her lip with vexation at having so forgotten herself. She hoped the old man would answer her snappishly, as he did sometimes, but instead of that he looked at her in pained surprise, and was silent; and presently she saw him lay his violin away in its place on the shelf, and then he came and sat down by his son, rubbing his hands, and looking into the fire with a white and dreary face. The tears ran down her own as she looked at it. Giving the baby to Constance, she went and laid her hand on the old man's shoulder, and her cheek on his bald head, and said—

"Don't be aggrieved, father; I didn't mean what I said; and I'm so sorry. Play us another tune, please, as baby's awake now. Shall I get the fiddle down?"

But he shook his head as he glanced at the corner shelf on which the fiddle lay, and said—

"Not now, Eppie—not now."

She sat down, a little impatient that he did not show a more full forgiveness, forgetting that age paralyses emotions as well as limbs, and pain and joy cannot be banished or summoned by circumstance, but come or go with slow, halting steps that leave deep prints behind them.

"Come," said the wheelwright, after a long, painful pause, "we must all lay our heads together, and think what'll be the best to do in this matter. Come, we want your advice too, father. Do you recollect the school little Armstrong was sent to?"

Grandfather Vallon did not, his recollections being of a former generation of Armstrongs; and the wheelwright continued, turning to Constance—

"Well, my dear, all I know of it is, that it's a very respectable school, though, to be sure, Mr. Summerfield doesn't visit much among the gentlefolks in these parts; but I won't say he's any the worse for that. He isn't a pleasant-looking man, I must say; but beauty's only skin deep, you know, and what's a man's skin if his heart's all right?"

"I met him this morning," said Kit, "upon the Downs with his school, walking, as usual, with his hat stuck at the back of his head, holding a little boy by each hand, and giving a hop and a skip every now and then."

"Ay," continued his father, "Summerfield has a very nice, pleasant, free sort

o' way with his boys; it does one good to see him out a-walking with 'em. His boys don't walk in a file, not they; there they are, all straggling round him, so sociable and family-like, and he leans first on one's shoulder and then another's, and chats to 'em like a father. It was a bad look-out for Summerfield, that affair of young Armstrong's was."

"Why, Uncle Vallon?" asked Constance, in a whisper, that 'Duke, who kept moving uneasily in his sleep, might not hear. "What became of my cousin, then?"

The wheelwright laid his finger on his lips, for 'Duke was now wide awake, and, it being near supper time, Mrs. Vallon went into the kitchen to lay the cloth, calling grandfather after her, and Kit and his father filled and lighted their pipes, and went for a turn in the garden, that the two children might be alone to talk over their changed fortunes.

But it was Constance alone who talked. With 'Duke's head in her lap, she twined the curls that shone like gold in the fire-light round and round her fingers, and, while her heart was faint and sick at the thoughts of parting from what alone made her exile endurable, she spoke with such a strong, hopeful voice in the child's ear that his face began to flush, and his blue eyes to kindle, as he listened, and thought that the future she pictured for him might really be worth a struggle, even going to school, to attain. At all events, he would tell Aaron first thing to-morrow morning, and ask his advice.

An hour later, when the wheelwright was locking up, and when, as he thought, every one was in bed, he heard a soft footstep coming down-stairs, and, looking round, saw Constance. Her candle had gone out, and she came to get another. Uncle Vallon went into the kitchen with her, and, while he was lighting one for her, she said—

"I wish you would tell me, Uncle Vallon, what it is they say about Mr. Summerfield and my little cousin. Do they say he treated him unkindly?"

"My dear, I wish I hadn't said anything to you about it," answered the wheelwright, sitting down by the empty grate, and twirling the candlestick round and round on his knee. "If it's going to make you uncomfortable about your little brother, who, I make no doubt, 'll get on there very well, as I say, I'm sorry I ever said anything about it to you; but now you come to right out asking, why, I suppose I'd better tell you the story—so far as I know it, that is."

Constance sat down on the little wooden stool by the fireplace, and Uncle Vallon, accompanied by the chirping of the crickets, began to tell little Armstrong's story.

"You see, my dear," he said, still twirling the candlestick, and fixing his eyes intently on a scratch on the rim, as though he found it of particular assistance to his memory, and must keep it in view as much as possible, without ceasing to twirl the candlestick round—"you see, my dear, it's so uncommon seldom that anything happens in these parts to talk about, that when the Peeler's Pond folk *do* get hold of a story they pull it about and wear it out so, that there's really no telling what it might have been like when it was new. Well, it seems that little Armstrong was sent over here at four years old, along of his nurse. I've seen her—an Indian woman, with farthings in her ears, who, they say, doated on the boy to that degree, that she used to give Summerfield's gardener money for letting her see him on the sly. Summerfield himself couldn't bear her, because she made little Armstrong

fancy he was treated unkindly, and I believe she did set it about that the school-master took advantage of having the money paid down to him, and of the boy's father being in India. They say she was quite a nuisance to Summerfield, and at last he refused to let her see the boy at all, and she used to go on the door-step sometimes and howl all night, and cry out all sorts of curses and evil wishes in her Indian gibberish. The child was very little seen, and when he was he'd be so coddled up in scarfs that you couldn't tell what he was like, only that he was little and yellow; and had a regular Armstrong eye, black and fierce. Well, my dear, the boy had only been there going on for seven months when he disappeared."

"Disappeared?"

"Clean disappeared, my dear—it was in the Midsummer holidays, when only him and Summerfield were in the house. The ayah was missing just at the same time, and Summerfield gave it out that she had run away with the boy. But the school was never the same afterwards, for all kinds of stories got whispered about that did Summerfield a world of damage. Some said one thing and some another, but nearly everybody you spoke to here 'u'd tell you they believed Summerfield knew more about it than he chose to tell; and, as I say, it did him a world o' damage. He's moved away from the old house now, where the boys were always seeing ghosts of little Armstrong and his ayah, and gone to live up on Fairleigh Downs, and has Whitley's, his head-teacher's, name on his circulars, and altogether I think he's doing better, and I don't see that you need be the least concerned about sending little Shiney Head there, for I do believe he's a good man enough, and I'm sure such a pleasant, free way he has with his boys (when he's out a-walking with 'em) as I never saw a master have."

The wheelwright rose and snuffed his candle, but Constance sat still, listening to the crickets, which seemed to be going on with little Armstrong's story, and encompassing it with all kinds of new horror and mystery.

"Come, my dear," said the wheelwright, "go up to bed, and don't be uneasy, I shouldn't have told you the story to night, but I thought you might get to hear of it in a way that would frighten you more; but I make no doubt you'll like Summerfield well enough when you see him. I wonder if he'll be here to-morrow?—I'll leave the key in the parlour-door, at any rate, in case. And now good night, my dear, and try and forget all about little Armstrong and his ugly old ayah, with the farthings in her ears."

## CHAPTER XXVI.

It is over. Our little wanderers are parted.

For more than a week the key has remained in the parlour-door in vain, but to-day that parlour has been irradiated by the large white brow of Mr. Francis Summerfield, and to-day the yard-stones have rung beneath the classic feet of all the young gentlemen of Whitley's Academy, Plumagenet House, Fairleigh Downs, who have waited here half-an-hour, grouped in picturesque disorder, and exposed to the astonished gaze of Grandfather Wallon from the workshop-window, and the grimaces of a little object in a red shirt clinging on to the wall.

Now, I repeat, all is over. They are parted. One stands on the threshold of the door, straining her eyes through the red light of the sunset; the other walks

last of a long file of boys winding slowly up the gorse-covered hill to where the Downs lie sparkling like emeralds in their spring freshness.

Nor are the eyes of Constance Chorley the only ones which follow that long file. A yard or so from her, a little figure lies at full length on the green, breast downwards, heels upwards, playing in the air. The elbows are stuck in the grass, and the dirty little hands support a dark face, which is gazing towards the slowly disappearing school.

Constance does not notice this little figure—does not know of its presence until a quick kind of sigh, almost a sob, coming apparently from the ground, makes her turn her eyes upon it.

"Aaron," she says, wearily, "don't lie there; the water runs there from under the wall. You'll catch your death of cold."

"Ketch my death!" he repeated contemptuously. "Ketch my fiddlestick! If my death was to 'a' been ketched in water, I'd 'a' ketched it 'fore now, I reckon. No such luck!"

"Come, come, Aaron, that's nonsense, you know. You don't want to die any more than I do, so don't pretend. Get up, there's a good boy."

The face is turned towards her, scowling.

"You mind yer own business, will yer? What 'a' you got to do with me now? You're had your own will about 'im, aint yer? You heard the master say as he'd beat me to a hinch o' my life, and beat him, too, if he ever see us together? You heard that, didn't yer? 'Cause, if you didn't, it's a pity. Anyhow, shut up now, and let me alone."

"I'm very sorry, Aaron, but it was obliged to be; and so is he sorry, Aaron. Look! he didn't forget you, though he couldn't say good-bye; he told me to give you this."

And she holds out a sixpenny-piece, half of 'Duke's pocket-money for a month. The little naked arm is stretched forth eagerly to clutch it, and the black eyes are searching her face with a suspicious, penetrating glance.

"Come, now, you're hidin' somethin'? He told yer to tell me somethin'? Yes, he did!" he cries, passionately, as she shakes her head. "He did! he did! He told you to say, 'Never mind what that old beast said, an' he'd stand out agen him if I would.' What's the use o' tellin' lies? I know he did. Can you swear he didn't?"

Yes, with a clear conscience can 'Duke's sister deny his friendship for Aaron having taken such an heroic turn; but it makes her sad to do so, having to look into that fierce, wretched little face the while.

"Aaron, he said nothing more—what was the use of saying?"

The little face drops quietly into the hands again, as if resuming its watch of the file of boys now nearly at the top of the hill, but Constance sees the eyes are shut, fast shut, in the vain endeavour to keep in a something that has already made two streaks down the face, and her heart is pitiful for the little outcast. She sits down on the stone by the door, and watches him, wondering, as she has often wondered before, what it is in that face which makes it seem familiar to her always, and that makes her feel she has known it long ago. Perhaps she has seen him before, she thinks, as she watches him and the school alternately. Likely enough, for Aaron's life, until his naked little feet led him hither, was reported to have been a life of wandering and vagrancy. He had been known in the neigh-



bourhood for about a year, during which time he had earned for himself as disreputable a character as it was well possible for a child of his years, who was never known either to thieve or beg, to earn. It was not through want of opportunity that Aaron did not fill an excellent situation, for, in spite of his questionable repute, he was so strong, so clever, and quick, that more than one in Peeler's Pond would have been glad of him; more than one, in fact, had tried him; but during the first few days of trial, perhaps on the very first, his love of liberty and vagabondism would, in all probability, get the better of his impulsive desire for a civilized life, and cause him to commit some outrageous act of neglect or destruction in order to obtain a speedy discharge. In a general way he appeared to live the life of a savage; no one knew how he passed his time in the dense woods at the bottom of the valley, or along the wild, desolate sea-shore, which was about four miles from Peeler's Pond, and where he spent most of his time, returning only when he was hungry to exert his sharp wits and wily tongue in obtaining a job that would bring him a few pence. Keeping a horse quiet at the blacksmith's whilst it was being shod; cutting firewood; or minding a conclave of babies on washing-days, dancing to them, and keeping them from tumbling into the pond whilst their mothers hung up the clothes on the green, were his chief employments.

Until the Sunday evening when he first met 'Duke, Aaron had never been known to have a human companion. Four-footed friends had he in profusion—indeed, that peculiar low whistle of his acted like a private letter of introduction to every horse or dog in the neighbourhood, and gave them immediate confidence in him. He had held the Honourable Major Elfringham's horse once or twice, while he was on a visit to the clergyman, and some days afterwards, when he met him in the streets at Todness, the magnificent creature turned, with the honourable major on his back, and made public recognition of his ragged little friend. And so it was with all the horses round about Peeler's Pond; there was scarcely one but what would prick up his ears and neigh delightedly as Aaron went whistling past the stable, from the major's black Julia to the wheelwright's Tommy.

One of the worst things alleged against Aaron was dog-stealing, a charge which he incurred undeservedly, through certain gentlemen's dogs choosing to accompany him in some of his long excursions, and returning to their homes worn-out and tongue-dried, and with all the appearance of having broken loose from a thief.

It was chiefly this and his lawless manner of locomotion—for no orchard or garden was respected by him if it chanced to lie in the way to where he was going—that gave him so evil a character. Kindness, except in the shape of a good dinner well peppered with abuse from Kit, the poor child had never known. Nature herself was a rough mother to him. She cuffed him with winds, pelted him with rain, pinched him with her bitter frosts, and scorched him with her mid-summer suns, but, with all, she could not cast him off. He clung to her as his only mother, waited upon her as his only instructor concerning the origin and end of all things, sleeping whenever he could on her hard, green bosom, in the light of her myriad eyes, or watching, perched on some high crag, her gathering passions, and joining his puny voice to her thunder. Had chance brought him to ever so soft a bed, he must be up and away before dawn, summer or winter, rain or shine, leaping and plunging down the loose beach stones to meet the tide, and hail it with shouts, and stones, and wild gestures, resembling a kind of savage sea-worship; or

he must climb with his naked feet the white, chalky side of Breakwater Point, and sit watching breathlessly as the dark curtain was slowly rising over the east, half expecting it would some time reveal to his quick eyes a form, a token, that would vanish as he looked at it, of the mysterious Presence that seemed to him every night to draw near the world, and keep vigil over it, under cover of the darkness.

With 'Duke came a complete change over Aaron. For the first time in his life he felt the delight of human fellowship, and now loneliness was unendurable to him. For the first time in his life the little outcast had known the joy and pain of human love—for he did love 'Duke with all the strength of his wild nature—loved him the more for that delicacy of frame and beauty of face which he had at first despised, and would thrill through his whole body at the touch of his little soft hand as he showed 'Duke how to hold the fishing-rod, or helped him up some steep hill. He would learn from him eagerly every little thing he could, in the hope of making himself a fitter companion for him. His savage life had no longer any charm for him—all his thoughts, hopes, and dreams were centered in 'Duke. He had fervently believed that 'Duke would let nothing earthly part them; and now—now he lies where we left him, on the green, watching the double line of boys, the only dark object in all the bright landscape. 'Duke has gone, and left him sixpence, and—not a word.

Poor little outcast! he has known the friendship of horses and dogs all his life, and been happy; now he has tried human friendship, and this is his experience! Is it bitter enough to guard him for the future, to sicken him of it, and make him return to his old wild life, and hate its object? We shall see.

It chanced that night Uncle Vallon went out at a late hour to administer a dose of physic to Tommy, and Constance stood at the door of the stable holding the lantern for him. He had set the basin down, and was trying to coax Tommy to turn his head, when both he and Constance distinctly heard a low moan of pain proceeding from the far corner.

"Hullo!" said the wheelwright, catching hold of the lantern, and looking round. "Who's there?"

They listened, but no answer was given, and the moan was not repeated.

"Who's there, I say?" repeated the wheelwright, going up to the corner and turning his lantern on it. "Why, bless my soul, it's you, is it? You unfortunate little monkey, what's the matter? what scrape have you got into now? Well, you are in a pretty pickle!"

Constance picked her way among the straw, and stood beside him. There lay Aaron, white as the stable wall, and the blood trickling from a cut on his forehead.

"Oh, Aaron, Aaron!" she cried, suddenly remembering how he had left her, "you've been to the school and got beat, and you've got 'Duke beat—oh, did they beat him, Aaron?—did they?"

Aaron's white lips quivered with a kind of smile.

"No," he said, faintly. "Do yer think I didn't know how to do it better than that? They didn't know as I'd seen him. I was gettin' over the wall to come away, and a dark beast, with a lot o' rings on his fingers, see me, so I made as if I was just come, 'stead o' goin' back, so as he shouldn't think I'd seen him as I'd come to see, and then he ketched me and laid into me, and called a man out o' the stables to lay into me, and they both laid into me—I see the dark un's rings a-shinin' now every time he lifted his hand—and when they let me out I was

giddy, and pitched forwards on a stone—that's what's out my 'ead. My back feels as if it was all a-fire, but I don't care—I dun what I wanted to."

"What did you go for to do, you miserable little sinner?" asked the wheelwright, with tears in his eyes.

Aaron was mute.

"What did you go for, Aaron?" asked Constance, wiping his forehead with her handkerchief.

Aaron looked up at her, and said—

"To give him back his tanner. I know'd he'd want it, and I'd 'a' took it him if there a'd bin a dozen o' them dark fellers with the rings. My eye, didn't they lay into me! But I don't care, I've give him his tanner."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

THE little valley of the Gorst lay flooded in the warmth and sparkle of a midsummer day. So wild and desolate an air enveloped the surrounding hills, that, as the valley flashed upon the sight, in all its freshness and high cultivation, it reminded one of those visionary pictures of sea and air which mariners sometimes mistake for land, and which fade as they try to approach them. The Gorst flowed clear and strong between fields of long grass purple with clover, and under dark, high trees that here and there almost met across it. The little woods were, as yet, masses of rich dark green, untouched by yellow, and the whole valley, stretching out in its summer brilliancy and fulness, was like a splendid garden. It might be called a scene of perfect peace as well as beauty, but that it bore one of those records with which the fair face of Nature is so thickly crossed and recrossed, of the guilty, weary, but ever-struggling foot of humanity—namely, a road—a white, toilsome, twisting road, lying over hill and hollow, and intersecting all the peaceful valley like a thin, white thread of guilt and pain.

It is this road we must follow until it brings us to Plantagenet House, upon the Downs.

As I have said, it was midsummer—the second midsummer of 'Duke's school-life—three days on in the holidays, and all the front windows of the glaring white house had blinds let down over them. But for the faint odour of a cigar issuing from one, it would appear that Plantagenet House was deserted by masters as well as boys.

In the least stony parts of the playground little crops of marigolds had sprung up, and were glaring and consuming away in their own fire. Waggons of clover and of hay strewed the road with bruised field bloom, and their pleasant odours found their way from time to time over the high playground wall.

At the window from which the smell of the cigar issued were two gentlemen, drinking wine, and looking out, as they conversed, upon the playground, where one boy sat swinging by himself. The sun blazed down upon him fiercely, and his whole body drooped with an air of unutterable weariness.

"Summerfield," said the smoker, letting the white jewelled hand holding the cigar rest gracefully on the window-sill, and turning a smiling face to his companion—"Summerfield," said he, "do you know what this reminds me of, having my traps packed to be off, leaving you taking your port, and our little friend yonder on the swing?"

"I do, Whitler," answered Mr. Summerfield, by no means returning the other's pleasant look. "But allow me to remind you, also, that such reminiscences are far from agreeable to me, whatever," he added significantly—"whatever they may be to you."

"My dear fellow," returned his younger companion, gaily, as he helped himself to wine, "you really think too much of that affair of little Armstrong's—you make mountains of molehills, Summerfield."

"I think, Whitler, it was you who made a mountain out of that molehill," Summerfield rejoined quickly, anger overspreading his colourless face.

Whitler smiled, showing a set of exquisite teeth, and glanced down complacently at his rings as he turned his hand about in the sunshine. Not much resemblance was there between this elegant gentleman and the poor, thin, seedy-looking usher installed at Plantagenet House some twelve or thirteen years ago. Who would imagine they were one and the same?

"Come, Summerfield, confess," he said, banteringly, leaning back in his chair; "don't you feel a little superstitious trembling of the spirit at being left alone all the midsummer holidays with little Armstrong's successor?"

Again that slight pinkish flush came out on Mr. Summerfield's face, and was apparent even through his thin, colourless hair, brushed flatly over his brow; but this time he allowed it to pass away before he answered; then he said, quietly—

"I had rather he had been fetched away for the holidays, certainly. It is not agreeable to have to remain shut up here for the sake of one boy for whom you are not receiving a farthing."

"No: neither pleasant nor profitable. How is it that black-eyed sister of his did not have him home?"

"She couldn't afford it; she has to work hard to get her own living."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Whitler; "and how?"

"By needlework, I believe. Pray do you take an interest in her?"

"Summerfield," returned the young man, in his rich, pleasant voice, leaning forwards, and fixing his fine grey eyes on his former master's in a way that always made Mr. Summerfield unpleasantly conscious of the weak and watery nature of his own—"Summerfield," he said, "I do take an interest in her; I take an interest in both these children; their history is really extraordinary. The girl, in her day, will be a beauty; she has already the most magnificent eyes I ever saw; and the boy, my dear fellow, I could say half-a-dozen words that would give you more interest in him than you entertain for any of the most promising buds of our Plantagenet roses. Shall I utter those words, Summerfield?"

"What do you mean?" asked Summerfield, looking from the window at Duke.

"Ah, look at him," said Whitler, with his tantalising smile, leaning his elbow on the window-sill, and pointing gracefully with his cigar between his fingers—"look at him well, my dear sir, and think it an honour to pass your midsummer holidays in his company—interesting little darling!"

"I wish, Whitler, you would make known your piece of intelligence in the half-dozen words you spoke of," Summerfield said, impatiently, moving away.

"Behold, then," cried Whitler, laying his white hand on his arm to draw him back, and pointing to the drooping little figure on the swing—"behold, my dear fellow, not only the troublesome inheritor of little Armstrong's debt, but, in all probability, the future heir to his fortune!"

## DRAWING-ROOM NECROMANCY.

## IN THREE CHAPTERS.

## III.—FOR GOOD, OR FOR EVIL?

It has been shown that intercommunication between disembodied spirits that have already learnt the secret of our future state of being in the eternal hereafter, and those whose souls are yet caged in their fleshly caskets, has existed from time immemorial; and how this interchange of words and thoughts, that is so objectionable and hateful to some, but equally grateful and welcome to others, was suddenly revived in America, and grew and strengthened in its growth, despite the opposition of men of all grades in society, until a lawyer of the highest standing and reputation, whose keen reasoning powers and acute perceptive faculties would naturally render him peculiarly fitted to detect fraud and collusion, if any existed, confessed his full belief in the possibility of intercourse with the spirits of the departed, and was enrolled among the most famous of the media of the day.

It cannot be said that Judge Edmonds, to whom I have been alluding, was a man of weak mind and clouded intellect; that he yielded readily to impressions and convictions that were erroneously conceived and unwarrantably cherished; or that his youth and inexperience rendered him an easy prey to imposture and deception.

In 1850, John Worth Edmonds, then fifty-one years of age—the son of a soldier, and a soldier himself in his early years, a legislator of no mean order, twice President of the Senate of Massachusetts, afterwards a Judge of the Supreme Court, and subsequently a Judge of the Court of Appeal, a man of undoubted courage and integrity, who had never hesitated to sacrifice personal friendship to the duty that he owed to his country and his office—was a firm disbeliever in the practicability of spiritual intercourse. In the winter of this year, when reading alone one evening, he heard the voice of his dead wife, whom he had consigned to the silence of the tomb a few months previously, distinctly speaking to him. He reasoned with himself against the possibility of this occurrence; he sought to attribute it to illness, disorder of the system, and a hundred other causes that sceptics so promptly rake up to enable themselves to account in a rational manner for anything so strange and mysterious; he sought change of air and scene; but, do what he would, he could not rid himself of the impression that he had actually heard the voice of his wife.

Shortly after, a lady invited him to be present at some spiritual manifestations, telling him that she could not resist the idea that his late wife was continually present with her in spirit, and was urging her to do so. Judge Edmonds attended this *séance*, and many others in the course of the next two years. He carefully and cautiously analysed the effect, and sought out the cause, of everything he heard and saw; but, although he soon became convinced that what he witnessed was not produced by the agency of those who were in the room with him, he refused to yield to his convictions and confess his belief until he had received more striking proofs of spiritual interposition than had hitherto been vouchsafed to him in the common rappings and turning of tables. At last he saw musical instruments raised in the air, and heard strains proceeding from them that were not produced by human fingers, and he also saw a bell carried, without visible hands, from one

room to another, and borne above the heads of all within it, ringing violently all the time, and many other things equally surprising, that could not possibly be accounted for by natural means or causes. In consequence, he not only hesitated no longer to confess the alteration that had taken place in his views respecting the possibility of intercourse between the dead and the living, but he became, from that very hour, a zealous supporter of the truth of spiritualism.

But many may naturally say, "*Cui bono?* Why should the spirit of Mrs. Edmonds have evinced such anxiety to bring her husband into contact with those who participated in these weird *séances*?—why desire to bring him under their influence?" This was her reason, most undoubtedly:—She was fully conscious of her husband's faults as a man, and of his want of faith in God's Holy Word, and being cognisant herself of the truth and reality of that which seemed to him to be vain and improbable, she sought, and was permitted, to be the means, I repeat, the means only, of effecting a change in her husband's sentiments. Let me not be mistaken when I say "means." The Almighty *can* and *does* work by agencies of trifling import in our economy to bring about the greatest of all results; but pardon, redemption, and sanctification—I say it with awe and reverence—are wholly and solely the separate works of the Three Persons of the incomprehensible and united Trinity.

It may be asserted, then, with confidence, that the spirit of the dead wife sought to lead her husband to a knowledge of God while he yet lived, remembering his scepticism in matters of faith, and knowing that he continued in his error. Let no one suppose that memory partakes of the death of the body, and that, as we sob out the last breath of life that lingers in our nostrils, recollection becomes a thing of the past. Ah, no! Death is no water of Lethe that will obliterate remembrance of the past as soon as we have tasted of its awful terrors; but, as we awaken from this present existence into a higher state of being and intelligence, the recollection of the good and evil we have done on earth will prove the means of increasing our torments or of adding to our happiness. Who can think that we shall forget those whom we leave behind on earth, who have yet to bear the brunt of the storm and battle of life before they put on immortality? And if we shall remember those that are dear to us, and carry our anxieties for them into another state, why should it be a thing incredible to us that a wife should seek, in the great love that wells from her heart of hearts, to be the humble means of winning eternal happiness for her husband's soul? There does not live a wife or mother in the length and breadth of England, who truly loves, that will gainsay the truth of a single word that I am saying.

But let us look at the results of spiritualism in Judge Edmonds, and carefully remember its effects in his case. "From being irascible and excitable at times, he has become calm and moderate; from being occasionally stern and unyielding, he has become kind and gentle; from being a doubter as to the future, he has become well grounded in the belief of man's immortality, and his redemption through the mercy of God; and he has found in spiritual intercourse, not merely matter to gratify an idle curiosity, or responses to vain and frivolous inquiries, but wisdom most profound, knowledge most interesting, and morality most pure and elevating, as all may find who will seek with an earnest desire for truth and with minds open to its reception." What a dangerous and diabolical thing spiritualism must be, for under its influence anger and sternness have melted into gentleness and love,

and the ice and snow of unbelief have given place to the bright blossoms of a steady, unwavering faith in the goodness of God!

This is such a remarkable case, and yet no uncommon one, of the benefits resulting from communications from the invisible world, that I have lingered over it with pleasure, and, perhaps, given it more space than the treatment of the conclusion of my subject will properly admit of; yet it is necessary to my purpose, to enable me to combat the sweeping condemnation of those who ruthlessly and unblushingly attribute the whole of these modern marvels to evil agency.

The story of the progress of spiritualism in this country is somewhat different to that of its general acceptance in America. Many will remember how Mrs. Hayden, an American medium of no great fame, was received in this country, about nine years since, when she came over to initiate us into the mysteries of the sights and sounds that had become so common and familiar to the great mass of the people of the United States. On her arrival she was beset by those who came, not to inquire whether these things were really so or not—being prompted by a desire to arrive at the simple, solid truth—but to indulge in scoffing and ridicule, or to satisfy their curiosity by putting questions that were only fit to be laid before the elderly witch of Red Lion-street, Holborn, on whose mysteries Mr. Sala ingenuously confesses that he once spent half-a-crown. Poor Mrs. Hayden! A very few got answers, and went away satisfied and encouraged to look further into the matter; but the spirits would have nothing to do with the trifling and impertinence of the great majority, who consequently either heard and saw nothing at all, or got crooked answers to their cross questions, and went off in a huff, declaring, in their disappointment and rampant disgust, that the whole affair was a palpable and miserable hoax.

• Then that unfortunate lady and her doings were duly cut up and carbonadoed in the pages of a weekly serial that still delights us *all the year round* with its pleasant and profitable *mélange* of literature, grave and gay—an old friend, verily, with a new face, which seems to have strangely altered its tone of late years with regard to these mysterious matters. But with this a hue and cry was raised, and Mrs. Hayden had to run the gauntlet of all England and Scotland, and the Emerald Isle to boot; the strange things that she had to tell and show being variously denounced as sinful, trivial, scandalous, ridiculous, or a dead take-in, by the great majority of those who happened to hear anything about the matter, and who resolutely set their faces against anything like unbiassed and impartial inquiry, sticking, like limpets to a rock, to that “modified form of Sadduceeism,” as it is justly termed, that is so rife in the present day, through which men are led to ignore entirely the interference of good and bad spirits in the occurrences of everyday life.

Mr. Home fared better at the Tuileries a short time after: even the passionless visage of the Emperor of France was palpably disturbed by what he heard and saw, and his eyebrows were raised in wonder at least the eighth of an inch out of their accustomed position. He saw the luminous hand, and expressed his conviction of the actuality of the truth of what he saw; for which crime against common sense he was promptly portrayed by *Punch*, in a memorable cartoon, *vis-à-vis* with the marvellous hand, which had extended itself into that unbecoming form and position by which vulgar little boys are prone to indicate suspicion and a general want of confidence in your proposals.

In France, and particularly in Germany, notwithstanding the neology that is

to rife in the latter country, and the rationalistic tendencies of its people, considerable attention has been paid to these marvels, and an earnest desire shown to fathom their causes and ascertain the laws of nature under which they are produced; and to the truth of this the works of Cabagnet, Didier, Maury, Figuier, Kardec, Dupotet, Eliphas Levi, and others in France, and the writings of the Germans, Ennemoser, Reichenbach, and Schopenhauer, bear ample witness. But, in England, the reproach of Festus to St. Paul is too often applied to those who meddle in these matters. "Much learning doth make thee mad," is the compassionate remark addressed by many to such men as Dr. Elliotson; but by the puritanical party a whimpering howl has been raised, "It is of the devil—we will have none of it." A few in this country, struck by the instances in which good has been wrought by the exercise of spiritualism, have prosecuted their inquiries, not only with success, but to their comfort and consolation—at all events they say so, and I do not know why we should disbelieve them—but, generally, there has been little desire shown to go more deeply into the matter than to cluster round a hat or table, the performers of this awful rite waiting with impatience until it begins to move, then giggling at the hurried scuffle with which they chase each other round the circling mahogany, and presently ending the experiment with inextinguishable guffaws.

Both in England and America many attempts were made to account for the wonderful manner in which tables turned and moved, and the multifarious rappings, by natural means or on scientific principles; but, as soon as these speculations fell to the ground, it was reasoned thus by many: "It is unnatural and perfectly incomprehensible, therefore it must be diabolical."

If we may judge from the opinions which people express on this subject, they seem to resolve themselves into three main classes. Firstly, there are those who will not allow the possibility of the appearance of a disembodied spirit at any price, and altogether ignore spiritual interference in the things of this world; secondly, there are those who do allow the existence of these things, but who broadly attribute the whole to Satanic influence—willing enough to believe that evil spirits can have a finger in our several worldly pies when and how they please, but steadily withstanding the fact that good spirits are as potent in worldly matters as the legions of the great apostate angel; and, lastly, those exist who think that spiritualism is the commencement of a new era in mundane affairs and the extension of revealed religion.

Let us briefly examine the claims which each of these classes can put forward to secure our adherence, and the arguments they advance to strengthen and support the position they have assumed.

Now, those who deny the possibility of the appearance of a disembodied spirit, who—not to mince the matter—disbelieve in ghosts and witchcraft, would, doubtless, be among the first to feel argy and amazed if some of us chose to say that an uncommon occurrence, which any two of them should jointly assert that they had beheld, had not taken place, and that they had neither seen that which they might profess to have witnessed, nor heard the sounds which, according to their account, had fallen on their ears. It might be reasonably expected that, if we refused to believe that some strange and unaccountable thing had taken place on the unsupported testimony of only one of these matter-of-fact people, he would be as touchy as possible when we told him that he was grievously mistaken, and that



he ought not to credit the evidence of his senses, simply because we had not seen the occurrence ourselves, and were, consequently, doubtful about it; but if our doubt remained when two should allege that they had seen it, they would be furious at our unreasonable unbelief, and bid us remember that by the mouth of two or three witnesses shall everything be established. Those, then, who do believe in these things can retort with reason on the sceptics who would argue thus in their own words, and submit that, if two persons of credibility declare that they have both seen a disembodied spirit at the same time, and in the same place, they are worthy of belief—nay, all are bound to give credence to their report. It is not within the bounds of probability that any two persons will experience the same hallucination at the same period of time; possible it may be, but decidedly improbable.

And if the assertion of two persons that are worthy of credit be sufficient to establish a fact, even if it be the appearance of an apparition, what can be said against the truth of the repeated visits of a ghost, accompanied by others in the form of animals, to the prison of Weinsberg as lately as 1835—the spectre of a priest who lived in 1414, and who sought release from durance on earth for ill deeds done in the flesh, by means of the prayers of living persons offered up on his behalf? Now, this apparition was seen by at least thirty persons during the space of five months, both in the prison and out of the prison. There were clergymen, magistrates, barristers, professors, and physicians among the number; their depositions were taken on oath and placed on record. And how is it possible that any sane person can withstand such overwhelming evidence as to the fact of the possibility of the appearance of apparitions?

Unbelievers should, at least, be consistent; if they disallow one case they ought of necessity to deny the possibility of every similar occurrence; but I doubt if they will carry their scepticism so far as to doubt the actual appearance of the disembodied spirits of Moses and Elias, who were seen by three of the apostles when our Saviour was transfigured on the mountain. Surely what was possible nearly 1,900 years ago is equally possible now—whether it is expedient is another thing; but yet, in the majority of cases that can be depended on, the expediency and necessity for the appearance clearly appear.

Enough has been already said to prove the possibility of the exercise of witchcraft or black magic. If witchcraft, which is especially mentioned by St. Paul as one of “the works of the flesh,” could not be practised, the inspired writers of the sacred volume would never have uttered such terrible warnings and denunciations against the exercise of occult arts. The Bible itself bears witness to the truth of the power of witchcraft, yet listen to the *Times* of June 20, 1862, speaking of the case of a man who had assaulted and drawn blood from his grandmother “above the breath,” under the idea that she had bewitched him—“Examples of practical belief in witchcraft are by no means uncommon. They come across us from time to time with all the traditional features entirely unchanged. What this misguided man alleged himself to believe was once, as he argued, believed by everybody, and is, to the disgrace of civilisation, still believed by some.”

There are far greater slurs and blots on our boasted civilisation than the belief that men can again do what men have done. The power is, doubtless, still inherent in man, but he knows not, and, what is better, does not care to know, how to

exercise it. Happily, the art is obsolete and forgotten, yet it may be revived, but *teste* the *Times* it never existed, and, consequently, those who believe in what the Bible clearly tells us with respect to the awful power that can be exercised by those that are proficient in it are labouring under "the influence of superstitious delusion" and "ignorance." We know that the *Times* is as infallible as the "Professor of Allocution" and maker of saints at the Vatican, but we cannot be surprised if rude believers in this occult science, remembering that they have the authority of Holy Writ for their belief, should feel an inclination to apply those contumelious epithets to the Proteus of the press that Mr. Bumble, in his wrath, once fastened on the law.

But, again, why should men take upon themselves to assert, while allowing that table-turning, clairvoyance, and spiritualism, or the necromancy of the day, are realities, that they must necessarily be produced by diabolical agency? It must be allowed that the arguments adduced in favour of their assertion are very strong, but then the arguments that can be brought forward on the other side are as strong, if not stronger. In one pamphlet against the necromancy of our own times, in which there is a great deal that is good and reasonable mingled with much that smacks of lack of charity towards spiritualists, we are told that all these strange things are produced by the operations of evil spirits. Terrific tales are told of an inquiring clergyman who first stationed his wife, children, and servants in different corners of the room, and then put his dining-table through an elaborate performance. It ran right and left at the word of command, it stood on one leg as deftly as Perea Nena, and played at pitch and toss with a book that was upon it. Horror and astonishment instantly took possession of that clergyman's breast, and he at once attributed his table's eccentric motions to the devil, and commenced a crusade against spiritualism among his parishioners. It is not everybody who is fortunate in having such an obedient table; I expect no amount of talking would induce mine to perform a *pas seul* for my delectation.

Next we are informed how people who have attended spiritual *seances* have been driven frantic in their own homes by continued volleys and file-firing of raps on the walls until they have prayed vehemently to be delivered. With regard to the story of the lady who adjured the invisible power that was guiding her hand to write an answer to a question which she had asked, and discovered that it was her own particular and peculiar "familiar devil" that was acting as writing-master, it bears the impress of a tale put together, as one would manufacture a scarecrow, to frighten people from attempting to judge for themselves. But with respect to the clergyman who got frightened at the saltatory powers exhibited by his table, and those whose rooms were haunted by swarms of imps, playing their master's tattoo on the walls, it is a question whether they made their inquiries in a right spirit, and whether all parties were not justly reprov'd in this manner for seeking to gratify a wanton curiosity rather than a desire for knowledge, sought in a humble and prayerful spirit.

Demoniacal influences are, doubtless, at work, as the spiritualists themselves assert, to destroy the wholesome effects that emanate from the operations of good spirits. Let us take the evidence of one who has written on this subject; she plainly tells us that no one should attempt "to seek for spiritual manifestations out of vain curiosity, or with a mind unspiritualised by religious feelings. People who are not called to take part in the work so strangely opening before mediums

would be wise to receive evidence with as little personal experience as possible; but if, from a certain stubbornness of character, they must see, and hear, and examine for themselves, I intreat them to do so prayerfully and carefully. I intreat them never, under any circumstances, to hold parley with evil or 'undeveloped' spirits, and always to use an exorcism worded and heart-dictated in the name of the Triune God, whenever they are receiving spirit messages or beholding spiritual manifestations. Let them not smile the incredulous smile of infidelity at my words. I have *known* evil spirits to be exorcised and silenced when they have been tried in faith, and found wanting; and I have known prayer for spiritual assistance and Divine protection to be answered on the instant in a most astonishing manner."

Again, she speaks of prayers being dictated by spiritual visitants, and, while asserting that she herself and her friends "have received messages urging the necessity of prayer, and faith, and holy living" upon them, she does not hesitate to declare that they, "like many others, have sometimes been deceived by false and frivolous messages, and have had reason to believe that a message commenced by a spirit ministering for" their "good has been caught up and finished by an emissary of evil." Here, then, is the truthful testimony of a spiritualist of undoubted ability and reputation (an English lady, and no clumsy juggler culled from the ruffianism of the Northern States) to the presence of evil at their *séances*. But where are we free from Satan's influence? where are we more exposed to it than in God's own house of prayer? There is evil mingled with good in spiritualism, as tares spring up with wheat, and the evil is the work of the arch enemy of mankind and his active emissaries; but if the whole proceeds from Satan—if diabolical agency is changing the characters of men from fierceness and intractability into meekness and gentleness, transforming the spirit of the lion into that of the lamb—if it is actually leading men to prayer, which we must practise unceasingly if we would conquer in this world's fell strife, then must Satan be divided against himself, and his kingdom cannot stand.

Is all this for good, or for evil? It were better to pause thoughtfully before we answer. Whether or not spiritualism is the extension of the revelation that we already possess, and the means whereby light will be shed on many things that are incomprehensible and unintelligible to us at present, it were rash and unwise to attempt to determine without further inquiry. One thing, at least, is certain, and we cannot express it better than in the words of Gamaliel—"Refrain from these men, and let them alone; for if this counsel or this work be of men (or of Satan, in truth), it will come to nought; but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

Thus far we may go with safety when we assert that there is now no doubt whatever that these sounds and sights are actually produced by spiritual agency. Those who have attempted to prove that the noises are produced by cracking the joints of the body have signally failed to establish their assertions. It is equally futile to suppose that tables—especially those that were heavily weighted to keep them from rising—have been moved by muscular action, as suggested by Professor Faraday. The ceilings of the rooms in which Mr. Home has been lifted bodily from his seat, and carried through the air, do not exhibit holes that would render his suspension as easy as that of a fairy in a Christmas pantomime. There are no mechanical means used to produce the genuine phenomena, although they may frequently be called the aid of the cunning imitator. With regard to magnetism and electricity,

media have been given to understand that these are the means by which that which is spiritual acts on that which is material. And, in answer to those who object to the apparently trivial nature of those manifestations, it will be enough to mention the reply which was given to the writer above quoted when she sought information from the spirits on this very point. It was this:—"If we came with more solemnity we should awe you."

To sum up, we know that the adversaries of spiritualism have not proved one of those things which they have brought forward against it. It was said to be produced by natural means, by mechanism, by muscular action, by trickery and fraud, by material magnetism and electricity, by anything rather than the intervention of a higher intelligence than that which man can possess, except by revelation, until he has passed out of sight behind that curtain which separates the present from the future, and stands as a barrier between mortality and immortality. But these assertions respecting the cause of the manifestations which have been prompted by the rationalism of the age (although deceit may have existed in many instances) could not be supported by reasonable proof. Men were then driven to confess that there was something supernatural in it; but then, forthwith, the agency that caused it must of necessity be diabolical and evil. But Satan will not prompt men to holier living, and teach them to pray, although he may quote Scripture for his purpose; and this goes far to render untenable the position in which those who allege that spiritualism is of the evil have intrenched themselves.

For us who feel that there is something more, perhaps something better, in this than we can at present fathom, time will decide whether it be for good or for evil. After calm deliberation, few, I think, can resist the conviction that the invisible world is ever busy about and among us for our harm or benefit. A thousand things betoken it in warnings and impulses that we cannot account for, as well as in the sense of security and hope that we often feel in times of sorrow and danger, and the unaccountable dread of approaching evil that sometimes steals over us when all seems fair and bright around us. Let us not be led to form hasty conclusions regarding this movement, but wait and watch, and pray lest we fall into temptation, or error, especially on this, one of the most perplexing of all difficult subjects. Whatever is right for us to know we shall know in God's own time, and by His appointed means. Meanwhile, if spiritualism be what its most earnest and trustworthy professors assert, we shall all be drawn to acknowledge its truth sooner or later, as surely as Christianity will overspread the whole world; but if it be as delusive, dangerous, and deadly as its opponents state, then, after patient waiting and watching, we shall see the mask of holiness withdrawn, and we shall happily escape the snare into which it were perdition to have fallen.

F. Y.

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## WAYFE SUMMERS.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## PARTING.

I HAD repeated the name mechanically, and with an impending sense of dread and difficulty, before I clearly remembered the circumstance with which it was associated, and its immediate familiarity. Still holding the book in my hand, and fixedly gazing at the letters, as though the continued examination would help me to the clue I sought, I felt the unequal breathing of my companion as she sat beside me and looked painfully at my changing colour, but could speak no word. Suddenly it came upon me—the attempt to rifle my guardian's secretary—Mr. Donhead's inquiries—my meeting with him in the library on the morning when he had picked up that stray slip of paper—his determination to leave it on the table—all rushed upon me with a force and distinctness which caused my throat to close and parch. Even the fact of the name being reversed—of Justine Marie being, in reality, Marie Justine—I seemed to understand intuitively. The slip of paper bearing the former inscription was but an indorsement, an *index* to some document to which it referred, and the reversal of the two words seemed, if not natural, at least easy of explanation. Slowly, and with a glance which must have been full of anxious inquiry, I turned to the nurse, who had already gently disengaged herself from my arms, and now stood before me, alarmed at the emotion I had begun to display.

"Whose writing is this?" I said.

"I don't know—I think it was my mother's. But pray do not allow yourself to be so excited. I was wrong, very wrong, to tell you this—wrong and selfish; but I thought you were stronger. Let me reach you some water."

I drank eagerly.

"Did you never hear who was your father? and has nobody ever tried to discover him?" I asked presently.

"There was so little information to go upon that very few inquiries have been made. Mr. Donhead advised me not to distress myself until some clue might be found. He thought I should not be happier for the knowledge, he said."

"You have never left Poltrewyn, then?"

"Not to any distance—never further than Truro or Penzance, where I went to learn some things after leaving school at Poltrewyn. The gentlefolks of the neighbourhood were very kind, and helped me to fit myself for the post of school-mistress. Mr. Donhead once wrote to Paris to find my uncle Jean, but I think he heard nothing. He never said anything about it to me afterwards."

"Would you mind my speaking about it to Mr. Willmott? He had formerly a great many friends in France—so, at least, I have heard from Mrs. White. Perhaps he might help you."

She looked at me with a confusion in her usually placid manner.

"No, I think not," she said, uneasily. "I think I would rather you said nothing to him."

My eyes sought hers, to discover, if possible, the meaning of her refusal.

"It is not a breach of trust to tell you why," she said, "for I bound myself to

no promise in that respect. Mr. Donhead very distinctly advised me not to say anything to Mr. Willmott about my early history unless it became unavoidable. He was so urgent on this point—which seemed to me of very little importance, as I was to stay only during your illness—that I gave him my word not to place myself in the way of questioning on the subject. I have only seen Mr. Willmott in your room while you lay sick, and have scarcely spoken to him. I have told Mrs. White as much of my history as seemed necessary to introduce myself properly: from you I have no reserve."

The wistful, gentle look came back into her eyes.

"One more question," I said—"and believe that I would do anything to help you, but can, I fear, do nothing—has Mr. Donhead ever seen this book?"

"The day before I came away he asked me whether I remembered the name of the street where my mother had lived in Paris: then I showed him this. He already knew my mother's name, but I think he had never seen the book before. He wrote down the name of this street in his pocket-book. I thought he intended to send another letter to my uncle Jean, but I told him that was of little use, as he came very seldom, and, I thought, lived in quite another quarter."

"Mr. Donhead would make a good commissary of police," I said; "he has mistaken his vocation."

I spoke and looked sourly enough, no doubt, for I was unaccountably irritated that he should have pieced together two remarkable and distant events. It was natural, too, that he should endeavour to find some clue to Marie's friends, and almost inevitable that the name on the slip of paper should arouse his suspicion; but I could not dissociate his inquiries with a sort of triumphant opportunity of satisfying a curiosity previously baffled, and felt instinctively that he had but one solution for the connexion of those burnt documents with Marie's mother. I was surprised, then, to find my remark answered with a quick, appreciative glance.

"True," said my nurse, nodding her head, and speaking for the first time in French, "you also have discovered that there is more of the priest than of the minister in him. I have heard it said that he is a 'fisher of men' who makes his own nets."

"Who could have said that?" I asked with some surprise.

But Marie, who had already tenderly replaced the book and portrait, locked her workbox, and carried it quietly up-stairs, as Mrs. White came in, preceded by the servant with coffee and hot tea-cakes.

"I have just been with Mr. Willmott, my dear," she said, as she wheeled the table nearer to my chair. "He seems to think that you may be strong enough to go to Cornwall with the nurse when she returns next week."

I should have been agitated by the intimation that the journey was to be made in any other company than that of my dear friend herself, had it not been for the strange combinations which had been dimly shadowed by the recital I had just heard. As it was, I felt only a deepening gloom, and made no answer, except by a look, not so much of sorrow as bewilderment.

"I thought it had been arranged that you should go with me," I said.

"It was intended that I should go, my dear, for of course you could not travel alone, and, believe me, I feel the disappointment rather keenly. But I have already seen my son. I have not told you before that his appointment is at a mine in Cornwall; and, although he said very little on the subject, I know

Mr. Willmott dreads being left entirely to strange servants. Do you know, Wayfe, I fear that the attempt at robbery which you so courageously prevented has shaken him sadly—he often looks so bowed and old; even this morning he appeared so haggard that I was pained to see it, and I proposed to remain with him myself.”

“Marie must go next week, then, Mrs. White?”

“Yes; she seems to have left home on that express understanding, or, at any rate, that she would only stay as long as you required attention. If she could stay now—I think I might leave her in charge here—I think Mr. Willmott would like her, and I know she is to be trusted.”

There was something in the bare proposal that shocked me strangely. Knowing what I knew, it seemed impossible that I could leave Mrs. White ignorant of what I had learned that afternoon with the probability of such an arrangement and all that it might involve. A vague terror seemed to hold me silent, but my thought was in my face, and I rose suddenly and paced the room, followed by the anxious eyes of my companion.

“Something has happened to disturb you, Wayfe—you are not well,” she said, as I placed myself by the window. “Is it that you fear the journey? I will try to prevail on nurse to stay here while I go with you.”

“No, no,” I replied, “that cannot be. I will tell you why;” and in hurried but broken sentences I told her all that I had learned of Justine Marie, and of my former interview with Mr. Donhead.

We were able afterwards to consider the matter more calmly, and, though the mystery was as far as ever from a solution, it was obvious that there was a real although an uncertain danger to my guardian in leaving him, weak and broken, as I learned he had become, to the chance discovery of Marie Dufour's real position, whatever that might be.

Mrs. White, in whose serene mind all sorrows and all joys seemed to take due place and order, as alike working to supreme good, was at first painfully affected by the narrative which I repeated, but, subdued by the peaceful influences of her nature, I became less excitable, and talked with her long and earnestly. The only result established was that I should go to Cornwall with Marie, and that, while we both kept silence on the subject until more certain information was obtained, I should write to her specially whenever I had anything to communicate.

Little preparation was necessary for my journey; the trunks had all been packed long ago, only one of them having been reopened to supply me with the clothes I had worn during my illness. I felt unequal to the task of saying farewell again even to Mr. and Mrs. Goodward; the remaining days were devoted to such short walks and drives as served to restore my strength, and, in some measure, my spirits. There was aroused within me a desire which I had long wished to gratify—to stand upon the sea-shore upon some rocky coast, and see the great waves, “mountains high,” come rolling and thundering upon the beach, to gaze long and dreamily over the immeasurable waste of waters, and lose myself in their illimitable volume. The time had arrived when I could revel in the sense of undisguised nature, sublime, but solitary; awful, but awakening the soul to influences by which the small voice of one human spirit swells into a full burst of song in unison with the music of the spheres—a song of mournful strain, as befits its short and unequal measure, rather seeming to breathe the recollection of

past glory, the fearful hope of blessedness but dimly shadowed by the outer manifestations of a mysterious beneficence, than the full tide of triumph, or the strain that wakes to the battle of life. The "religion of nature" is but a godly fatalism—a sense of power typified by physical bigness—a sense of goodness expressed in marvellous adaptation—a recognition of perfection in physical beauty; but the representations of goodness, power, beauty, loom all-glorious above and around the MAN, who holds to them no definite relation—who, beside their perfection, feels himself born communicant with neither, save in an imperfect apprehension of all.

The enthusiast, lifted for a moment above the consciousness of that ever-present imperfection which has placed him, as it were, homeless and relationless in the great shadow-world of nature, may feel some sort of trust in Divine Goodness. In his prayers he deprecates not so much the punishment for voluntary imperfection as the being eternally disregarded as unworthy. The religion of nature deals with man by means of oracles which speak to him, in uncertain accents, of an Eternal City, but are dumb as to the means of entrance. From the rapt vision which has transported him beyond the everlasting hills to the very gate of some sort of Paradise of which he should be heir, he wakes a solitary beggar in the suburbs of a strange universe.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### A TRAVELLING COMPANION.

DURING the week before my departure I was much with my guardian, who would have me sit in the library every day after dinner. I could see, as he sometimes fell asleep in his easy chair, that Mrs. White's opinion was founded on no partial anxiety. Ordinarily, he preserved that tone of half-serious, half-cynical banter with which he continually opposed himself to the exhibition of either weakness or sentiment; frequently he would look old and worn, keeping up the mere affectation of cheerfulness by an effort more painful to me than the saddest temper in which he could have greeted me. Asleep, his face seemed to fall quite naturally into that expression the shadow of which I had noticed long ago, and lie against the dark, leather-covered chair, so white, and with such a relaxation of its harder linaments, that I sometimes listened for his breathing, thinking he might be dead.

It was decided that I should go from London to Bristol by the boat which started in the morning from a wharf in the city, and that Mrs. White and myself should spend the afternoon and evening of the previous day with him.

I was surprised to find that he had really become grave and sorrowful on that last day of my stay under his roof—that he had, indeed, abandoned all pretence of that harder and more flippant manner by which he had been used to conceal his real feelings. As he stood up to greet me when I entered, his face bore the same expression as I had seen it wear on the night of my liberation from Mrs. Bradley—the same expression, but older and more wistful.

"Come in, my dear," he said, holding out both his hands; "I shall so soon lose you that I can't afford you a minute on this last evening; you must sacrifice it all to me."



"I feel as much grieved at going away as you can in parting with me, sir; but I hope I shall come home some time, if only for a visit."

"Ah, yes, yes! You call this home, then, do you, Wayfe? You shall come back if I have to fetch you myself, but it is better that you should leave here now; I have a work before me which will take me some time; I have work to do which may take me to France, where I thought I never should set foot again."

"Have you only just found it necessary to go there, sir?"

"Only to-day. I met a man in the street who had forgotten me, and whom I had believed to be dead years ago. It is on such chances that we often find the great events of our lives depend."

I was almost startled to hear him speak in a manner so unusual, with a tone so solemn and yet so determined. I should have questioned him yet further, but he got up quickly, saying—

"No more of this now, however; it is a matter of which you know, and can at present know, nothing—one not affecting you at all—not affecting anybody now living but myself, perhaps."

As he thus dismissed the subject, Mrs. White entered, and there was nothing for us to do but to sit there with an unsolved secret in the mind of each.

With a long and heavy sigh which sounded like a sob, and which shook his now enfeebled frame more than I had seen it shaken even in the excitement of late events, my guardian bade me "Good night," and added an earnest "God speed," which sounded more like a prayer than anything I had before heard him utter.

"Write to me personally once a fortnight, Wayfe, whether I reply or not," he said. "I claim this from your gratitude, if not from your love."

"You may claim anything from both," I said, as I still hung upon his shoulder.

"I believe you," he replied; and then, resuming something of his usual manner, "Here, take her away, Mrs. White; she is too well able to make a fool of me for me to trust her here any longer."

But he said again, "God bless you!" and, with a tottering step, opened the door to let us pass out.

I had been liberally provided with money for my immediate wants, and was to have eight pounds a quarter while I was at Mr. Donhead's. This I learned from Mrs. White after we had gone to bed, and while I counted the few remaining hours during which I should have her near me. Early in the morning I learned that Marie Rose was already up, and that she had herself prepared breakfast in the dear old room where I had first looked through the curtained window into the street after coming home.

The trunks were all packed and standing in the hall; soon the fly which had been engaged to take us to the wharf stood at the door. I felt as though my heart had been bruised but still numbed from thrilling pain; there was much lying in the future, there was much in the past; the present was blank, save in the keen reality and yet half-concealed pang of parting. I have said "half-concealed;" not a word of sorrow was spoken between my second mother and myself. Each felt the strange influence of the presence of the nurse, and of that presence being a secret yet to be discovered. I turned for a moment at the hall-door, as the trunks were being carried out, felt myself strained in one long

embrace, heard a low murmur of prayer and blessing, and, amidst the clatter of wheels, was being driven away with my head supported on my companion's arm. I was weaker than I expected, and only roused myself as we approached the city, and a block of carriages stopped the way in Fleet-street.

The wharf in Upper Thames-street, where the Bristol packet lay, was reached by a steep and unevenly-paved roadway beneath a heavy arch of blackened timber. As we threaded some narrow turnings in the neighbourhood, the fly turned such sudden corners, and clattered down such abrupt and craggy hills, that we had enough to do to keep our seats; and the effort necessary to prevent my being shaken from side to side of the crazy vehicle, together with some anxiety as to the safety of the luggage, which threatened every moment to crash through the roof, did much to restore me by the substitution of one present absorbing excitement for another which had in it less of the ludicrous.

The terrible din we made was in itself a strange change from the surrounding murmur in those great thoroughfares where the sound of wheels made distinctions of noise impossible; for we had suddenly entered a neighbourhood where at that early hour, and probably throughout the day, the silence was only broken by the echoing footfalls of some few passengers. One or two quaint old city churchyards, with tall, dusty-looking trees waving their boughs over the black iron railings which protected the graves from the footway—trees whose late autumn leaves had for many a year choked up every nook to which the wind, circulating draughtily through narrow passages, had swept them, to lie and rot in mouldering heaps; queer old porches, where leaden-headed cherubs looked blankly down from amidst dirty carvings of fruit and flowers; great, high, silent houses, where the blinds hung, faded and yellow, at windows opaque with outer dust, converted into mud by the mists of hot, wet summer nights—these things I had the opportunity of remarking when, through the sudden lurch caused by a defective gutter, one of my boxes fell off the carriage and into the deep doorway of a wholesale pickle-warehouse, whence it was only restored after a sharp dispute between the driver and a drunken porter, who sat down upon it, stolidly declaring that it had been delivered into his custody.

The rain, which had been falling sluggishly all night, seemed to rise in mist, which, in the warm, close atmosphere of city streets, made everything damp and dim. Turning down the heavy gateway leading to the wharf, we seemed to enter a well supplied by a hot spring, the steam from the vessel at the quay making the distance still less discernible. Having dismissed the fly, Mario discovered a porter, to whose care she consigned two of the trunks, and, following him to the boat, left me to take care of the rest of our luggage until her return. I was standing under a sort of shed, where bales of merchandise, casks, and crates were heaped together amidst broken iron and old cables, when I saw a man looking furtively about, as if in search of somebody of whom to make an inquiry. He was an old man, but with an appearance which might easily have enabled him to pass for not more than fifty, dressed in a large travelling-cloak, somewhat worn and faded, and a cap of foreign shape pulled down over his ears and forehead. With his closely-shorn, but still not perfectly clean, face, wrinkled and puckered into an expression of wistful inquiry, he stood holding a paper in his hand, and looking round occasionally, as though to discover some place to which it bore the direction, so that, as he happened to glance my way, and saw me staring at him, he not

unnaturally came forward, and, touching his cap, handed me the document, at the same time asking me in French to give him the information he sought. Although I had guessed him to be a foreigner, I was scarcely prepared to learn that he was a Frenchman, for his was a type of the nation with which I had had no previous acquaintance. Totally without the fine lineaments or graceful bearing of M. Leraud—with neither the small, slim, active figure, nor the grosser and more stunted proportions of some others of his countrymen—without even the olive check, and dark, restless eye which characterise them when other peculiarities are wanting—he might have been a native of any place rather than of France or England. His round face, almost colourless, and somewhat *greyed* by age—his rather thick-set, stooping figure—his coarse and ungloved hands—his generally unmonstrative, if not stealthy, appearance—offered no point on which to dwell as an expression of individuality either ill-looking or the reverse. I was about to read the direction on the paper in my hand, when he commenced speaking, and, by a gesture and a shrug of the shoulders, stamped his nationality at once.

Mademoiselle should know, he said, that he was a stranger in London, and, of a truth, in England—that he had come to go to the place indicated there—to a steamboat which was about to make the sea-voyage to Cornwall—that it started from a quay near to that where he rendered himself.

I replied that he was on the quay itself, and that the boat was now about to start; whereupon he took off his wet and weather-beaten cap, disclosing his closely-cropped hair of grizzled black, bowed profoundly, and volubly expressed his thanks.

As he turned towards the gateway again, I thought he might have mistaken my meaning, but coming back presently with a very worn and rusty valise, he placed it on the ground near my own boxes, and seemed thereby to place himself under my guidance, with such a quiet assurance of its being perfectly just and natural for me to accept the trust, that I became somewhat concerned, and indicated that I was merely waiting for a companion, who would presently return.

It was well, he said, that mademoiselle was accompanied by a gentleman. He had understood that it was a difficult and dangerous voyage, not to be encountered alone by a lady who seemed to need repose; for himself, he knew nothing of the journey, but had come on urgent business, delayed a week beyond the time by affairs in Paris—affairs of law, in which he had been abused. His passport, even, had been obtained with difficulty; it was not needed here, however. Bah! it might lie there in his pocket-book; nevertheless, without doubt, I might see it. Yes! There it was, and there was the description of himself; there his name—"Jean Dufour."

It was well that I had not taken the paper from his hand as he unfolded it and pointed to the words as he mentioned them, for I should inevitably have dropped it in the gutter, which was now flowing rapidly down towards the river. I was struck with such dire confusion that he looked up surprised, and, with some murmured apology, replaced the old pocket-book and its contents in a breast-pocket. Marie, coming up presently with the porter, found me looking anxious and alarmed, still with the vague dread of a secret which it might be dangerous to reveal.

Unless there were two men bearing the name of Jean Dufour, and the journey could be a mere coincidence, here was the uncle of whom she had spoken, urged by a message which permitted no delay.

## HISTORICAL FEMALE BIOGRAPHIES.

## II.—THE FOUR MARIES.

MARY FLEMING, MARY LIVINGSTON, MARY BETON, MARY SETON,  
MAIDS OF HONOUR TO MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

## I.—MARY FLEMING.

FOUR little girls of noble birth, bearing the same baptismal name as their infant sovereign lady, Mary, Queen of Scots, and nearly of the same age, were chosen by the queen-mother, Mary of Lorraine, widow of James V., to be the companions, playfellows, and maids of honour of her royal daughter, with whom they were all educated, learning everything she learned, and of the same masters.

The names of these young ladies were Mary Fleming, Mary Livingston, Mary Beton, and Mary Seton.

Mary Fleming, with whose life we commence, was the daughter of Malcolm third Lord Fleming, Lord Chamberlain of Scotland, by his marriage with the daughter of King James IV., by Janet Kennedy, called Lady Bothwell.

Lady Fleming obtained the appointment of governess—or lady mistress, as it was termed—to the infant queen, to whom she was, in fact, aunt, by the illegitimate blood. Mary Fleming became fatherless at a very tender age, for Lord Fleming was slain at the battle of Pinkie, bravely fighting in defence of his queen and country against the English invaders.

The young queen, with her four Maries, her governess, Lady Fleming, her preceptors, lord keepers, and officers of state, was at that time residing in the picturesque islet of Inchmahome, in the lake of Menteith, whither they had been removed for security on the invasion of the Duke of Somerset, who endeavoured, by devastating Scotland with fire and sword, to compel Queen Mary to be given in marriage to his royal nephew, Edward VI.

In consequence of this rough wooing, and the treasonable collusion of several members of the Scotch aristocracy with the English government, the queen-mother resolved on sending her daughter, the young queen, to France, for greater safety and the completion of her education, together with her young classmates and playmates, the four Maries.

They were all brought from the priory of Inchmahome the last day of February, 1548-9, to the royal fortress of Dumbarton, a strong castle built on the loftiest peak of the cleft mountain which commands the Firth of Clyde.

In this bleak place the little Mary Fleming remained with her widowed mother, their young queen, and the other Maries, during the whole of that spring and the greater part of the summer, waiting for the French admiral, Villegaignon, and the galleys that were to transport them to France. At length the sails of the long-expected fleet were seen entering the Clyde. All was bustle and preparation in the royal fortress for the immediate departure of the juvenile sovereign and her suite. On the 7th of August, 1549, they all embarked, with a favourable wind; but directly they got out to sea encountered foul weather, and were dreadfully tossed and beaten about on the perilous coast of Bretagne for many days, and the ladies and children suffered excessively from sea-sickness.

Mary Fleming had not to endure, like her royal mistress and her young

associate Mary Beton, the pangs of separation from a beloved mother, for Lady Fleming sailed with them in quality of governess to the little queen—a post for which her ladyship, whatever might have been her accomplishments, appears to have been ill qualified, for, instead of setting a laudable example of patience and courage during the discomforts and dangers of the stormy voyage, she wearied the French admiral with her complaints and cries, and incessant demands that her royal charge, the other children, and herself, should be landed, and allowed to remain on shore till calm weather. M. de Villegaignon, having vainly explained to her the impossibility of complying with her requisition, at last became so greatly irritated by her importunity as to lose his temper, and told her, in anything but courteous terms, “that she could not land, but must either go to France or drown by the way.”

Fortunately they escaped the English squadron which had been sent out by the Protector Somerset to intercept and capture the young queen, and was seen hovering off St. Abb's Head the night the galleys got out to sea, and but for their going by a different course, and the stormy weather which ensued, would probably have taken the royal Mary and her four little Maries to London, instead of allowing them to pursue their voyage to France.

After tossing about for thirteen days in the greatest danger on the rocky coast of Bretagne, the royal galley with its precious freight ran into the little port of Roscoff, at that time a nest of pirates. The next day, August the 20th, the illustrious young travellers entered the city of Morlaix, where they were lodged in the Dominican convent, and reposed two days to recover from the fatigue and indisposition caused by their long, stormy voyage. They all attended a public service of thanksgiving at the church of Notre Dame, on the morrow, where *Te Deum* was sung for their escape from the peril of capture or wreck.

Mary Fleming, on account of her relationship to the queen, and being the daughter of the lady mistress, had, of course, the place of honour next the person of her royal mistress on all public occasions.

Unfortunately, Lady Fleming, who was “a beautiful woman without discretion”—most unfit for a governess—excited great scandal by the levity of her behaviour with the King of France, which so offended both the queen, Catherine de Medicis, and the Duchess de Valentinois, Henry's reigning favourite, that the queen-mother of Scotland found it expedient, after a time, to depose her from her office and recall her to Scotland.

Mary Fleming was thus deprived of her mother's company and protection, and all the privileges and indulgences she had hitherto enjoyed in consequence of her pre-eminence in the young queen's household; nor was this all, for she was now subjected to the iron yoke of the new governess, Madame de Paroix, a rigid devotee and querulous valetudinarian, who had been appointed by Cardinal de Lorraine, Queen Mary's uncle, to supply Lady Fleming's place, as the most decided contrast he could find in conduct and character to her.

As this woman nearly tormented the little queen to death with her ill temper and tyranny, it is not to be supposed that the four Scotch Maries, who were also her pupils, fared much better than their young royal mistress under her domination. The pretty, volatile Mary Fleming, as the daughter of so improper a lady as the disgraced Scotch governess, was sure to be an especial mark for persecution and insult—more particularly when it became known that Lady Fleming had

borne a son soon after her return to Scotland, of whom the King of France was the reputed father.

Even at that tender age, her mother's indiscretion must have been a serious disadvantage to Mary Fleming, by reviving the story of her grandmother's frailty, and furnishing censorious and uncharitable people with an excuse for predicting "that she would prove, like them, more fair than good." No evil has, however, been reported of Mary Fleming at the gay court of France. She learned all the accomplishments there with her young royal mistress which were considered suitable for ladies of the most elevated rank to acquire, and, like Queen Mary, took especial delight in music, dancing, and ornamental needlework, in which she and all the associate Maries greatly excelled.

Having shared the splendour of Queen Mary's happy days in France, and her affliction on the untimely death of the young king her husband, Mary Fleming returned to Scotland with her on the 20th of August, 1561, after eleven years' absence from her native land.

The change from the luxuries and refinements of the polite court of France to the semi-barbarism of impoverished and half-Puritanised Scotland was probably still more displeasing to Mary Fleming than to her royal mistress; for the queen was endued with the noble and heroic qualities of a great mind; the beautiful maid of honour was a vain, light-minded coquette, who regarded pleasure and personal admiration as the principal objects of woman's life.

The first mortification that befell the queen and her Maries on their landing at Leith, in the midst of the thick fog which prevailed at their arrival, was the appearance of the miserable hackneys and ponies, with villanous old saddles and bridles, which had been provided by the Lord James, Prior of St. Andrew's,\* and his colleagues to convey them to Holyrood.

"These are not the equestrian appointments to which I have been accustomed," observed the queen, "but it behoves me to arm myself with patience."

"The same evening," records Brantôme, "there came under her window five or six hundred ragamuffins of that town, who gave her a concert of the vilest fiddles and little rebees, which are as bad as they can be in that country, and accompanied them with singing psalms, but so wretchedly out of tune that nothing could be worse. Ah, what melody it was! what a lullaby for the night!"

These solemn serenaders were the minstrels and musicians of the congregation, and, encouraged by the courteous acknowledgments of the youthful sovereign, they perseveringly repeated their discordant performances for many nights.

One of the four Maries, probably the flippant Mary Fleming, silyly reminded her royal mistress of the favourite text on which Montluc, the Bishop of Valance, had been accustomed to enlarge in his exhortations to her and her ladies at the court of France—"Is any one merry, let him sing psalms"—and asked "if this were a specimen of the enlivening melody he recommended?"

"Alas!" replied the queen, "this is no place for mirth; it is with difficulty I am able to repress my tears."

These lugubrious beginnings were, however, succeeded by public rejoicings for the return of the fair young sovereign, and festivities took place in which the four Maries enjoyed a reasonable share of pleasure. The evening after the queen

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\* The queen's illegitimate brother, afterwards Earl of Moray, and Regent of Scotland.

had made her state procession to Edinburgh Castle she gave her first grand entertainment to her Scottish nobles and ladies. Old Holyrood wore a new face on the occasion, being gaily replenished with the costly hangings and furniture she had brought with her from France. The rushes on the floors had been swept away, and superseded, for the first time, by the luxury of carpets. Pictorial tapestry and arras of cloth of gold were on the walls; marble tables, supported on carved and gilded frames, were set out with the newly-imported luxury of porcelain vases filled with flowers, and crystal flagons filled with perfumed waters. Horologes that chimed the hours were there in gold and silver chased cases, adorned with gems arranged in devices and mottoes. Chess-tables of ebony and ivory, with exquisite statuettes of kings, queens, bishops, knights, fortresses, and men-at-arms of the rival colours, were placed in order of battle. Cabinets of Venetian filigree in silver, and others worked over in patterns with Dutch beads, interspersed with seed-pearls by the skilful and industrious fingers of the queen and her four Maries, who devoted several hours every day to assist their royal mistress in the elaborate pieces of ornamental needlework in which she took such great delight. Dancing, music, and cards formed the usual entertainments at the queen's evening receptions at Holyrood. The dinner hour was twelve o'clock, and the queen's ladies dined in classes at separate tables. The four Maries dined at the first table, with the queen's French governess, Madame de Briante, Madame de Crig, and three French maids of honour.

They were allowed one gallon of wine, among them all, two rolls of bread each, and the same diet as their royal mistress, which on flesh days consisted of four sorts of soup, and four *entrées*, a piece of boiled beef, boiled loin of mutton, and a boiled capon. The second course was of roast meats, one joint of mutton, one capon, three pullets or pigeons, three leverets or rabbits, and two pieces of bacon. No sweet dishes are enumerated. The dessert consisted of seven dishes of fruit and preserves, and one dish of chicory paste.

Supper, which was served at four o'clock in the afternoon, was a repetition of the same viands as at dinner—good, plain, substantial fare, with nothing fanciful. Neither tea, coffee, nor chocolate was known in the sixteenth century; milk, whey, and *eau sucrée* were the light beverages which supplied the place of those luxuries with Mary Stuart and her maids of honour. Each of these ladies had a man-servant and a maid. The men dined with an officer called the Usher of the Ladies and the *passemantier*, an ingenious needleman who worked the borders of dresses and beds, and designed patterns.

Their maids dined at a separate table with the wife of one of the queen's butlers, and one of her female drolls, or fools, called *La Jardinière*. There were several of these in Queen Mary's establishment, who were dressed in the royal livery—scarlet and yellow. Mary Fleming and her three associate Maries were allowed half-a-pound of candles between them every night, from the 1st of November till the last of March, and, besides this, a *bougie* of yellow wax, weighing an ounce, each.

Their salaries on their return to Scotland were 200 livres de Tournais, which would be about the rate of twenty pounds a year; but then they were clothed at the queen's expense, and that very sumptuously. On the anniversary of the death of Francis II. of France, the lamented consort of their royal mistress, black velvet was delivered from her wardrobe stores to each of the four Maries for their second mourning; also black cloth for their riding-cloaks and hoods when the court was

going on a progress into the country ; and there were tailors in the royal household who made their dresses—no greater impropriety than the employment of male habit-makers in modern times. They had received much higher salaries when Mary was Queen Consort of France, but considerable reductions were necessarily made in the wages of both her Scotch and French ladies on her return to Scotland, where the strictest economy was practised in the queen's household, in order not to exceed her reduced income.

With walking, hunting, hawking, and shooting at the butts on fine days, and embroidery, reading, and music when the weather did not allow of out-door occupations, Queen Mary's maids of honour led a pleasant life in Scotland, even though they lacked some of the gaieties to which they had been accustomed in France.

There was dancing every night when the queen was well and merrily disposed, and occasionally masks, in which the gentlemen of the household, both Scotch and French, and such of the nobility as did not regard such amusements in the light of deadly sins, took part.

Mary Fleming received from her royal mistress, in May, 1562, a *devant*, or facing, of a coat of cloth of gold, and some time afterwards a mantle of white taffety, made in the Spanish fashion ; and, in 1565, a mantle of black taffety.

After the audacious intrusion of the enamoured French poet Chastellair into the queen's bedchamber, Mary Fleming was chosen by the queen to sleep with her, in order to prevent such rash attempts from others for the time to come, and also to disarm scandal.

Mary Fleming is said to have borne a strong family resemblance to her royal mistress, and to have been the most beautiful of the four Maries.

On the occasion of Queen Mary opening in person the first assembly of the Three Estates of Scotland, convened by her after her return to her own realm, she rode from Holyrood in state, attended by her ladies, all in full dress, and took her seat on the throne in the Parliament Hall, having exchanged her widow's dress, or "*deuil weed*," as it was called, for her royal robes and regalia. The four Maries, who, as her personal attendants, had been confined by the rigour of etiquette to wear black and white while the queen appeared in her widow's mourning, now availed themselves of the opportunity of donning their French finery, and shone forth in rich colours and glittering jewels, to the great indignation of Knox, whose hostility to his fair sovereign and contempt for her sex break forth in the following unsavoury observation :—"Such stinking pride of women as was seen in this parliament was never before seen in Scotland. All things misliked the preachers ; they spake boldly against the targatting of their tails, and against the rest of their vanity, which they affirmed should provoke God's vengeance, not only against these foolish women, but against the whole realm, and especially against those that maintained them in that odious abusing of things that might have been better bestowed. Articles were presented for order to be taken for apparel, and for reformation of other enormities, but all was scrippied at"—treated with condign contempt, as injurious to the interests of the commercial and working classes.

In short, sumptuary laws had had their date, and the ladies got the better of the preachers in the matter of costume. Like Cato in his opposition to the repeal of the Oppian law at Rome, Knox found himself in an unsupported minority on the delicate subject of a Ladies'-dress Reform-bill.

"The targatting of their tails," which so exceedingly offended the great



reformer, was the new French fashion of finishing the corners of court trains with tassels of fine goldsmith's filigree-work. Small bells were in some instances attached to these, which produced a tinkling sound when the fair wearers moved, and were regarded as most heretical vanities by the divines of the Geneva school.

It was, however, to no more purpose that targa's were more anathematised from the pulpit by John Knox in those days than crinolines are censured in our own by the public press; they were the fashion, and the belles of Mary Stuart's court persisted in wearing them, and Mary Fleming among the rest.

One day, John Knox having been dismissed from the queen's closet for his impertinence to her majesty, persisted in waiting nearly an hour in her privy chamber, into which it opened, till her conference with his friend the laird of Dun was concluded. Then, finding that the noblemen and gentlemen of the royal household eschewed his company, and, though the majority of them were members of his congregation, behaved as strangely as if they had never seen him before, he, with some lack of moral justice, left their follies and fopperies uncastigated, and proceeded to vent his displeasure on the unoffending ladies of the bedchamber and the maids of honour. These were sitting there in all their gorgeous apparel, which he espying, said, merrily, "Oh, fair ladies, how pleasant were this life of yours if it should ever abide, and then in the end you might pass to heaven with all this gay gear! But fie upon that knave Death! that will come, whether you will or not, and, when he has laid on his arrest, the foul worms will be busy with this flesh, be it never so fair and tender; and the silly soul, I fear, shall be so feeble that it can neither carry with it gold, garnishing, targatting, pearl, nor precious stones."

It most unfortunately happened soon after that the queen's French apothecary seduced a young countrywoman of his belonging to the royal household, and persuaded his victim to endeavour to conceal the consequences of their guilt by murdering the infant; but its cries having been heard, both parties were tried, convicted of the crime, and, being condemned to die, were hanged in the High Street at Edinburgh. On this tragedy the popular ballad of "Mary Hamilton" is supposed to have been founded, which was written by an anonymous poet, who, deceived, perhaps, by Knox's vituperations, has transformed the French heroine of the tale into one of the noble Scotch maids of honour without being correctly informed of their surnames. The following quatrain has led to a vulgar error on the subject:—

"Yestreen the queen had four Maries,  
This night she'll have but three:  
There was Mary Beton, and Mary Seton,  
And Mary Carmichael, and me."

Neither a Mary Hamilton\* nor a Mary Carmichael was ever included among the catalogue of Queen Mary's female attendants.

The queen's four Maries remained undiminished. The severe illness which attacked the queen in the autumn of this year, 1563, is supposed to have been seriously aggravated by the distress of mind caused by this dreadful occurrence, and the comments which were made upon it by the ever-inimical preachers.

In consequence of the incessant fulminations of John Knox against the sinful-

\* This imaginary lady, however, figures as one of the heroines of that accomplished author, Whyte Melville, Esq., in his fascinating romance of "The Queen's Maries," which is warmly recommended to our readers.

ness of dancing, that exhilarating exercise had been a good deal discontinued at the court of Holyrood; but, on the queen's recovering from her dangerous illness, she gave a grand ball and entertainment on Twelfth Day, and initiated the Scotch nobles and ladies into that attractive French Christmas game called the "Feast of the Bean," from which the English custom of drawing for king and queen has been derived. Whoever happened to get the bean which was concealed in the Twelfthcake was entitled to be treated with the honours of regality that evening. The bean fell to the lot of the beautiful Mary Fleming on this occasion; and Queen Mary, to do honour to her fair young kinswoman, indulgently arrayed her in her own royal robes, and decorated her with a profusion of her choicest jewels, wearing none herself that the Queen of the Bean might shine peerless.

Randolph, the English ambassador, who was at that time engaged in an active flirtation, as it would now be styled, with Mary Beton, writes the following animated account of this evening to his patron, the Earl of Leicester, Queen Elizabeth's favourite:—

"Touching the state of things here, it may please your lordship to know that the queen hath recovered much of her health. The ladies and gentlemen are all in health and merry, which your lordship should have seen if you had been here upon Tuesday, at the great solemnity and royal estate of the Queen of the Bean.

"Fortune was so favourable to fair Fleming, that, if she could have seen to have judged of her virtue and beauty as blindly as she went to work and chose her at adventure, she would sooner have made her a queen for life than for one only day to exalt her so high, and then not to leave her in the state she found her. There lacked only for so noble a heart a worthy realm to endue her with. That day was to be seen how fit a match she would be were she to contend either with Venus in beauty, Minerva in wit, or Juno in worldly wealth—having the two former by nature, and of the third so much as is contained in this realm at her command and free disposition. The treasure of Solomon, I trow, was not to be compared to that which hanged upon her back. Happy was it for this realm that her reign endured no longer. Two such sights in one state in so good accord I believe were never seen as to behold those worthy queens possess, without envy, one kingdom, both upon a day.

"The Queen of the Bean was that day in a gown of cloth of silver—her head, her neck, her shoulders, and the rest of her body so beset with stones that"—here he saucily mocks Queen Mary's regal style of speaking—"more in our whole jewel-house were not to be found.

"Queen Mary was herself," he goes on to state, "appareled that day in colours white and black; no other jewel or gold about her but the ring I brought her from the queen's majesty, Elizabeth, hanging at her breast, with a lace of white and black about her neck. The cheer of that day was great."

The festivity concluded by his excellency dancing with Queen Mary, who re-asserted her regal rank and pre-eminence in her own court by claiming him for her partner.

The next occasion on which Mary Fleming made a conspicuous appearance was at the gay Shrovetide banquet at Holyrood the same year, where she and her three associate namesakes served the queen at table, who chose to be waited upon by them instead of her officers of state.

The four Maries had, on their return to Scotland, united in making a vow

not to marry until their royal mistress had set them the example by contracting matrimony with some one among the illustrious suitors by whom she was sought in marriage. This rash vow, instead of inducing their fair sovereign to gratify her loving subjects by choosing a second consort, seemed more likely to bind themselves to a lifelong period of celibacy, for the queen continued to reject every candidate for her hand without the slightest consideration of the celibacy to which her own was dooming her four namesakes and "*mignons*," as the Maries were termed by the English ambassador. Queen Mary often playfully called them her daughters, though pretty nearly as old as herself. As all but Mary Seton were now turned of one-and-twenty, the Maries were exposed to many impertinent pleasantries from the gallants of the court of Holyrood at the termination of every unsuccessful negotiation from foreign princes for the queen's hand.

Mary Fleming had amused herself, in the meantime, by entering into such unbecoming flirtations with two of the English diplomatists who visited the court of Scotland, that she injured her maidenly reputation. She had received clandestinely the addresses of Sir Henry Sidney, a man many years older than herself, and jilted him to enter into a secret love-pledge with Killigrew, the nephew of the English prime minister, Sir William Cecil. Killigrew, who had only courted her in order to worm the secrets of her royal mistress out of her—not from love, as the event proved—forsook her to form a degrading alliance with a vulgar woman of low degree, which the high-born court beauty took so greatly to heart that she fell sick with vexation, although she was at the same time wooed by the learned and eloquent secretary of state, Sir William Maitland, lord of Lethington, who had lately become a widower, and was passionately enamoured of her. Randolph makes the following sarcastic remarks, in a letter to her discarded admirer, Sir Henry Sidney, upon her faded and dejected appearance, betraying, as we suspect, no little of the spite of a disappointed lover himself, though at that time paying his deceitful addresses to Mary Beton:—

"Fleming, that was once so fair," writes he, "being forsaken of all her unworthy servants that since her arrival never made account of her, for heavy displeasure, lieth sore sick, ready to give up the ghost, but with many a sigh heartily wisheth that Randolph (himself) had served her, when Killigrew, that little spark of a man, first moved her heart to accept so disloyal a servant, that so many times hath sworn 'that he should die for her,' now hath refused the pleasant places and secret corners of his mistress's privy chamber to match him upon the cook's daughter, who will be found as very a shrew as ever came out of the kitchen."

He then goes on to maliciously banter Sidney, who was probably attached to the beautiful coquette, on her forgetfulness of him:—

"She neither remembereth you, nor scarcely acknowledgeth that you are her man. Your lordship, therefore, need not to pride you of any such mistress in this court; she hath found another whom she doth love better. Lethington now serveth her alone, and is like, for her sake, to run beside himself. Both day and night he attendeth, he watcheth, he wooeth, his folly never more apparent than in loving her, when he may be assured that, how much soever he make it her, she will always love another better. This much have I written for the worthy praise of your noble mistress, who now being neither much worth in beauty, nor greatly

to be praised in virtue, is content, in place of lords and earls, to accept to her service a poor pen clerk."

Randolph must certainly have written under the influence of rabid jealousy when describing the accomplished lord of Lethington, a man of high family, and principal secretary of state to the Scottish queen, who occasionally represented her at the court of England, by a term that would have been more properly applicable to a scrivener or notary's apprentice.

Lethington's passion for the beautiful Mary Fleming was no secret in the court either of Scotland or England. Randolph himself had written to the English premier, Cecil, in the preceding October, that "Queen Mary had undertaken to reconcile the feud between the Earl of Lennox and the Duke of Châtellerauld, and Lethington, for the love he beareth to Mary Fleming, is supposed to favour it."

Lethington had himself written to Cecil, in February, a fantastic letter, the sole object of which was to confide to him the fact that "he was under the dominion of Cupid, and considered love a cure for all other ills."

Lethington was then forty years of age. He was the eldest son and heir of old Sir Richard Maitland, of Lethington, a fair domain near Haddington, in East Lothian. His castle, now called Lennox Love, is at present the seat of the Dowager Lady Blantyre. Sir Richard, though blind, was the lord privy seal, and one of the most celebrated poets of the age. He addressed a quaint but loyal poem to Queen Mary, with his New Year's wishes, on her return to her realm, of which the following lines may be quoted as a specimen:—

"Madame, I was true servant of thy mother,  
And in her favour stood aye thankfully  
Of my estate, as well as any other,  
Praying thy grace I may received be  
In sic like favour with thy majesty.  
And though that I to serve be not so able  
As I was wont, because I may not see,  
Yet in my heart I will be firm and stable  
To thy highness with all fidelity,  
Aye praying God for thy prosperity,  
And that I hear thy people, with high voice  
And joyful hearts, crying continually,  
'Viva Marie! très nobil Roync d'Escosse!'"

Lethington was highly educated and deeply versed in classic lore, an accomplished linguist, eloquent, witty, and insinuating in his manners, and accounted one of the ablest diplomatists of his time, but had proved himself on various occasions so devoid of principle, that Mary Fleming, probably suspecting he would be as false in love as he had been unscrupulous in politics, took a long time to deliberate on the question of becoming his wife.

The treacherous manner in which he betrayed Queen Mary's confidence, in regard to her intended marriage with Darnley, to the English envoy, Throckmorton, and afterwards intrigued with the traitors in her cabinet against the marriage, provoked the indignation of the royal lovers, and caused his dismissal from his office of secretary of state, which led to the following sarcastic remark from Randolph, in a letter to Sir William Cecil, dated October 31st, 1565:—  
"My old friend Lethington hath leisure to make love, and in the end, as wise as he is, will show himself a very fool or stark staring mad."

## BRADSHAW.



PUBLIC attention has been recently called to a very serious fashion, which seems to be spreading with dangerous facility now that certain authorities have declared it not to be illegal. The result of a persistence in imitating the very questionable example of some of the persons whose names are probably of little importance, and so may be changed with impunity, would be dire confusion to a large number of respectable middle-aged people, since the appellations of inventors, originators, promoters, and so on, frequently pass to the articles invented and in daily use—articles which have been too long essential to the public service to have their titles rashly interfered with. There is little chance of the immortal name of Pickwick being subject either to travestie or supersession, so that the cigar named after him, as a humble tribute of respect, may still be inquired for under its widely-spread denomination. The boots named after the two generals whose titles are in themselves a part of the great history of the world are as little likely to be affected; "Congreves" have pretty nearly lapsed into the generic "lucifer;" the enormous development of photography has superseded the use of such distinctions as "Daguerreotype" and "Talbotype;" "Chesterfield," "Taglioni," and "Codrington" coats have long passed away; and even "Garibaldi" jackets will not survive the fleeting fashions of a couple of seasons; but there are still so many necessities of civilised life whose very existences seem to be identified with the names of the original sponsors, that the probability of those sponsors, or even

their descendants to the business, changing or remodelling such names cannot be contemplated without dismay.

It is needless to multiply instances, but imagine Mr. Allsopp, by some sudden insanity of fashion, insisting on adopting the name of Montesquieu—what would be the result of the British Public addressing the British Publican with a request for a glass, a pint, a quart, any quantity of “Montesquieu?” A glass, pint, or what not of “Allsopp” is natural and necessary, but “Montesquieu” is madness; as well ask for a pint or a bottle of “Bras” in the name of “St. John,” supposing the celebrated brewer to adopt, for parliamentary reasons, the patronymic of that brilliant statesman. Imagine a pint of “Montesquieu” and two bottles of “Sinjun!” Horrible!

The next supposition to which it has been necessary to lead the reader, with some considerate regard for possible hysteria, is that in the possible case of “Bradshaw.” Terrible, isn’t it? Think of the belated traveller unged by a porter already slamming and locking the doors of a starting train—dwell for a moment on the probable necessity of his obtaining a comprehensive Railway Guide before leaving London—consider him as remembering only “Bradshaw” when he ought to be instantly ready with the substitution of “Tackpish,” adopted for family reasons.

The subject is too painful to dwell upon. Let us hope that the abominable custom may never reach to this irrational height, and dwell for a moment on the pleasant, or, at all events, varied reminiscences that the very name of “Bradshaw” conjures up. Recollections of long and dusty journeys by excursion trains, where time-tables were unknown; of quiet country inns where only last month’s issue could be obtained; of great manufacturing towns, where the veritable “Bradshaw” was jostled by a host of local “guides;” of queer, out-of-the-way stations upon loop-lines, and remote branches where the time set down was only of the smallest importance, and seemed to be utterly disregarded.

To many, “Bradshaw” is a word of dismay, expressing unmitigated confusion and certain misunderstanding. It may be safely asserted that any woman, or, at all events, any young lady, who can trace the progress of a train in the ordinary issue throughout its course, whether at branch stations or otherwise, is entitled to graduate as possessing the clear and comprehensive intellect requisite for the thorough control of a family; and it would be a great addition to a girl’s ordinary education if she were required to go through a short but effective course of “Bradshaw” at school, since the result would be equal to, if it did not surpass, that attained by average male scholars in the study of the mathematics.

Who does not remember, with a slight shudder, gaily tracing their train from the starting-point at the London terminus, at the top of the narrow column, and having their cheerful finger suddenly arrested at a remote and midway station by a zigzag line which meandered altogether away from the track, and made that train start from some other place at about half-an-hour before it had arrived there? Words are inadequate to describe the perspiring agony of that book to hundreds of our fellow-creatures—the abundant information and prompt alternatives which it suggests to others who are fully initiated.

If this be true of the ordinary volume, what shall be said of the “Continental?” The family represented in the faithful engraving at the head of the preceding page represents this effect with far greater force than any imperfect description. Their name is Bodger (a fearful probability exists of its being

changed to Beaujour), and the artist has depicted them in earnest council on an occasion when it had been agreed to vary the usual autumnal trip to Ramsgate or Brighton by a journey up the Rhine, and home by way of Paris. Bodger, senior, who was, in a common way, thoroughly able to deal even with cross-lines and junctions, couldn't bring the combinations of boats, and railway, and diligence to any definite result. Mrs. B. calmly pursued a train to Spa, under the conviction that that was near Cologne, and finally lost herself at Lille; the two girls cried with vexation at not being able to discover the route; and, in the fear that the journey might be given up altogether, Bodger, junior, who was a distant relation to Lord Dundreary, declared that "it was the sort of a thing that no fella could understand, and that Bradshaw himself must be a fella who was a sort of a fool not to put it all down pa-wo-perly, without such a lot of mistakes." He finally referred the matter, however, to a fella—a friend of his, who was a sort of attaché, or a travelling courier—not a fella, you know, with a livery and a great bag, like a sort of a flunkey that travels with swells to get things ready for 'em, you know, but a government courier, you understand—a sort of a fella that takes despatches, and that sort of thing, and wather a swell himself—speaks no end of German and French, and all that sort of thing. After much coaching by his friend, Bodger the younger came to understand (in a Dundreary manner) a little more about Bradshaw; and, in the full confidence of a route made out in all its details by the gentleman, who was, in fact, a travelling attaché to the Foreign Office, the united family started rejoicingly.

It has been mentioned that their instructor was a Foreign Office traveller or attaché. When it is remembered that these gentlemen acquire the ability to take their rest, and even their meals, while they are speeding onwards over miles and miles of a long and otherwise tedious journey, it may explain the accompanying route, as submitted to the Bodgers, for seeing France, Belgium, Prussia, Flanders, Germany, Bavaria, and part of Switzerland, in about ten days. They started on a Thursday morning:—

"London to Dover, by train, 6.30 A.M. Dover to Calais, by packet, 11 A.M. Calais to Lille, by rail. Lille to Mouscron. Mouscron to Ghent. Arrive at Ghent at 9 P.M.

"Friday.—Ghent to Malines, 8.45 A.M. Malines to Cologne, 11.25 A.M. Arrive at Cologne, 7.45 P.M.

"Saturday.—Boat from Cologne to St. Goar, where you may stay till Monday morning, but the hotel is not good.

"Monday.—St. Goar, by steamer, to Bieberich. Meet the train to Wiesbaden and Frankfort. Reach Frankfort at night.

"Tuesday.—Train to Heidelberg, 4.30 A.M. Heidelberg to Bruchsal, 12.5 P.M. Bruchsal to Stuttgart, 1.35 P.M.

"Wednesday.—Stuttgart to Frederickshafen, 10.55 A.M. Arrive at Frederickshafen, 6.55 P.M.

"Thursday.—Steamer to Schaffhausen, 6 A.M.

"Friday.—Steamer to Zurich, by Constance. Zurich to Brugg, by rail, 4 P.M. Brugg to Basle, by diligence. Reach Basle at 11.50 P.M.

"Saturday.—Basle to Paris (leaving an hour for Strasbourg *en route*). 14 to 20 hours, if by slow train.

"Sunday.—Paris."

The reader may imagine what a charming holiday this was—how much the Bodgers enjoyed it—and what ample opportunities they discovered for seeing the great Continental cities by lamp-light. On some future occasion it may be amusing to trace their adventures on their first and last foreign tour.

## MODERN COOKERY AND HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.

WE reprint the following from an article in the *Athenæum* of July 19th:—

“The average of human felicity may not be much higher now than it has been; the world will most likely deserve its title of a ‘vale of tears’ to the end of time; but one consolation, and that by no means a small one, has become stronger and of more general circulation in the present day—there is the possibility of getting good dinners *oftener*! Good dinners, excellent dinners, super-excellent dinners, have been cooked and eaten in all ages. ‘Lord Mayor’s Feasts’ have never failed. Christmas time, Easter, and even Michaelmas, have secured good cheer for Christendom. Sunday dinners retain a comfortable superiority over the rest of their brethren; but their very association with plenty of good things suggests the ‘spare fast’ of intermediate seasons, when a household was kept on salted meat for months, the frugal housewife being careful to use first the portions which were ‘a little touched,’ and going on with the remainder as it stood in the most urgent need of being cooked. Certainly all that has been much changed for the better. Modern cookery-books deal less with grand dishes for high-company occasions, and more with the common dinners of every day. Domestic cookery-books have of late boldly encountered the difficulty of dealing with ‘that poor creature,’ cold mutton. Set dinner-parties are less thought of than the comfort of the family. The idea has been set forth and cherished that the husband and the children are entitled to as much consideration as occasional guests, and that the table ought to be set out as carefully and neatly every day as on special occasions. There is a self-respect in such a fact that goes deeper than the clean table-cloths and dinner-napkins. One of the latest attainments of civilisation is—comfort; it is one of the last applications men venture to make of their money, just as, in religion, the practical part of it lags a long way behind the canons of orthodox metaphysics. Men wore fine clothes whilst they walked on rushes, and the beautiful embroidery and picturesque costume of Vandyke’s portraits were worn previous to Cromwell’s sanitary direction that the dirt should be shovelled from before the doors of houses every day. People are beginning to make themselves comfortable with such things as they have. From the green-hafted scimitar-shaped knives and two-pronged forks which prevailed among decent people within the memory of man to the appointments of the present day there is a great step, and at no more cost. Silver forks are still for those who can obtain them, and silver spoons continue to be the mystic symbol of good luck; but the substitutes for these precious articles improve every day, and the convenience of the originals is afforded to a wider circle. The one point insisted upon in all works on household management is not a love of show or extravagant expenditure, but the necessity of having everything that depends on personal thought or care done as well as possible. The electro-plate or the nickel silver, or even the commonest species of Britannia metal, is to be kept clean and bright, and put neatly on the table; the table linen has no need to be fine, but freshness is indispensable. The dinner may be of scraps, but those scraps must be made savoury; and certainly the recipes and directions for turning stale crusts into delicate puddings, morsels of cold, dry meat into delicious *entrées*, leave cooks and wives without excuse for “banyan days” or hungry dinners. No one can read modern cookery-books without being struck by the good sense which pervades them as a general rule.



"Cookery is not merely 'the art of providing dainty bits to fatten out the ribs,' as the scornful old proverb has it: it is the art of turning every morsel to the best use; it is the exercise of skill, thought, ingenuity, to make every morsel of food yield the utmost nourishment and pleasure of which it is capable. To do this, or to legislate for the doing of it, does not depend on the amount of money spent; the same qualities of character are demanded whether the housekeeping be on a large or a small scale. A woman who is not essentially kind-hearted cannot be a comfortable housekeeper; a woman who has not judgment, firmness, forethought, and general good sense cannot manage her house prudently or comfortably, no matter what amount of money she may have at her command; a woman who has not an eye for detecting and remedying disorderliness and carelessness cannot keep her house fresh and pleasant, no matter how much money she may spend on furniture and upholstery. It is not money, but management, that is the great requisite in procuring comfort in household arrangements. Of course nobody asks impossibilities; none but the Jews ever yet succeeded in 'making bricks without straw,' and even they found it difficult, and lamented wearily; but the woman with limited means may make her things as perfect after their kind as the woman with ample means, only she will be obliged to put more of *herself* into the management; and that element of *personality* has a charm which no appointments made through the best staff of servants can possess—it is a luxury that money cannot buy, and generally hinders. The luxury of completeness must always depend on the individual care and skill of the mistress. That a thing should be perfect after its kind is all that can be required. Bacon and venison lie at opposite ends of the economical scale; but if the woman whose means allow her to procure bacon only is careful to have it so dressed and served that it is as good as bacon ought to be, she has attained the only perfection required at her hands; and it is the higher qualities brought to bear on a common action which give to the result a beauty and value not its own. We are all so much creatures of imagination, that we think more of the signified, than of the actual, fact. When a man sees his table nicely set out, he believes in the goodness of his dinner in a way that would be impossible with the self-same dinner on a soiled table-cloth with a slovenly arrangement.

"This is the sum of the wisdom we have distilled from the various books on domestic skill and cookery at the head of our article. They must each have their word in detail. Mrs. Isabella Beeton's 'Book of Household Management' is the most imposing: it aims at being a compendium of household duties in every grade of household life, from the mistress to the maid-of-all-work, comprising not only the details of their work, but general information 'concerning the origin, properties, and uses of all things connected with home life and comfort.' It is illustrated by numerous diagrams exhibiting the various articles of food in their original state, and there are also coloured plates to show how they ought to look when dished and ready for the table. The verdict of a practical cook of great experience may be of more value than that of an outside critic. Her observation on returning the book to her mistress who had lent it to her was—'Ma'am, I consider it an excellent work; it is full of useful information about everything, which is quite delightful, and I should say any one might learn to cook from it who never tried before. I don't hold to *all* the recipes; I like some of my own ways of dressing things better; but I *do* say it is a most excellent work.'"

## THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

*Studies in Animal Life.* By GEORGE HENRY LEWES. (Smith, Elder, and Co.) 6s. cloth.—“The proper study of mankind is man.” And of womankind? Assuredly the same. Wherefore, then, in the *ENGLISH WOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE*, do we notice Mr. Lewes's studies of *Animals*? Why not bestow our thoughts on “Agnes of Sorrento,” the Italian story of the abolitionist Mrs. Stowe? Would not the clever “Parsonage” story of that beautiful writer, Mr. Trollope—although a little *passé* now—would not that be a better theme than studies in animal life? Why, all these are studies in animal life, even as Mr. Lewes's accounts of toads and toadies, parasites, larvae, dragon-flies, rotifers, and polype.

We may well introduce a small witticism of the French *Figaro*. We met there the other day the following unintentional flattery of the barbarous Briton.—“What animal, think you, most resembles man?” A moment's reflection, and the answer came—“Surely, an Englishman.” Thus then, according to our good allies, the *perfides Albionistes* have considerable claims to be considered the highest animals, and, *primâ facie*, the more we are unlike ourselves the less like animals we must be. Again, the nearer we approach to other nations—say to the French—the more distant we must be from the higher state of excellence. We all start, frog and philosopher alike, according to Mr. Lewes, from a single cell. The one cell will develop into an Aristotle or a Newton; the other will get no higher than the cold, damp, croaking animal which boys will pelt, anatomists dissect, and *chefs* cook on the Boulevards. You have often seen the water newt in pond and ditch, or in your friend's aquarium. That is a compatriot of yours, fair reader, for, like yourself, he belongs to the Vertebrate sub-kingdom. He possesses a backbone and an internal skeleton (we all have backbones—and skeletons, too, goodness knows!), and herein lies the cardinal character which makes this newt naught other than a man, an elephant, a whale, bird, reptile, fish. All these, although with manifold differences, possess these common characteristics—they are backboneed, have an internal skeleton, and are formed according to one general type. After this, what need of Mr. Lewes's apology for touching a subject he has so adorned? He asks himself the question in his first chapter—“Frogs and parasites, worms and infusoria—are these worth the attention of a serious man?” And he gives this reply—“They have a less imposing appearance than planets and asteroids, I admit, but they are nearer to us, and allow of being more intimately known; and because they are thus accessible, they become more important to us. The life that stirs within us is also the life within them. . . . I cannot think that any serious study is without its serious value to the human race, and I know that the great problem of Life can never be solved while we are in ignorance of its simpler forms. . . . All truths are related; and, however remote from

our daily need some particular truth may seem, the time will surely come when its value will be felt.”

Many Englishwomen may have practically become acquainted with the fact that certain animals are “lords of the creation,” but on this head let us listen to gallant Mr. Lewes, a lord and master himself:—

“It must be confessed that our sex cuts but a poor figure in some great families. If the male is in some families grander, fiercer, more splendid, and more highly endowed than the female, this occasional superiority is more than counterbalanced by the still greater inferiority of the sex in other families. The male is often but a contemptible partner, puny in size, insignificant in powers, stunted even of a due allowance of organs. If the peacock and pheasant swagger in greater splendour, what a pitiful creature is the male falcon!—no falconer will look at him. And what is the drone compared with the queen bee, or even with the workers? What figure does the male spider make beside his large and irascible female—who not unfrequently eats him? Nay, worse than this, what can be said for the male Rotifer, the male Barnacle, the male Lernæa—gentlemen who cannot even boast of a digestive apparatus, sometimes not of a digestive organ at all? Nor is this meagreness confined to the digestive system only. In some cases, as in some male Rotifers, the usual organs of sense and locomotion are wanting; and in a parasitic Lernæa the degradation is moral as well as physical: the female lives in the gills of a fish, sucking its juices, and the ignoble husband lives as a parasite upon her!”

Oh, Heavens! has it come to this? But of all paradoxes and wonders the greatest seems to be the case of the amazing Amazon, the Apus, a shrimp of a fellow. This race dispenses entirely with masculine services. No wonder that some ladies, who were, with Mr. Lewes, observing them as they swam in a jar, gathered round, hugely elated at the idea of animals getting rid altogether of the sterner sex—clearly a useless incumbrance in the scheme of things.

In his own clear, lively, charming manner continues Mr. Lewes to tell us of many curious evidences and experiences; and, although we eagerly read these papers when the “Cornhill Magazine” first cheered mankind, they, in their present form, are fresh and luscious as when clothed with the rich orange rind of Mr. Thackeray's wrapper. “Nothing perishes,” exclaims our philosopher. “In the wondrous metamorphosis momentarily going on everywhere in the universe, there is *change*, but no *loss*.” Mr. Lewes, how could you find it in your heart to write so terrible a sarcasm? Was there not once a journal, and its name was called the *Leader*? But the *amende honorable* is handsomely and quickly made.

“Lest you should imagine this to be poetry, and not science, I will touch upon the evidence

that every beam of light, or every breath of air, which falls upon an object, permanently affects it. In photography we see the effect of light very strikingly exhibited, but perhaps you will object that this proves nothing more than that light acts upon an iodized surface. Yet in truth light acts upon, and more or less alters, the structure of every object on which it falls. Nor is this all. If a wafer be laid on a surface of polished metal, which is then breathed upon, and if, when the moisture of the breath has evaporated, the wafer be shaken off, we shall find that the whole polished surface is not as it was before, although our senses can detect no difference; for if we breathe again upon it the surface will be moist everywhere except on the spot previously sheltered by the wafer, which will now appear as a 'spectral image' on the surface. Again and again we breathe and the moisture evaporates, and still the spectral wafer re-appears. This experiment succeeds even after a lapse of many months, if the metal be carefully put aside where its surface cannot be disturbed. If a sheet of paper, on which a key has been laid, be exposed for some minutes to the sunshine, and then instantaneously viewed in the dark, the key being removed, a fading spectre of the key will be visible. Let this paper be put aside for many months where nothing can disturb it, and then in darkness be laid on a plate of hot metal, the spectre of the key will again appear. In the case of bodies more highly phosphorescent than paper, the spectres of many different objects which may have been laid on in succession will, on warming, emerge in their proper order."

Akin to this is the curious phenomenon of the Breath-figure. A writer in "Beeton's Dictionary," under this head, tells us that if a clean surface of glass, or any other polished substance, be written on with a blunt-pointed instrument, and the surface be afterwards breathed upon, the characters written will become visible; or if the surface be first breathed upon, and the characters then marked upon it, they can be again made perceptible by breathing again upon the surface. A glass used to protect an engraving will receive an impression of the engraving on its inner surface, although it is not in absolute contact with it. Engineers have remarked that those parts of machines which are in contact with or near each other rapidly and easily impress themselves upon each other. Again, the famous Parisian watchmaker, Breguet, has stated that the letters and inscriptions on the back of the inner cases of his watches have been often found impressed on the inside of the outer cases. We may, indeed, accept Moser's statement, who informed Humboldt that "if any two bodies be brought sufficiently near each other, and face to face, one of them impresses its image on the other."

We have strayed from our path in following our author, and return to notice the well-merited praise he gives to the zealous persistency of those zoologists who have, by their

patient study of the internal structure of animals, arrived at their classification on the basis of comparative anatomy—the only basis capable of bearing a practical result. The old classification according to habitat was useless; for whales, though living in the water, and swimming like fish, are really constructed like air-breathing quadrupeds, and we see together, in the same element, animals differing as widely as bees, birds, bats, and flying squirrels; or as otters, seals, and cuttle-fish.

Mr. Lewes contributes his quota to the vexed question of the dog's origin.—"The dog is said to be one species, with many varieties or races. But contrast the pug-dog with the greyhound, the spaniel with the mastiff, the bulldog with the Newfoundland, the setter with the terrier, the sheep-dog with the pointer. Note the striking differences in their structure and their instincts, and you will find they differ as widely as some genera and most species. If these varieties inhabited different countries—if the dog were peculiar to Australia, and the mastiff to Spain—there is not a naturalist that would not class them as of different species. The same remark applies to pigeons and ducks, oxen and sheep." This is well put, and we have heard it argued in the United States that a negro isn't a man!

If *crustacea* is not a pretty word, pearls, at any rate, is. And, remember, when any one speaks of the jewels of your necklace as being so many results of a disease of the oyster, to tell them it is *not* true. What are pearls, then? You know the semi-transparent membrane which lines the whole interior of the oyster and mussel—the ornamentation, indeed, of the walls of its house. This is called the mantle. The mantle secretes the nacre, or mother-of-pearl; and thus the formation of pearl nacre, and the growth of pearls, are the results of the healthy activity of the mantle. Still, as the pearl is not the *usual* result of the secretion of nacre, a peculiar condition must account for its formation. What is this condition? Some say that an oyster's egg has strayed under the mantle, or a parasite's egg has been there deposited, and that this egg forms a nucleus round which the nacre forms, and thus a pearl is born. Others say that a grain of sand, or *anything*, serves equally as a nucleus. The Chinese actually practise the art of making pearls—imperfect ones. They remove a mussel from the water, insert a foreign substance under the mantle, and, taking up the mussels in two or three years, find the pearls formed!

Are you not tempted to ask your librarian for Mr. Lewes's "Studies in Animal Life" after what we have shown you of its contents? There are pearls within the covers of the pretty volume which many would do well to wear within their minds—pearls precious for their truthfulness, and well arranged, well set. We have but one regret—that the author's original intention to have continued his essays, so as to touch on Life in the garden, the forest, and the sea, has not been carried out. Publisher and public are alike the *losers* for this change.

## THE FASHIONS.

**SIMPLICITY** of style is the order of the day as regards toilets for the country, sea-side, or travelling wear. We wish we could say as much for *les toilettes de ville*, which appear to be more and more elaborate as each week produces some fresh trimmings, new fashions, and elegant novelties. The favourite materials for travelling or sea-side dresses are alpacas, foulards, piqué, nankeen, brown holland, and *toile de l'Inde*. These costumes are always made with a dress and cloak of the same material, and trimmed to correspond.

Braiding appears to be the favourite style of trimming for most of the materials we have just enumerated, with the exception of foulards, which are generally ornamented with one or two tiny flounces, headed by a band of velvet, or with velvet laid on in the Greek pattern.

For useful wear there is nothing so suitable as a drab, grey, or stone-coloured alpaca, as none of these colours show the dust, and, braided in black, have really a stylish and elegant appearance. With this kind of dress there are two sorts of out-door garments which appear to be equally in favour: one, the *saute-en-barque*, or short paletôt, with *revers*—a delicious, coquettish little article—and the other the short circular cloak, which, although only a revival of a fashion that was much in vogue a few years since, is now very popular. These garments are quickly put on, and, being without sleeves, are exceedingly cool and comfortable to wear, and have besides another recommendation, that of being easily made.

Any young lady industriously inclined could, at a very trifling cost, arrange for herself a pretty sea-side costume, by purchasing a few yards of piqué or alpaca, and some narrow black worsted braid. The skirt should be plain and gored, and ornamented above the hem and up the front *en tablier*, with a pretty braiding design; or, if this be considered to involve too much labour, the *tablier* of braiding may be dispensed with. The body of the dress should, of course, be braided, as also the sleeves.

The new-shaped short circular cloak we recommend for this toilet, as being the easiest to make. This should be braided down the front, round the bottom, and round the neck (these circulars being arranged without collars), in the same design as that which ornaments the dress. Boots of the same colour as the dress, unless it be white, should accompany this toilet; and a tiny stand-up collar and narrow cravat should be worn, as by this means the braiding round the neck of the cloak will be shown to advantage.

Hats being now the general head-gear both for married and single ladies, for country and sea-side wear, our first milliners are devoting their energies to this most important article of a lady's toilet. Mr. Brandon, of Oxford-street, London, has shown us some charming specimens in black, white, and grey straw, of the three favourite shapes—the *impératrice*, the *batelière*, and *petite cloche*.

The *batelière*, or sailor's hat, seems to be the most popular style of hat for young ladies, trimmed with lace lappes falling in long ends behind, and tufts of artificial field-flowers in front; and sometimes these chapeaux are lined with a delicate shade of silk to suit the complexion of the wearer. Arranged in this manner these hats are very becoming, as the colour of the silk imparts a soft, clear look to the face, and enhances the beauty of the complexion. The *impératrice* hats are generally ornamented in the front with small ostrich feathers of two different colours, scarlet and black being the favourite mixture.

We have also seen at Mr. Brandon's another style of trimming on one of these fashionable sailor's hats, which, being very becoming, is likely to continue in favour. This trimming is arranged in the following manner:—take a piece of figured or spotted black tulle, measuring a yard and a half in length; shape the two ends, and round the centre of the tulle at the bottom in the form of a veil. Edge the tulle with narrow lace, and arrange it on the hat with the piece forming the veil hanging over in front, and the remainder of the tulle placed round, the ends falling behind. The hat we saw arranged in this manner was of fine white straw, trimmed with bunches of cherries, and had really a stylish and becoming appearance. Sometimes a *voilette* of black lace is sewn all round the hat, the lace being cut in a pointed shape behind, forming a kind of large curtain.

When the *saute-en-barques* are not made of the same material as the dress, they are now being worn composed of the lightest possible shade of grey, drab, or pale lavender cloth, *not* the light mixtures which have become so general, but a self-coloured material. These paletôts look nicely with any dress; they are made with *revers*, and are generally ornamented with large bright steel buttons, perfectly plain. These large buttons are now much in favour for trimming dresses, but great care is required to keep them in good order. They should always be wiped with a dry cloth or leather before the garment is put away, as nothing rusts so easily as these bright buttons.

White alpaca appears to be one of the much-admired novelties in the way of dress materials. For certain occasions it is particularly stylish, when trimmed with bands, flutings, or pipings of coloured silk, with a paletôt or short circular cloak to correspond.

For fêtes, flower shows, &c., plain or figured white grenadine muslin is very much in vogue, and, made up over a coloured tulle, has a very *distingué* appearance.

Embroidered muslins, worn over coloured silk skirts, are being revived, thanks to our Queen and the Empress of the French, who have lately been exerting themselves on behalf of the poor embroideresses. Now that the fashion is "*à la mode*" of wearing embroidered muslin, let us hope it may be followed by many of our

countrywomen, as, by increasing the demand, and giving employment to the poor needlewomen, much distress and misery may be saved. There are very many articles that may be purchased besides skirts of dresses. Now that the bodices are being worn open in the front, a handsomely-embroidered chemisette is almost a necessity; embroidered cambric pocket-handkerchiefs are always useful and fashionable; and as to the collars and cuffs, are they not decidedly preferable to the plain linen which have, of late, become so common, that a well-dressed woman would scarcely think of wearing them unless for riding costume?

Very elaborate PEIGNOIRS, or MORNING WRAPPERS, are now being made to suit every taste, from the richest to the most simple. Those made in embroidered muslin, and trimmed with black lace, are amongst the most *distingué*, and are ornamented with bows down the front composed of the muslin edged with lace. We have also seen some in printed muslin which were very pretty and inexpensive, made with a loose jacket and closed sleeves.

The manufacture of lace has now arrived at such perfection, and is so generally worn, that almost every dress is more or less trimmed with it. For rich, handsome materials there is no trimming so suitable or so elegant; but to ornament inexpensive and cheap dresses with lace cannot certainly be considered in good taste, and it is a pity that we so frequently see it used *out of place*, when a more simple trimming would be far more appropriate.

Our readers will be pleased to hear that the ruling authorities of fashion have decreed that the shape of the BONNET is to be slightly altered; and we have already seen many chapeaux which are not quite so high at the top, and are, consequently, more becoming. The strings are being worn *extremely wide*, and, for economy, are frequently made of silk pinked at the edges, this being rather less expensive than the very wide ribbon; but a pair of handsome strings makes a bonnet look of twice the value compared to one rather scantily furnished in this respect.

For wearing under very thin dresses we have noticed some charming PETTICOATS, made of clear muslin, ornamented with fluted frills at the bottom, these frills being overcast with red, and some with black. Some of the petticoats had a trimming of lace on the frills, which had an exceedingly light and pretty appearance; in fact, they seemed more fit for dresses than for petticoats, so elegant did they look.

In JUVENILE COSTUMES we have seen a few novelties worthy of description. One for a little girl was made of green silk, with a low square body, richly braided, and was worn with a pretty little muslin chemisette, arranged in very tiny pleats. The sash, which was also braided, was worn in a large bow and ends *behind*, and the bottom of the skirt was trimmed with a band of darker silk, braided, and edged on each side with a narrow fluting.

For very little girls, white cambric frocks are being worn, made with fluted frills of the same material, resembling the ladies' petticoats that

are just now so much in vogue. Messrs. Cass and Co.'s patent frilling, which is sold already hemmed and whipped, is admirably adapted for these little dresses; and by making use of this frilling much time and labour may be saved. The appearance of the frilling is, however, very much improved by sewing on at the edge a tiny Valenciennes edging, or a narrow Maltese lace, the addition of the lace giving to the little garments a more dressy appearance. Foulard is now a very favourite material for little girls' frocks. We noticed a very pretty little dress made of black and white checked foulard, which was trimmed with mauve ruches, arranged diagonally on the skirt. The body was made in the Swiss style, trimmed with ruches, and with the dress was worn a spotted chemisette, high to the throat, and sleeves to match. Children's Garibaldi shirts, made in clear muslin, are now embroidered in black, and have a very stylish appearance arranged in this manner.

Now that lace forms so prominent a feature in every lady's toilet, we must not forget the new SCARF SASHES of black lace which Mr. Hayward, of Oxford-street, has introduced to public notice. They form a narrow pointed pelerine at the back, cross over the bosom in front, and tie behind, leaving two very long ends. These scarf sashes are generally composed of a handsome insertion, edged on each side with a narrow lace, put on quite plain, and should be lined with a piece of rather stiff black net to support the scarf, and to keep it in proper order. There is a degree of style and elegance about these scarfs which will render them a favourite addition to the toilet, and, as they can scarcely be worn in imitation lace, they are not likely to become very common—a very great recommendation in these days of cheap dress. A dress we saw made with one of these new scarfs was of plain white muslin, with a double skirt, the seams of the upper skirt being left open to the height of about eighteen inches, and the corners folded over on the right side, where it was finished off by a large black lace bow made of the same insertion as the scarf sash. The sleeves of the dress were cut with a seam at the elbow, and were ornamented with a lace bow, to correspond with those on the skirt.

Of HEADDRESSES we have little to say, for young ladies have now abandoned very elaborate coiffures for the pretty ornamental combs, and rich, massive plaits at the back of the head. At Mr. Douglas's, New Bond-street, we have seen a large assortment of these elegant combs, as well as charming little side-combs, made to correspond with those worn at the back of the head. For the ornamental side-combs the hair should be very much frizzed in front, which will be found a very becoming style of coiffure to fair faces. The smooth, glossy bande are now replaced by rough, dry-looking frizzed hair, and the rougher the hair in front so is it the more fashionable. We cannot admire this style of dressing the hair for brunettes: let them wear their hair smooth, as it accords so much better with a dark complexion. To fair beauties who prefer the frizzed hair we can recommend the very nice crimping combs in-

vented by Mr. Douglas, for it will be found that these combs do not break the hair so much as the use of hair-pins. They are long and narrow, round which the hair is twisted in and out, and is secured by means of a string passed through a little hole made in the top of the comb.

We are glad to learn that the first prize for ornamental hair work in the International Exhibition has been awarded to Mr. Douglas, of 21 and 23, New Bond-street, London, for his successful improvements in coiffures. These improvements are very advantageous to ladies who are obliged to have recourse to artificial means to improve the appearance of their hair, and many have to thank Mr. Douglas for the very useful appendages he has invented. We have seen long ringlets and curls made on quite a new principle, which do not get out of order through rough wear. They are made of every length and thickness, and may be arranged in the way most suitable to the wearer. Besides, they have a very light and natural appearance, and, when properly put on, not the most searching eye could possibly suspect the presence of false hair. Coming to a less charming department of Mr. Douglas's business, the wigs and bands that are shown at the Exhibition are specimens of extraordinary workmanship. The foundations on which the hair is mounted are so open that the natural hair can grow up through the artificial basis, and so set at defiance the most inquisitive inspection. Moreover, these rejuvenating articles are very light to wear, and the real skin is so plainly observable amongst these wonders of artifice, that it is well-nigh impossible to detect where Dame Nature ends and Art begins.

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE COLOURED PLATE.

**SEA-SIDE TOILET.**—The little red hood, with a deep cape to it, is now a very fashionable style of head-gear at all the French watering-places, and is called in France "*La cappe Bretonne*." It is composed of merino or cashmere, and is trimmed with ribbon velvet all round, and is fastened under the chin by means of a hook and eye. For putting on before and after bathing there is nothing so pretty and coquettish as this little cap or for lounging about on the beach; but for promenade costume rather a more dressy coiffure would be required. The dress is made of black barège, trimmed at the bottom of the skirt with four narrow flounces. The body is plain, buttoned to the throat; the sleeve is cut with a seam at the elbow, and is trimmed with silk and buttons to imitate a turned-back cuff.

**2ND SEA-SIDE TOILET.**—The *chapeau impératrice* is made of Leghorn, bound with black ribbon, and is trimmed in front with a large ribbon rosette, in which a small scarlet feather is arranged. The dress and *saute-en-burgue*, or short paletôt, are both made of pale buff piqué, and are braided in black—a rich, handsome design being arranged on the skirt of the dress, and a narrower one on the paletôt. The body of the dress is made with *revers*, and is worn with a chemisette, stand-up collar, and cravat, which show to advantage when the

*saute-en-burgue* is put on. This is one of the favourite costumes of the season for watering-places, and, although not a costly toilet, there is a degree of style and elegance about it that it will be sure to retain its popularity for the remainder of the season.

**LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.**—This toilet is arranged with much taste, the trimming on the hat corresponding in colour with that on the dress. The hat is made of fine white straw, trimmed very simply with blue ribbon, and a large rosette in front. The little Garibaldi, or sailor's shirt, as it is now sometimes called, may be made in French merino, mousseline-de-laine, or alpaca; the latter material being now manufactured in every shade, and of the most beautiful quality. The shirt is arranged with a collar, pointed waistband, and sleeves closed at the wrist. The skirt of the dress would look nicely in checked mohair, poplin, or silk, whichever material is preferred; or a grey alpaca would be very pretty, forming a nice contrast to the blue.

Full-sized paper patterns, tacked together and trimmed, of the costumes illustrated in this plate, may be had of Madame Adolphe Gubaud, 248, Strand, London, W.C., at the following prices:—

Cape Bretonne .....	s. d.
Black Sleeve, with seam at the elbow ...	1 6
Braided <i>Saute-en-burgue</i> .....	3 6
Child's Garibaldi, or Sailor's Shirt .....	2 0
Ditto, with skirt complete .....	3 0

A flat pattern is given with each article.

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE COLOURED PATTERN.

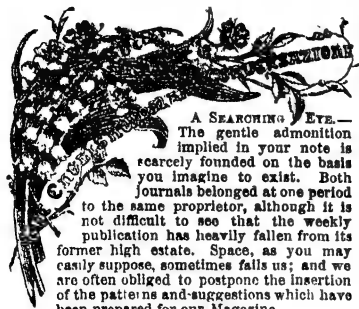
**BERLIN DESIGN FOR A MUSIC-STOOL TOP, OR ELBOW-CUSHION.**—Materials required for a music-stool top are: five-eighths of a yard of Penelope canvass, No. 40; single Berlin wool of the following shades:—scarlet, claret, bright blue, French green, black, 4 shades of dead gold, 1 skein each of yellow and white filoselle.

Worked in single wool on the above-sized canvass, our pattern will be found of a very suitable size for a music-stool top, or elbow-cushion. The design may be quickly worked; there being large masses of colour renders much counting unnecessary, consequently the work is soon accomplished. To give the pattern a rich and handsome appearance, the white and yellow shown in our plate should be worked in filoselle; or, to give a still greater variety to the design, white beads might be substituted for the filoselle in the border. Should the pattern not work out sufficiently large for the music-stool it is intended to cover, a grounding of black may be continued all round until the desired size is obtained. For an elbow-cushion, the work should be drawn down in the centre, and stabbed through, the wrong side being made of watered silk, poplin, rep, or any of the materials usually sold for the purpose. The price of materials sufficient to work a music-stool top is 3s. 6d., including canvass and filoselle. These may be had of Mrs. Wilcockson, 44, Goudge-street, Tottenham-court-road, London, W. The postage of the materials is not included in the price.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALBERTA F. There are no cheques given with the *ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE* this year.—*MRS. JOHN LEIGH.* "The Angler's Pocket Register of Fish Caught" is out of print; it will, probably, be shortly re-issued.—*MORRIS, AND OTHER INQUIRERS ABOUT CHEQUES.* The arrangements in connexion with the cheques have been so often and fully described that it is impossible to occupy further space in speaking of them.—*J. E.* Old postage-stamps are of no value.—*OCTOBER.* You are entitled to seven chances in the distribution of prizes.—*ALICE.* You must buy the *Magazines* from last May.—*S. A. W.* The play of "Still Waters Run Deep" is an adaptation, by Tom Taylor, of Charles Bernard's tale of the "Son-in-Law."—*LILY VERNON.* Sal ammoniac is a good cure for warts.—*G. H. S. A.* We answer our correspondents as soon as we can, but the great mass of correspondence prevents us answering monthly by month.—*THEO.* Send the top of the wrapper.—*ION.* You must apply to your bookseller. We supply the proper number.—*WINNIE S.* Your hair is flaxen.—*ELIZABETH BEATRICE.* Write to Mr. Lacy, theatrical publisher, Strand.—*HILLEN CRAWFORD.* Buy another.—*ENDOCIA.* Letters requiring answers through the *Magazine* should be addressed to the Editor.—*HILLEN GRAHAM.* Your writing is too scrawly.—*LILY D.* Repeat your question.—*ADOLE LINA.* Your handwriting is pretty good, but it might be improved.—*A SUBSCRIBER* sends the following in answer to *MAZEPPA AMELIA*—"A young lady once asked a gentleman the meaning of the word *flirt*. He replied, without a moment's hesitation, that the definition was easy, as the word itself gives the initials of the characteristics—Foolish, Lighthearted, Idle, Restless, and Teasing."—*WALTER SUMMERS* has only to go, any Tuesday evening, to 47, Leicester-square, taking with her a song or glee, and ask for Stanley Lucas, Esq. who will inform her if she can enter the choir.—*CHARLOTTE SMITH.* Our hands are so full at present that we are compelled to decline your kind offer.—*MARION.* Apply to Mr. Mayall, Regent-street.—*HELEN E. H.* In No. 4 a knitted counterpane in stripes will be found; in No. 20, in the *Conversazione*, directions for knitting a cable pattern counterpane will also be found.—*RUTH PERCIVAL.* Instructions for making nets for the hair appeared in the *Conversazione* of the *ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE*. The new stitch *RUTH PERCIVAL* mentions was illustrated in the April number, and a prettily-coloured pattern given for working a sofa-cushion in this stitch.—*A COUNTRY GIRL.* We cannot send the fashion plate, as you did not send your address. We may perhaps be able to give instructions for making these mats, but they are at least ten years old.—*MISS CAMERON.* The request for the "pigot sleeve" is complied with. Using gold braid instead of gold thread will have a richer appearance.—*A. B. C.* Rum and oil is the best preparation to rub in the hair to prevent it coming off.—*IDA MAY.* The latest and newest watch pocket in bead-work has appeared in this *Magazine*.—*A PERFECTED ONE.* You must knit half shells to fill in the spaces at the side.—*A CORRESPONDENT.* A beautiful pattern for a Banner Screen formed a portion of the shilling edition of this *Magazine* for June. The materials for working it may be procured at Mrs. Wilcockson's, 44, Goodge-street, Tottenham-court-road, London.—*HARRIDGE.* Full directions for making paper flowers, with coloured patterns and numerous illustrations, will form one of the features in the forthcoming numbers of the Supplement to the shilling edition of this *Magazine*.—*E. R., A. R., W. B.* Cannot these kind young ladies employ their time better than by working dog-collars? However, as we are anxious to do all in our power to oblige our numerous subscribers, we will endeavour to insert a pattern for the purpose. A

small strip of bead-work would be most suitable, as the beads wear better than wool, and do not show any little soil or spot of dirt.—*APPOLOXIA's* writing is not bad. It is impossible to give the pattern.—*ASSUNTA.* Narrow white sarsnet ribbon with an edge, arranged in bows and long ends, makes a neat and inexpensive trimming to a blonde or tulle bonnet when flowers are objected to. If *ASSUNTA* wishes to ornament her bonnet stylishly, we recommend bunches of tiny white feathers, or white feathers tipped with mauve, and these should be arranged quite on the top of the bonnet. The bandeau in this case should be arranged with feathers, to mingle with those on the outside.—*F. G. S.* Braiding patterns for bed pockets and watch pockets have appeared on our Buff Sheets. The former will be found in No. 11, Vol. II.; and the latter in No. 3, Vol. I.—*MRS. MCCRAITH.* The Editor is very much obliged for the braid insertion. She will take an early opportunity of issuing the pattern in the *Magazine*, as she feels sure it will be acceptable to many people.—*FANNIE B.* Mauve muslin dresses do not, generally speaking, wash well, but a little soda dissolved in the water will sometimes assist to keep the colour.—*DIANA.* Mr. Douglas's address is 21, New Bond-street, London, W. All kinds of frizettes, curls, plaits, hair-tails, &c. may be obtained at his establishment.—*MAGIE.* If you want to make a cricket-band quickly, braid a piece of watered silk. Plenty of designs have appeared suitable for the purpose in the *Magazine*. A green watered silk band, braided in gold, and lined with white, would be very pretty.—*KATR. MAHSEN.* Crinoline is not going out. Petticoats are being worn with numerous flounces, which assist to throw out the dresses.—*ALICE MILLAR.* Madame Adolphe Goubaud can supply the pattern of train gored crinoline, the same as our correspondent requires.—*THE PICKER OF CHECK.* Dissolve a little soda in the water.—*FLORENTINE.* Do not fasten the shawl at the waist, and let the fold at the top be as small as possible. Wash the earrings in strong soda and water. We know of nothing that will restore the brilliancy to the fashionable polished steel ornaments. They should be carefully wiped with a piece of wash-leather or new flannel every time they are taken off. This will assist, in a great measure, to keep the steel in good order. These ornaments may be electroplated after they have become too rusty for use. Of course the bronch, or whatever article is to be gilt, must be tolerably well manufactured, or it would not be worth doing.—*J. P. W.* Your request shall be complied with.—*MRS. PRATTEN.* White tissue-paper, stamped out in devices of flowers, leaves, scrolls, &c. arranged over finely-shred coloured tissue, makes a very pretty stove ornament. These white veils of paper have very much the appearance of lace and are very light and pretty.—*JULIA H.* Directions for crimping the hair will be found in the June Supplement to this *Magazine*. We recommend the newly-invented crimping combs, which, if used, do not break the hair nearly so much as small hair pins.—*STELLA CAMBRIA.* The fashionable way of trimming ladies' hats is with black lace, or black net trimmed with lace, or with a well-tied round and knotted behind. A large bunch of artificial flowers is sometimes placed in front, and a smaller one to correspond behind. With the present style of sailors' hats and turned-down hats, veils are not necessary. The small hats are not suitable for wearing at church, unless for very small children.—*GERTRUDE M.* Waistbands are still fashionable for this summer dresses. Satins are now worn knotted behind. Whether closed or open sleeves are worn depends entirely on the material of which the dress is composed. One kind is as fashionable as the other, but of course closed sleeves are only suitable for morning wear.



**A SEARCHING EYE.**—The gentle admonition implied in your note is scarcely founded on the basis you imagine to exist. Both journals belonged at one period to the same proprietor, although it is not difficult to see that the weekly publication has heavily fallen from its former high estate. Space, as you may easily suppose, sometimes fails us; and we are often obliged to postpone the insertion of the patterns and suggestions which have been prepared for our Magazine.

**A SUBSCRIBER.**—Whether you should wear white, or black, or other coloured kid gloves, or whether you should wear them at all, at a dinner party, depends on a variety of circumstances and conditions. Expensive and luxurious habits are daily increasing in number and extent, therefore gloves are now worn at dinner parties by middle-class people much more frequently than formerly. If, therefore, you are invited to a dinner party at a house where you have reason to believe little ceremonies and formalities of this kind are observed, it will be wise in you to wear gloves. They should be taken off, quietly and gracefully, as soon as you are seated at the dinner-table.

**KATR DUNCAN.**—It is ever a most difficult task to deliver an opinion, *ex cathedra*, upon abstract proprieties. Time, place, circumstances, degree of intimacy, personal character, future hopes—all must be well weighed before we could deliver judgment on such a tangle puzzle as Miss DUNCAN has propounded—as to the “propriety, prudence, modesty of permitting a gentleman to kiss her before he has made her an offer, or has told her he loved her.” When? Where? Who is he? How long have you known him? Are your parents re-qualified with him? Is he of good character? A thousand difficulties exist in the way of our summing up, but which may all be resolved in the twinkling of an eye, or in the tremble of a lip, by the true heart of an honest girl. But the name of Duncan suggests Burns; and Burns has written—

“Some say that kissing’s a sin;  
But I think it’s none ava;  
For kissing has wonned in this world  
Since ever that there was twa.  
Oh! if it wasna lawfu’,  
Lawyers wadna allow it;  
If it wasna holy,  
Ministers would not do it;  
If it wasna modest,  
Maidens wadna tak’ it;  
If it wasna plenty,  
Fuir folk wadna get it.”

**MATILDA K.** asks our forgiveness for having written to us an angry letter, because we did not answer a note she wrote two or three months since. She supposed that we had received the first letter, being quite confident it was put in the post safely. If our confidence was misplaced, it appears. The letter which we ought to have answered was “in the pocket of her dress.” There is no reason for MATILDA to ask our forgiveness. It was granted before it was asked. In truth, we are quite used to this kind of thing. Our experience of letter-writing and letter receiving is something that could not be contained in two volumes of this Magazine. Many and many a letter have we received without the slightest sensation of an address, and which made us forward something by the very next post, as somebody was going to have a birthday, or there had been a marriage, or

for some reason or other. Our readers will understand, however, that the absence of any address was a small difficulty in the way. Three days would pass, perhaps, and on our devoted heads would pour a torrent of language suggestive of the idiosyncrasies of the writer. If our correspondent had a nice sense of honour, she would wonder, maybe, “at any one calling himself, and pretending to be, as she supposed, Mr. Beeton, if it was he, called himself, or whoever it was, could receive money for anything ordered and not send it to the post at once, as desired, because it was for Maria, who had not had a birthday for four years, as she happened to have been born on a 29th of February. Now the dear child must wait four years longer, and all through us, and we would be good enough to return the money or the books immediately.” And, reader, pause. Very frequently the same omission occurred in the second letter, no address being visible there. Can you now imagine the third letter we received from an aggrieved individual such as we have portrayed? This third time we, in our great sinfulness, had to endure, not the small, thin, shrill writing of the feminine hand. A heavier thumb and forefinger guided the pen on this third and last occasion. Now it was the turn of the indignant paterfamilias. Stern in his determination as a Briton and a householder to have justice done to himself and his family, he “wished to know whether we intended or not to execute the order we had received. He supposed that, if we were not gentlemen, we were, at least, bound to give our reasons for the manner in which we had acted—the most unbusiness-like and impertinent thing he had ever met with,” &c. Happily, being a man and a brother, he would, perhaps, add his address. By this not unusual addition we were enabled to reply, in an amiable but dignified style, of course. We regretted, &c., &c., &c., but what could we do? And, generally speaking, we must do our careless correspondents the justice to say that an *amende honorable* quickly came, expressing their regret, &c., &c. From this little history it will be seen how a small omission may lead to an amount of labour, misunderstanding, and anger. *Moral.*—Let everybody have their address printed at the top of their note-paper. It does not cost much, so a time, precludes error, and may be pretty done so as to add to the beauty of the cream paper.

A. J. P.—“Mrs. Beeton’s Book of Household Management” is published at 7s. 6d. You can have it, post free, at this price.

MARIA, AND OTHERS.—Embroider and other patterns sent to Madame Adolphe Goswaud, at this office, will receive every attention; but our correspondents are warned beforehand that they are very likely to be disappointed in their hopes, if they entertain any very considerable anticipations as to remuneration. So many subscribers write us on this subject, that we fear the market is overstocked with sellers and workers, and that buyers are few.

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## CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE Midsummer holidays had rolled heavily away, the marigolds had died in the playground, the brown leaves had fallen and been swept away by the winds to rot in hidden places, the snow had fallen and still covered the downs; but, with all these changes, the fortunes of Mr. Summerfield's pupil and his sister remained the same, and the Christmas holidays set in without the schoolmaster having received a sign or token of the fulfilment of Mr. Whitler's prophecy coming to pass.

Under these circumstances, it is not remarkable that he should hesitate ere he refused an invitation to spend his Christmas at the home of the wealthy and distinguished family of one of his pupils.

When, therefore, he had watched Mr. Whitler depart to join a bachelor party at Todness, he gave 'Duke leave to quit the dinner-table; and, while sipping his wine, reviewed and weighed afresh the details which, last Midsummer, had caused Mr. Whitler to take so sudden an interest in the two children. They were simply these:—

The father of little Armstrong had, on being convinced of the death of his own child, adopted an orphan nephew in delicate health, and to him had, with the exception of a miserable pittance to his sister Jane, bequeathed the whole of his fortune. On learning the death of Miss Armstrong, which occurred a few weeks after 'Duke's installation at Plantagenet House, Mr. Whitler had made it his business to learn all he could about the family, to ascertain, probably, whether he was still compelled to keep so unprofitable a pupil as 'Duke, and, if so, who it was compelled him. In the first place, he concluded that 'Duke's father, whom he discovered to be a bookseller at Lymp-ton, had little care for either of the children, having, as Mr. Whitler believed, placed 'Duke under the patronage of Miss Armstrong, and driven Constance out of his house, on account of some mysterious quarrel, or, as it was whispered, crime committed by her. Judging from these facts, then, Mr. Whitler deemed it certain that Mr. Chorley would, to the utmost of his power, hold him to his engagement; and, to discover the extent of that power, Mr. Whitler set about ascertaining what relatives of Miss Armstrong existed, and

whether they knew anything of the debt contracted in consequence of the disappearance and subsequently reported death of Colonel Armstrong's son. To gain this point, he visited the old maiden lady with whom Miss Jane had shared the expenses of Rockey Cottage, Westelliff, and from her he learned the facts that made him come to so extraordinary a conclusion concerning 'Duke. It appeared that the present possessor of the property, Colonel Armstrong's nephew, was the only remaining member of the family; that he had lately arrived in England, his health greatly shattered; that he had visited Rockey Cottage, and been much surprised and grieved to hear of the death of his last remaining relative bearing his own name, and had made inquiries concerning his aunt Ada's husband and children; and, lastly, that he was in correspondence with Mr. Daniel Chorley.

"No," reflected Mr. Summerfield, after carefully weighing all this; "I must write a line to the Bartleys, and respectfully decline, as Whitler says. The puppy, that he couldn't stay himself! It is more than necessary that one of us should remain; it would not do for Mr. Armstrong or Chorley to come and find the boy deserted. No, I must write at once and refuse."

Whilst Mr. Summerfield was thus ruminating, the subject of his reflections sat warming his hands at the fire in the deserted schoolroom. Now and then he looked round, through the twilight, at the long row of desks, following in his mind the occupant of each to his home, and then he would rub his hands briskly, and look resolutely into the fire to keep himself from comparing the loneliness of his own condition with the happiness of all the rest, and from thinking hardly of one whom conscience told him was his guardian angel. Nevertheless, it was a miserable prospect to drag on day after day, without a creature to speak to but the servants; walking the square playground alone, or sitting over twice-read books in the school-room; and worse than all was the thought of this long interval between dinner and tea, when it was too dark to read, and when he could only get close to the fire and watch the great shadows that kept leaping up the walls, and that seemed as if they must tumble on him every minute; and sometimes the moon would rise and show the dreary white expanse of downs through the four long windows, and the wind would howl round the unsheltered house, and those four long windows would shake, as though an army of wolves were rushing at them. Yes, it was a dreary prospect, and he could understand now why Tom Trueman looked so pityingly at him when he went away, and why Horace Kemp said, "Keep up your pluck, old fellow," and shook hands with him three times over. Yes, he understood it now. They knew what it was to spend the holidays here; *they knew about little Armstrong*. Little Armstrong! Why had he begun to think about him now? The child bent low over the fire, and tried to put the thought from him; but, once summoned before him in that dusky, shadowy schoolroom, it found too many memories to feed and vivify it to be easily banished. For at this hour, between daylight and starlight, how many stories had been told concerning the lonely child—stories which, if they held the breath of listeners who had no fear of ever being left at school during the holidays, must, it can well be imagined, have produced a deep and lasting impression on one who looked upon himself as filling little Armstrong's shoes. When the crack story-teller of the school, Teddy Darethedeuce, had exhausted his stock of ghost tales, he always resorted to one of the many traditions that hung about the boy's disappearance; and whether it was concerning the deep well in the garden of the old house, or Breakwater Point, or

Mr. Summerfield's cane, it invariably had the effect of holding some twenty boys round Teddy's bed spellbound, and of keeping before 'Duke's eyes the livelong night the same little figure writhing under a thousand different kinds of torture. With such recollections for company, it is no wonder that the last boy at Plantagenet House, as he bowed himself close over the fire, lest a lingering spirit of the occupant of one of the desks might see him, should now and then stuff back the tears with his little red fists, and cry bitterly to himself—

"Conny! Conny! where are you?"

## CHAPTER XXIX.

"Ay, it's his whistle, sure enough, old woman," said the wheelwright, as they all stood at the door peering down through the darkness; "it's Kit's whistle, but I'm hanged if I knew the cut of him in that dandified coat! Grandfather!" he shouted, putting his head in at the door, and making a speaking-trumpet of his hands, "be so good as to set the light in the window. Here he is!"

There was a whining answer from within, half of joy, half of complaint, and a blundering footstep across the room, but no light appeared in the window.

"Is he come? Is Christopher come? Oh, where is the light? How can I find the light, Jack?—you're always forgetting! O dear! O dear! where is it?"

The wheelwright drew his sleeve across his eyes, and muttered, "So I am, poor soul," then shouted in at the door, "Never mind, father, sit ye still. He aint forgot the way, I'll lay a wager."

But one of the group quietly glided into the house, asking herself whether Christopher would care to see her awaiting him like one of the family—she, a stranger under his father's roof. So she came in, and set the candle in the window, and led the old man back to his seat and sat down beside him, listening, with him, for that well-known footstep. Meanwhile, before Christopher comes up the garden, we may as well mention two facts, which the flickering light in the window reveals. First, then, looking in at the little window, it is perceptible that the supper, though it is to celebrate Kit's return for Christmas, is a sadly frugal one; and, moreover, the same light, zigzagging faintly down the garden, discovers to us a door flung back on its hinges and an empty stable.

"Jack Vallon," the wheelwright's brother-in-law had said to him, as a last warning against lifting his son above his "proper station," "do this thing, and mark my words, you'll come to want. He'll be always a-suckin' and a-suckin' of you like a leech, and your little bit o' money 'll go like butter afore the sun. Set a chap half-way up a hill, an' it stands to reason as he'll make for the top, an' the higher he gets the more balance he wants. Draw back while there's time, Jack, and I'll help you to knock this thing out of his head and set his mind on something else; or go on, and, mark my words, you'll come to want."

Jack Vallon had gone on—had, through heavy expenses on Christopher's account, come to want; yet he did not regret it, and smiled contentedly while Humphrey Standish crowded over him, answering always, "Let us wait and see."

Christopher's apprenticeship had been up half a year, during which time he had been employed in London on an experiment likely to prove of great importance to him, as well as to his employers, if successful. After long suspense, there had come, this Christmas week, a letter from Kit, which brought new life to the wheel-

wright, and made him exult in all the hardships to which he had exposed himself for his boy's sake, and which sent Mrs. Vallon off by coach to "The Waggoner's Rest" in such a transport of pride that she knew not what she was about, and was reminded by Mrs. Standish, in the midst of her eulogy on Kit, that she had put her best cap on over her old one. It was unanimously agreed that Christopher was to know nothing of the sacrifices that had been made at home for him, save those which were obvious, as in the case of Tommy's disappearance. "It 'ud be hard, you know, Eppie, for the lad, now he's got a bit o' money, to be fancyin' it his duty to make us returns; so let's keep things as smooth as we can while he's here," the wheelwright said, "and we'll draw in again when he's gone. There's the old watch and the blunderbuss still, you know; and, if all comes to all, why, there's such a thing as letting the place and going into two rooms; but don't grizzle—that's far off yet, thank God."

The whistle stopped as the footsteps came up the garden, quickening to a run, and, in another instant, a lot of bags and parcels were cast down on the doorstep, and Kit's poor, worn mother was crying on her boy's shoulder once more, and, in spite of the wheelwright's warning nudge, was pouring into his ear a torrent of miseries.

"My boy! my boy! so he's really come home! And you mustn't be ashamed of us, Kit dear, if you find things different to what you've bin used to; I don't say as it's your fault, dear, because I know your father's never let you know anything about it; but it's bin such a time with us, Kit—with me, least. Your father—bless him!—he never feels nothing, and I do my best, God knows, to keep that from him; but it's me it all falls on, Kit; and the time I've had of it there's no tongue can tell—trouble on trouble. There's your little brother Georgy, as good a child as ever was born, so far as morals go, but always in the street, or tormenting of his grandfather; and there's him, poor soul, getting more and more of a baby every day of his life; and Georgy's ruined his fiddle, and he can't see to mend it, and sits cryin' over it so as you never saw the like. And O dear! O dear! what's to become on us God A'mighty only knows!"

"Come, come, Eppie, there's time enough for talking over troubles," said the wheelwright, gently unclasping her hands to free Kit. "Come, come into the light, my man, and let's see what six months of town life has done for you."

They picked up the carpet-bags and parcels from the door-step and entered the kitchen, now cheery enough with bright household things and a hissing fire.

"Upon my soul I shouldn't have known him!" cried the wheelwright, never ceasing to shake Kit's hand as he examined him from head to foot. "Is *this* the style of coat they're wearing now, my boy? Bless my soul!"

Christopher's roar of laughter at his father's astonishment was broken in upon by a cry from poor old Grandfather Vallon, who was fumbling across the room to get to him.

"Why, what's the matter, grandfather?" said Kit, laying his hands on his shoulders and looking into his face, startled to see his eyes staring right beyond him. "Father, what's the matter?"

The wheelwright shook his head and turned away, and the old man clung about his grandson, sobbing like a child.

"I can't see you, Christopher; I'm blind, my boy—stone blind. Oh, what shall I do? I want to see him so! Let me see him! Christopher! Christopher!"

Christopher pushed him from him and burst into tears. Out in the world they called him somewhat hard and impenetrable, and it is true his nature was not one to be easily moved; but this cry, this helpless cry, of Grandfather Vallon penetrated to his very marrow, and hurt him like a sword-thrust. He led the lone, trembling, clinging figure to the arm-chair, and silently and almost tenderly seated it, while the old man still kept crying out that he wanted to see him—he must see him.

“Come, grandfather,” said Kit, as soon as he could speak, “let me unpack the present I’ve got for you, and while I’m doing it see if you can guess what it is.”

“What does he say?” asked the old man of his son while Kit was busy unpacking a huge parcel. The wheelwright applied his hands to his ears as a speaking-trumpet again, and shouted, loud enough to be heard out on the green—

“He says he’s got a present for you worth having, you know. Come all the way from London.”

“Oh, a present? What’s the use of it to me? Take it away, lad—I can’t see it. Take it away.”

“Ay, but you *can* hear it, grandfather. Look here: put it against you, so. Now take this in your other hand—there! Now do you know what it is?”

The trembling hand with the violin stick fell to work; the deadened sense of the ear quickened at the loved sounds; and the poor, weary heart woke from its stupor. He played one of his favourite old airs carefully through, and then sat down and felt his new treasure all over, with tears streaming down his cheeks the while.

“Did you ever see such a lad?” shouted the wheelwright through his hands. “And he’s come back such a gentleman! I didn’t know his cut myself at first.”

“I always said as he’d be a gentleman, I did,” answered Grandfather Vallon, with a touch of pride in his piping voice; “I’ve said so ever since he used to make me go down on my knees to be his horse, and ride on me like a lord markiss, haven’t I, Eppie? Ah, my boy, you’ve done me good. How come you to think on your poor, good-for-nothing old grandfather up at London? But he’s done me good, Jack; and I’ll try and not be a worrit to Eppie while it plicases God A’mighty to spare me.”

“Now don’t go to talk i’ that way, grandfather, don’t,” said Eppie. “Worrit, indeed! Why, what should we all do without you?”

While the two were hanging about the old man, comforting him and describing to him the beautiful appearance of the violin, Christopher looked round the dear old place with a vague presentiment of discovering more sad changes. But no; such changes as had really taken place had been carefully concealed to-night. The quiet little figure sitting in the gloom by the clock-case waited for the bright, roving brown eyes to turn her way. They were some time before they reached that corner, so that she had opportunity of judging for herself of the talked-of change in Christopher’s appearance.

That this last year or two had been different to every other year of Christopher’s life it was easy to perceive. The lax, easy expression of the mouth, and the confident glance, had given place to a look of alight uncertainty and calm observance. The lesson of the signboard had, without doubt, been many times repeated for him; and made him see that he, no more than other men, could win the success that he had once looked upon as a free gift of Providence without paying for it by constant struggle, and with the best years of his life. But there

was also that in his face which declared that he had accepted it at that price; that on no account would he let it pass from him—a calm, firm courage, which none but eyes such as Constance's, which knew him well, could have perceived. To others, the change in Christopher's face would seem by no means an improvement, for all that bright, fearless gaiety which had made his presence have the effect of a wild, sunny March day on the spirits, and gave an impression of his being remarkably handsome, had entirely disappeared, and now he could be taken for nothing more than a well-built, agreeable young fellow—gentlemanly, because so perfectly easy and self-sustained.

Constance was still looking at him and wondering whether his face had lost or gained most, and rather inclining to decide on the former, when the roving eyes met her own, and lighted up with recognition.

"Christopher!"

She had started forward to meet him the instant their eyes met. Christopher clasped the little brown hand and smiled; and while the clasp and the smile lasted, Constance said joyfully within herself, "He is the same—the very same." For often had she shaken her head as she sat at her close, wearying work, and said to herself, "This Christopher, this good friend who has done so much for you, and whose return you look forward to with more pleasure than you have known for years, is, ten chances to one, long ere this dead to you, and one will return in his place with whom you can have nothing in common."

But this glow of friendly confidence was of brief duration, for Christopher had hardly touched her hand than he let it go again, and the smile seemed to vanish under the shade of some unpleasant recollection.

"Is the parlour open to the public to-night?" he asked the wheelwright as he took a candle from the table, "because I've some news for Miss Chorley, and if it is we'll go in there, and I'll deliver it up before supper."

The parlour was not unlocked, and, though the wheelwright rose and set about unlocking it with great alacrity, yet, owing to two or three little alterations he had to arrange ere it could be seen by Christopher—such as placing some books in the gap on the mantelpiece left by the disappearance of the pretty bronze timepiece, and filling up sundry other vacancies—owing, I say, to this, it was several minutes before he returned, flustered and blushing at the deception he was practising, and announced that the parlour was at Kit's service.

Constance had remained still just where Christopher had dropped her hand, and now she followed him into the parlour mechanically, and stood resting one hand on the table, listening for his first words with a patient, stony kind of dread on her face.

"I dare say you guess what it is?" Christopher said, with his old bluntness.

"Has it come at last, then?—have you seen him?" she asked, almost inaudibly, but calmly, as if prepared for anything.

"No, I have not; but he is at Todness, and I found this at Gumbidge's to-night, inclosed in an envelope addressed to me."

She took the letter from him, and, as she read the words, "To be forwarded to Miss Constance Chorley," started, for the familiar hand seemed to bring the writer suddenly and vividly before her.

"Sit down," said Christopher, pushing her a chair. "Shall I go or stay while you read it?"

"Stay, Christopher, if you please," she answered, dropping into the chair.

She broke the black seal quickly, drew out the letter, and began to read it with compressed lips, and eyes that seemed prepared to take in unflinchingly anything that might await them. The first closely-written sheet was read through and turned before Christopher saw any change in the resolute face, which he watched narrowly; but the eyes had not traversed many lines of the next before they began to fill, and the firm mouth to quiver at the corners. For a few seconds she was blinded and could not go on; but, after letting the tears flow quietly down, pattering on the letter, she held it nearer the candle, and continued to read from the line where she had left off, and from which we will follow her.

"But all I have written, Constance, cannot convey to you an idea of what I suffer hourly, day and night. I feel as if I already knew the loneliness of the grave, and often pray to the Almighty to give me the unconsciousness of the grave also. I do not say but that some in this cold world have shown me great kindness, but how can the kindness of strangers be anything but gall and wormwood to me when I remember that my own child has withdrawn herself from me as not being worthy to breathe the same air with her? O Constance, dear Constance, remember my age and my helplessness! Think, also, of what you may some day feel—and, if you do not relent, that day may not be far off—to find yourself alone in the world without a father's blessing; for as yet, though you have not known it, I have watched over both you and my darling boy—watched over you in secret, that I might know if you should ever be in want or distress. Think of what it must have been to me to know all along of your whereabouts and yet refrain from breaking our strange and unnatural compact. Think, Constance, of all this, and then ask yourself, as a daughter, as a Christian, if nearly three years of such a life has not been expiation enough. After all, what is it I am asking, that I have to humble myself in this way for my children, my own children, whom I have every right to command? You cannot deceive yourself; your own heart must tell you that you would be acting wickedly, as well as cruelly, in persisting any longer in this unnatural course. Come back to me, my child, come, and let us, in a new and better life, forget all that has happened. Many a time, in poverty or sickness, I have writhed under the punishment you have inflicted on me—I mean this cruel desertion—but never have I felt it so bitterly as now—now I tell you, Constance, it is unendurable—I can bear it no longer. Be sure that, unless you break down that stubborn will at once, and withdraw that hard decree which it is folly and presumption on your part to keep, you will have reason to repent your conduct for the rest of your life. But, Constance, you will, I know, have pity, and return to one who—do not start—who may not much longer be on earth to feel the great need he now has of his children, or the comfort of their presence either. Yes, you will come, I feel assured. You will get this to-night, and to-night you will come to me, and I await you at the place from which this is addressed. Do not be surprised or startled at any condition you may find me in. Again I say, I am waiting.—Your miserable father, "D. C."

Christopher, I think, would hardly have liked to remain in the room could he have guessed how every word of that letter would dig into the young aching heart whose timidity and strength of love he had mistaken for hardness.

When she had read the last word, the letter dropped on to the floor, and she sat with her hands clasped in her lap, a picture of white, dry-eyed misery. Was it remorse, or what? Christopher asked himself, as he watched her motionless,

silent figure minute after minute; but, whatever it might be, he saw that she must needs be roused, and, after hunting about for something to say as commonplace as the circumstances would admit, observed—

"I was afraid I was bringing you bad news, for I heard, where I stopped on my way from London, that Mr. Chorley had left Lymp-ton, and that the old place was all shut up."

She evidently had not taken in the sense of his words, but his voice seemed to awaken her from her trance of grief. She lifted her arms as a child does in pain, and then let them fall heavily on the table, clasping her hands together.

"Christopher, it is hard; it might have been made known to me at first that what I was going to do was wrong. I prayed that it might be, if it were so—prayed to my mother in heaven and to God to tell me by some sign if it was wrong; but to come upon me now, after all I have borne—to come upon me with a blow like this! Christopher! Christopher! it is hard!"

"Is your father ill?" asked Kit, still holding a little aloof till she should confide all to him, which he now had no doubt she would do.

"Yes, Christopher, ill—very ill, and evidently in want; and I—O how hard, how cruel I have been! You would hate me, Christopher, if you knew all. But still—still, why should my eyes have been so blinded? Why should I have been allowed to go on and on, striving and grinding down all my own feelings, and crushing every bit of pleasure out of my life, to do what I thought was right, and then—O Christopher, it is hard! it is cruel! Well, I must go to him—I must go now directly. Where am I to go? Where is the letter?"

She took it up from the floor, looked at the address, "Weaver's Cottages, Todness," and then glanced hurriedly over it to make sure it was there she should find him. As her eyes fell upon the words, "Do not be surprised at any condition you may find me in," a fresh spasm of pain flitted over her face, and, turning to Christopher, she said—

"Tell me, please, Christopher, how I am to get to Todness to-night?"

"Well, certainly we shall have to walk it," he returned. "There is no alternative, if you must go to-night."

"We, Christopher? But you are not going? Oh, no, let me go alone."

"If you wish to lose your way and arrive there some time to-morrow, go alone; but if you have any thoughts of getting there to-night, you had better let father or me go with you."

"But to take you away from them this evening! No, no. Please, Christopher, tell me all about it, and let me go by myself."

Christopher said no more, but went out into the kitchen. When Constance came down-stairs a few minutes afterwards, with her cloak and bonnet on, she found him waiting for her.

"I've explained it all to them," he said, "so you need only just go in and wish them good-bye."

And she did so, holding her hand out to each with a beseeching gaze, that seemed to say, as plainly as words could, "Please do not speak to me."

"Good-bye, my lass," said the wheelwright; "I was going to say, and I hope it's only for the present; but I don't know that I ought."

Mrs. Vallon cried a little, and said as soon as ever she had a blessing it was took away from her; and Grandfather Vallon complained that he didn't a bit



know what was going on—nobody took the trouble to explain anything to him, though he was sure he wasn't so very deaf, let them say what they liked.

The leave-takings were over, the door closed after them, and, while Christopher was unlocking the high black door at the end of the garden, Constance turned to throw a hurried farewell look on the spot which had been her home for so long. She scarcely had a feeling of regret then, her whole heart being taken up with the engrossing desire to reach her father; but years afterwards, as, with swimming eyes, she recalled that wintry little picture of the cottage set in the white garden, with the lights glimmering through the leafless trees that rose high above the roof and stood against the cold, brilliant sky like delicate, fantastic pencilling, she felt that, had she dreamt of all that awaited her beyond that door, in her deep thankfulness for the interval of peace that the wheelwright's roof had afforded her, she must have stooped and kissed the little white yard-stones as she crossed them.

"Come," said Christopher, "it's a splendid night, and we shall be able to go along over the cliffs when we get beyond Fairleigh, and so save three-quarters of a mile. It'll be a little slippery, but I've got my stick, you see. Now, Merrylegs, don't wake all the parish."

And so, as they crossed the green, Christopher contrived, with his old adroitness, to turn into quite a commonplace, matter-of-fact occurrence what in most cases would have been an awkward and peculiar one; and Constance walked along at his side, finding comfort and strength in his presence, and listening with a vague pleasure to the sound of his voice, but scarcely understanding a word he said, for in her heart was but one thought, one speculation—her father. How should she find him? How would he receive her?

## HISTORICAL FEMALE BIOGRAPHIES.

### II.—THE FOUR MARIES.

MARY FLEMING, MARY LIVINGSTON, MARY BETON, MARY SETON,  
MAIDS OF HONOUR TO MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

#### I.—MARY FLEMING.

DARNLEY's hostility against Lethington was invincible. He was resolutely determined never even to breathe the same air with him, and Lethington employed all his arts for the destruction of that unfortunate prince. In the first place, taking advantage of Darnley's unkind behaviour to the queen, he offered to get her released from him by the facile process of a divorce; but Mary positively refused to allow her marriage to be invalidated, observing "that the king was young, and had had bad counsel, and would peradventure recollect himself and amend." Lethington knew that, if ever Darnley did learn so to comport himself as to insure a permanent reconciliation with the queen, she would, as a matter of course, dismiss him from her counsels to satisfy her inimical consort, determined to be beforehand with him in the work of vengeance. Darnley had publicly avowed his determination not to tolerate one of the traitors who had beguiled him to unite with them in the conspiracy for David Riccio's assassination, and these comprised too numerous and powerful a body to be safely defied. Eighty-six of them were outlaws in England whom Darnley forbade the queen to recall. Through the instrumentality of Lethington and Archibald Douglas, the kinsman and agent of the

Earl of Morton, a league took place between these men and the queen's ambitious brother, Moray, whose life Darnley had openly threatened, for the murder of their weak but dangerous foe. Lethington was persuaded by Moray to be reconciled with Bothwell for the sake of drawing him into the plot, which he succeeded in doing by engaging to marry him to the queen, if he would assist in ridding them of her consort.

The act of grace for Morton and the other outlaws was wrung from the reluctant queen, after the baptism of the infant prince at Stirling, by the united importunity of the ambassadors of England and France and the Earls of Moray and Bothwell, backed by the persuasions of her perfidious secretary, Lethington. Darnley left Stirling in a transport of rage without bidding her farewell, and posted to his father at Glasgow, where he caught the small-pox.

It was at this agitating crisis that Lethington's long courtship of Mary Fleming was brought to a close. They were married, on the 6th of January, in Edinburgh Castle, without any pomp, nor were their nuptials graced by the presence of their royal mistress. Queen Mary was at that time at Stirling Castle, holding joyless courts for the farewell receptions of the Earl of Bedford, previous to his return to England after the baptism of the prince her son.

Mary Fleming was either out of favour, or her marriage with Lethington disapproved by her royal mistress, for there is no record of gifts or endowments accorded to her on that occasion.

It is to be hoped she was ignorant of the guilty confederacy against Darnley which drew her bridegroom so often from her side during the honeymoon to those secret meetings in the solitary shades of Whittinghame where the murder of that ill-fated prince was finally settled by Morton, Bothwell, Lethington, and Archibald Douglas, beneath the dark canopy of the giant yew-tree in the garden which is still pointed out by local tradition as the trysting-place and council-chamber of the acting committee of the assassins.

The newly-wedded pair were keeping their Christmas at that time at Lethington Castle, which was situated near Whittinghame, and not too far from Edinburgh for the performance of the duties of secretary of state.

The mysterious murder of Darnley was perpetrated just one month and three days after the marriage of Mary Fleming with Lethington. How distressing must have been her position if aware of the complicity of her husband in that crime, especially when his occult policy succeeded in flinging the suspicions of the guilt he and his astute confederates had incurred on the royal widow!

Lady Lethington was promoted to be lady of the bedchamber, but her salary was still only two hundred crowns a year. The queen was in great pecuniary distress at that time, and was practising all the retrenchments in her power. Lethington continued to hold office in the cabinet of his confiding sovereign till he had compassed her ruin by betraying her into the fatal marriage with Bothwell, which, though clearly against her will, lent a colour to the calumnies of her foes that she was participant in her husband's murder. The details of his complicated treachery would exceed the limits of these pages.\*

Lady Lethington visited the queen during her incarceration at Lochleven Castle, and her majesty asked her to direct the keeper of the royal wardrobe

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\* See Life of Mary Stuart in "Lives of the Queens of England," by Agnes Strickland, vols. iv., v., vi.

to send her various articles of her wearing apparel; but the message was either not delivered, or the officials were prevented from complying with the order, for, in her note to Sir Robert Melville of the 3rd of September, the queen writes—"Also ye shall send the gown and the other clothes that I bade the Lady Lethington *gar* send me."

Lethington fought against the queen at Langsyde, and filled up the measure of his guilt by coming to England with the other conspirators to bear false witness against her by swearing that the forged letters and other documents which the Earl of Morton pretended he had taken on the person of George Dalgleish, Bothwell's servant, and on which they grounded their assumptions of her guilt, "were written by her own hand."

And here it may be observed that if Lady Lethington—who, as Mary Fleming, had attended the queen from childhood, and been cognizant of all her actions—had been able to testify anything to her disparagement, it certainly would have been elicited and brought forward by so artful a man as Lethington. If she could have been induced to come forward in person to corroborate the statements of the perjured traitors as to the passion of the queen for Bothwell, the deposition of such a witness would have rendered the clumsy and improbable fabrications to which they, for want of verbal testimony, resorted, unnecessary.

However faulty Mary Fleming had been, she was incapable of assisting in belying her royal mistress. She did not play the part of Sapphira in bolstering up the falsehood of her Ananias-like husband, though, when his character is considered, it may well be conjectured that no pains were spared by him to prevail on her to do so.

The cause of Queen Mary was decidedly in the ascendant in the summer of 1569; and Lethington, either sailing with the tide of popular feeling, or moved by the persuasions of the beautiful wife on whom he entirely doted, had sought and obtained forgiveness for his treasons against her, and was now seeking to compass her restoration. His old ally and confederate, Moray, lured him from Perth—where he was safe under the protection of his powerful friend the Earl of Athol—by requesting him, in a friendly letter, to attend a council at Stirling for settling a despatch to the Queen of England. The moment he came into the council-chamber, Thomas Crawford, one of the servants of the Earl of Lennox, entered and accused him of the murder of the late king, Henry, Lord Darnley, and demanded justice to be executed upon him for that crime. Lethington denied the charge, and offered to give bail on being arrested by Moray, but was told it could not be accepted, and he was committed to sure custody in Stirling thence he was removed to Edinburgh, where his trial was appointed to take place November the 24th; but his friend, Sir William Kirkcaldy of Grange, the Governor of Edinburgh Castle, hearing that there was an intention of sending him to be warded in Tantallon Castle in the meantime, where he would be in the hands of his unscrupulous accomplice the Earl of Morton, rescued him from this peril by forging the signature of the regent, Moray, to a warrant desiring Lethington to be delivered to him to be kept in Edinburgh Castle.

The guard, not suspecting any trick, obeyed the warrant, and resigned his prisoner to Kirkcaldy, who came in person to receive him, and carried him off in triumph to the castle, where he was safe from his foes. Moray tried many wiles to get Kirkcaldy to give him up, but in vain. Kirkcaldy promised to produce

Lethington in court on the day appointed for his trial. He did so, and demanded if any one were present to accuse him; and, as no one appeared, Lethington's brother and friends insisted that he was entitled to be treated as an innocent person, and released.

Moray, however, only adjourned the trial to a future day; but before it arrived was unexpectedly summoned to his own account by the vengeful bullet of Hamilton, laird of Bothwellhaugh.

Lethington immediately obtained an acquittal of the murder of the unfortunate Darnley through the connivance of his accomplice Morton, and resumed his office of secretary of state during the interregnum between the death of Moray and the appointment of the Earl of Lennox as regent, and returned with his wife to reside in Edinburgh; but was so crippled with gout and broken in health that he was under the necessity of being removed from place to place in a coach. He is said, by writers of small research, to have been the first person by whom such a vehicle was ever used in Edinburgh; but Queen Mary brought a coach from France, which she lent for the conveyance of the Earl of Arran, in the time of his frenzy, from Falkland to Edinburgh Castle. It was, probably, the very same, and had been appropriated by Lethington to his own use.

Randolph, the English ambassador, writes the following sarcastic account of Lethington's debility to their mutual acquaintance, Cecil, the English secretary of state:—

"I doubt nothing so much of him as I do the length of his life. He hath only his heart whole and his stomach good, with an honest mind, somewhat more given to policy than to Mr. Knox's preachings. His legs are clean gone; his body so weak that it sustaineth not itself; his inward parts so feeble that to endure to sneeze he cannot for annoying the whole body. To this the blessed joy of a young wife hath brought him."

In a deed executed early in the same year (1570), Lethington testifies his regard for Mary Fleming, to whom he had been married three years and a quarter, by enfeoffing her with the life-rent of his lands of Begbie for her sole and separate use. "Movit," he quaintly declares, "of very constraint for the true affection and good-will I bear towards the said Marie, my spouse, and for sustentation of her, part of the lands heresaid,"\* &c., he gives her charter and seizin of the same.

Lethington had no surviving male issue by his first wife, Janet Menteith, daughter of the laird of Kers. He speaks of James Maitland, his eldest son by Mary Fleming, in two existing documents, as his heir. In one of these he endows the boy with the abbey-lands of Haddington—a rich portion of the Earl of Bothwell's forfeiture, which had, during the whole of Queen Mary's reign, been a bone of contention between them, for it adjoined the fine estate of Lethington's father, Sir Richard Maitland, and was claimed by Bothwell as having been originally given to the abbey by the lords of Hailles and Creighton, his ancestors.

Queen Mary had granted this to Bothwell in reward for the loyal services he had rendered to her and Darnley at the time they effected their escape from Holyrood, after the slaughter of David Riccio by the conspirators. It was to obtain possession of this magnificent domain that Lethington had taken such pains to draw Bothwell into the murderous plot against the life of Darnley, and the overt

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\* The original document, with his seal and autograph signature, is in the possession of Richard Almack, Esq., of Long Melford, in Suffolk.

act of treason of obstructing the queen on her return from Stirling, and carrying her off by violence to Dunbar—the causes alleged in the recital for his forfeiture and outlawry by the Scotch parliament.

But neither Lethington, nor his beautiful and entirely beloved wife, nor their children, were ever to reap the slightest benefit from those fair possessions he had so eagerly coveted, and stained himself with so many crimes to gain. "The wages of sin is death;" and of this great truth his history affords a striking exemplification.

He was now—but all too late—seeking to "unthread the rude paths of rebellion," and to work the restoration of the queen. This change of conduct can only be attributed to the influence of the young, lovely wife on whom he so passionately doted; but it was instantly punished by an irruption of the English garrison from Warkworth, who ravaged and plundered his houses and lands in Haddingtonshire, and those of his aged father, blind Sir Richard Maitland.

Lethington, with his wife and family, fled for refuge into the wilds of Athol, where they were safe from all pursuit, and remained the rest of that year. Lethington presided at a convention of the queen's friends which was held at Blair Athol.

In the spring, though suffering still intensely from gout, he and Lady Lethington returned to Edinburgh, and took up their abode in the castle with the valiant governor, Sir William Kirkcaldy of Grange. There gathered some of the leading men of Queen Mary's party, and held a parliament in her name in opposition to the parliament held in the Canongate by the Regent Lennox in that of her infant son.

Lethington was attainted in the regent's parliament "for having been an accomplice in the murder of the late king by foreknowledge and counsel."

The Regent Lennox was killed at Stirling on the 4th of September, 1571, and the Earl of Mar, who had possession of the person of the infant puppet they styled their sovereign, was elected in his place, and died on the 28th of October, 1572, in great agony, after dining the preceding day with Morton at Dalkeith, where it is generally supposed he was poisoned.

Morton obtained the regency after Mar's death, and exerted all his abilities to dislodge the gallant band who continued to display the standard of Queen Mary on the castle rock of Edinburgh, and to maintain her authority on that proud eminence, taking for their watchword the war-cry, "God and the queen."

Queen Elizabeth, however, threw her sword into the balance. She sent seven thousand men, under Sir William Drury, and a company of engineers, with plentiful supplies of powder, powerful artillery, and machinery for storming the castle.

The besiegers surrounded the castle with five batteries, and on Sunday, the 17th of May, commenced their deadly operations. The first volley was answered by a general shriek from the females in the castle that was heard in the English camp above the uproar of the loud-voiced cannon that were battering the walls of King David's Tower. In six days that mighty portion of the Maiden Castle was levelled, with a terrific crash, by the English guns. The Gate Tower, with the portcullis, and Wallace's Tower, were beaten down the following day; then the great square keep and the Constable's Tower were overthrown, and choked all the draw-wells which were in that quarter; and the besiegers poisoned the well beneath St. Margaret's Tower, whence the brave Castilians—as the defenders of the castle were called—obtained their sole supply.

Sickness, death, and desertion had reduced the garrison to a hundred and fifty fighting men. A valiant party of the women attempted to obtain water for their wounded husbands by descending from the walls by cords, at night, taking vessels with them to procure it from wells in the hostile town, but were captured, and remorselessly hanged by Morton, not even excepting those whose situation ought to have pleaded for them. The tragedies which occurred on this occasion were described by Lethington in a heartrending letter to his captive queen.

Lady Lethington, who, before the horrors of the siege commenced, might well have taken refuge with the Earl and Countess of Athol in the fastnesses of that almost inaccessible country, but had, with conjugal tenderness which does her honour, determined to share the fortunes of her sick husband, in the hope of being able to minister to his comforts, or at least to cheer him with her presence, was now exposed, together with the other females—thirty-three in number—to hardships and privations such as she could never have expected to experience in the bright days of her youth and prosperity, when she was worshipped as one of the most brilliant of the courtly stars of the palaces of Fontainebleau and Holyrood.

All that dreadful winter and spring her husband suffered agonies with his constitutional malady, the gout, and other bodily ailments, aggravated, doubtless, by distress of mind and the pangs of an accusing conscience. He was, moreover, denounced by the starving garrison as the Jonah whose presence had brought upon them all the miseries they were enduring. At last they mutinied, and demanded of the governor "that he should hang the cause of all the evils, the false lord of Lethington, over the battlements."

Nothing but the firmness of Kirkcaldy preserved him from this ignominious fate. At last, after several of the towers had been battered down, and all their resources exhausted, the well-defended castle was perforce surrendered to Sir William Drury, the Marshal of Berwick, and commander of the English forces, on the night of the 30th of May, 1573.

Mary Fleming, with her husband, and the brave governor, his wife, Lady Grange, Lord and Lady Home, and the rest of the noble prisoners who had been expressly excepted from the terms of capitulation, which engaged that the lives of the garrison should be spared, were conducted by Sir William Drury to his own temporary residence, the spacious and stately mansion called Gourlay's House, where, for a few brief days, they were protected from the vengeful malice of the Regent Morton—they having expressly rendered themselves as prisoners to the Queen of England.

Sir William Drury wrote to ascertain his sovereign's pleasure in regard to them, and forwarded a supplicatory joint letter, dated June 1st, to their old friend and ally, Sir William Cecil. Morton, in the meantime, insisted that Drury should send Lethington to be warded in the Tolbooth at Leith; which was, in effect, to resign to his tender mercies that guilty statesman, whose hand had been with his in the hidden works of darkness by which the mysterious murder of Darnley, and the ruin of their hapless queen, had been effected. His accomplices in these might have been declared by Lethington if brought to a public trial, and proclaimed to the people from the scaffold if doomed to the traitor's death such crimes so richly merited. It was, therefore, necessary that lips so perilous to the existence of the regent should be sealed, by sure and silent means, before the answer from England arrived, lest the

favour or caprice of Elizabeth, of whom Lethington had been an adroit flatterer and subtle tool, or the policy of her astute premier, might peradventure lead to the prolongation of a life which had been, till within the last three years, employed in working out their intrigues against his unfortunate sovereign.

Lethington naturally relied on their intervention for his preservation, and would, at least, have waited till he had learned that their decision was unfavourable to his request of being sent for to London, instead of rendering the hope he yet cherished unavailing by prematurely cutting short his life, endeared as existence was to him by the affection of his young, beautiful, and passionately-beloved wife and their infant children. It is certain, however, that he died on the 9th of June, 1573, in mortal agonies from the effects of the deadly poison he had swallowed in his lonely cell in the Tolbooth at Leith.

Morton, who had the reputation of being one of the most notorious poisoners in that age of occult assassinations, communicates the event in an autograph letter to Margaret, Countess of Lennox, the widowed mother of the unfortunate Darnley, in these words :—

“Lethington, the fountain of all the mischief, departed this life at Leith, hasting the same himself, as some judged, apparently not altogether causeless.”

Killigrew, the English envoy, writes to the lords of Queen Elizabeth's council on the 12th of June—

“Nothing remarkable has occurred here of late but Lethington's death, whereof my lord general doth advertise your lordships, who died not without suspicion of poison.”

When the earnestly-expected answer of Queen Elizabeth to Sir William Drury arrived in Edinburgh, it was neither more nor less than a brief command for him to deliver all the prisoners into the hands of his grace the Regent of Scotland, to be dealt with according to his pleasure.

Morton's dealings were according to his cruel and ungenerous nature, by hanging the valiant governor Kirkcaldy, and his brother, and several other of the loyal defenders of Edinburgh Castle, and immuring others in dungeons, where they remained as long as he lived.

Meantime the corpse of Mary Fleming's husband remained unburied, and, in consequence of neglect, the effects of poison, and the heat of the weather, in a frightful state of decomposition, which occasioned some of his friends to request the interference of his English captor, Sir William Drury, who, on the 18th of June, writes thus to the English council :—

“I have been pressed by the Earl of Athol and others that the body of Lethington might be buried, and not remain above the earth as it does, but, being stayed for further matter, I could say little thereto.”

The most earnest and pathetic supplicator in that behalf was Lethington's afflicted widow, Mary Fleming, by whom the following touching letter was addressed to his sometime friend Burleigh, praying that the remains of her unfortunate husband might receive no dishonour :—

“MY VERY GOOD LORD,—After my humble commendations, it may please your lordship that the cause of the sorrowful widow and orphalines being, by Almighty God, recommended to the superior powers, together with the firm confidence my late husband the lord of Lethington put in your lordship's only help, is the occasion that I, his desolate wife (as yet unknown to your lordship), takes the boldness, by these few lines, to humbly request your lordship that, as my late

husband in life expected no small benefit at your hands, so now I may find such comfort that the queen's majesty your sovereign may, by your lordship's travail and means, be moved to write to my Lord Regent of Scotland, that the body of my husband, which in life has not been spared in her highness's service, may now, after his death, receive no shame nor ignominy, and that his heritage, taken from him during his lifetime, now pertaining to me and his children, that hath not offended, by disposition made of before (*meaning by his settlements and will*), may be restored, which is agreeable both to equity and the laws of this nation. As also your lordship will not forget my said husband's brother, my lord of Coldinghame, an innocent gentleman, who on no particular never had any interest but only by the affection he bore to his brother, my husband, now detained captive with the others, being for the time in the castle, that by your lordship's good means and procurement he may be restored to his own; by doing whereof, beside the blessings promised of God to the helper of the afflicted prisoners, your lordship shall oblige a great number of nobles and gentlemen affectionate to the queen's majesty your sovereign's devotion, and to your lordship in particular. And so, leaving to trouble your lordship by long letters, and awaiting upon your gracious answer, committing your lordship to the protection of God.

"From Edinburgh the xxi. of June.

"Your most humble to command,

"MARIE FLEMING."\*

The poor widow's appeal to the supposed friendship of those who had used her late husband as their tool for the ruin of his own native sovereign was disregarded by them. He had done their dirty work, and now they cared not what became of his lifeless remains, his wife, or children; but the Earl of Athol insisted that his body should be buried, and took upon himself the care of his interment, and gave Lady Lethington and the children an asylum with his own wife at Dunkeld for a time.

There were many valuable jewels belonging to Queen Mary in the castle under the care of David Mossman, her jeweller. These the loyal old man protested should never fall into the greedy hands of the rebel lords if he could prevent it; accordingly he confided the custody of the most valuable to be kept for the queen to Lady Lethington, Lady Home, and Lady Grange, to secrete about their persons, which he trusted would be held sacred from a search. The valiant governor, Sir William Kirkcaldy, himself had taken possession of as many as he could stuff into his hose and nether garments. Poor Mossman was, however, compelled by the torture of the boot to confess what had been done, and the ladies were intimidated into producing the cunningly-hidden treasures and resigning them to Morton's authorities.

Queen Mary vainly demanded her property, and sent an inventory of these precious jewels to the French ambassador for him to present to Queen Elizabeth, and request her intervention to compel Morton to restore them. "I appeal," she said, "to Lady Lethington to testify to the correctness of my list." But her representations were unavailing.

The desolate widow and her children were reduced to utter destitution by the forfeiture of all her husband's property, and the Act of Parliament which ren-

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\* The original document is preserved among the Cottonian MSS. in the British Museum, Caligula, C. iv. f. 102.



dered them incapable of succeeding to any lands or possessions in Scotland. His brother, John Maitland, lord of Coldingham, who had married her niece, Jane Fleming, daughter of the loyal defender of Dumbarton Castle, James, Lord Fleming, was incarcerated by Morton in Tantallon Castle, where he remained in captivity till after that great criminal had paid the penalty of his crimes on the scaffold. Her honourable father-in-law, Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, blind and impoverished though he was, yet remained to cherish the unfortunate Mary Fleming and the orphan babes of his son. After passing several years in poverty and obscurity, she wrote to her captive queen, intreating to be allowed to come and wait upon her in her English prisons.

Queen Mary accepted the proffered service of the companion of her childhood and attendant of her brighter days, but it was not permitted by the English cabinet; and this may be regarded as presumptive evidence that, whatever might have been the levity and coquetry of her youth, Mary Fleming had never acted treacherously against her royal mistress, or betrayed her confidence, or Elizabeth and her ministers would have been only too happy to place her in the household of the captive queen as a spy and informer.

Queen Mary was persevering in her request that a passport might be sent for Lady Lethington to come to her. She mentions it for the last time in a letter from Sheffield Manor, on the 1st of May, 1581, and then ceases her importunity on the subject.

Mary Fleming's pecuniary troubles terminated soon after in consequence of the fall of the Regent Morton, the release of her brother-in-law, and the act which passed in the Scottish parliament for the restoration of the sequestered property pertaining to herself and children. She had two that arrived at maturity, a son and a daughter. Her son James Maitland became a member of the Church of Rome, and resided chiefly abroad. He inherited the literary talents of his father's family, and wrote a fragmentary history of the regency of Mary of Lorraine, to vindicate the memory of his father from the reproach of having acted perfidiously as her secretary. He appears to have been very poor, for there is a letter from his uncle, Lord Thirlestane's, wife, Jane Fleming,\* respecting lending him sundry crowns, in which she says, "My lord your uncle would be loth to let you want. I, for my own part, shall be ready to do the duty of a most loving mother to you." This affectionate letter is dated the 26th of March, 1588. His own mother, Mary Fleming, was probably dead, for there are no allusions to her either in that or any other of the family letters. He died abroad, and left no children. The family honours of Maitland were inherited and represented by John Maitland, the brother of Lethington, and husband of Jane Fleming. He was Lord Chancellor of Scotland, and created Lord Thirlestane by James VI. Mary Fleming's daughter, Mary Maitland, wedded Robert, third Earl of Roxburgh; and her grandsons were brave Cavaliers, distinguished for their loyalty to Charles I.

Mary Fleming was accounted the most beautiful of the four Maries, and bore so strong a resemblance in features to the queen her cousin, that certain blue-eyed and fair-haired portraits of the period, that are confidently exhibited as those of Mary Stuart, are supposed to be in reality likenesses of her kindred maid of honour, Mary Fleming.

AGNES STRICKLAND.

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\* In the collection of Richard Almack, Esq., of Long Melford, Suffolk.

## WAYFE SUMMERS.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## NATURE.

I BELIEVE I had not been without some vague, but still occasionally lively, anticipations of that journey which was to commence my first personal acquaintance with the influence that the great outer world, called Nature, exercises over the human heart. Hitherto I had read of it in books, seen it dimly foreshadowed in pictures, heard it spoken of by people who unhesitatingly alluded to its glorious and ennobling effects upon themselves, some of which effects, I had painfully observed, were a certain glibness of utterance, an interlarding their discourse with adjectives, and, at the same time, the regarding, with scarcely concealed contempt, those who found it difficult to exhibit a similar degree of interest.

With these "lovers of Nature," as they delighted to style themselves, I had little sympathy, since I never could discover that their raptures included any graphic description by which another mind could be made to share their noisy and self-asserting enthusiasm. From books and pictures I had constructed for myself a certain series of imaginary land and water scapes, not one of which, perhaps, was truthful in itself, but which all combined, in various degrees, scenes suggested by sentiments indelibly associated with them at the time of their first fanciful presentment.

It was well, perhaps, that the beginning of my voyage from that old, rusty, sordid-looking wharf in Thames-street was also the beginning of my disappointment in having many such illusions dispelled. The mere *prettinesses* of my ideal scenery drooped before the hard realism of the confused deck of the vessel and its dirty cabin. I began to feel that I had been putting together a mere patchwork, composed of symbols expressing particular sentiments; that there might be discovered in Nature a breadth and grandeur of which I knew nothing, and in which such distinctions were only a part of the universal harmony. Not at once, however, did I realise this probability, for I was in a state of feverish unrest, which prompted me to stimulate myself to a pretended admiration. In truth, I feared that the failure of my realisations was a proof of insensibility to those influences to which I had heard so many pretentious claims, and tried to deceive myself by a false attempt to appreciate some beauty in objects where only an educated or closely observant eye could discover a single charm of form or colour—which, in my own case, were inevitably associated with disagreeable reflections.

The finely-falling rain made a watery medium through which the shapes of vessels on the river, the tall warehouses, the swinging cranes, looked blurred, and lost all clearness of outline. As the steamboat was cast off from the wharf, the trembling motion made by the engines ceased suddenly, and as soon as I could secure a footing I sought some sheltered space upon the sloppy deck where I might take up my position unmolested by the men, who began with mops and buckets to soak up the wet from plank and seat; but there was much hauling of casks and packages to the middle of the vessel, where they were covered with a heavy black tarpaulin—much shouting and warning off of boats and barges—and I went into the cabin, where Marie had already extricated, from a heap of luggage, our own

more fragile boxes, and now sat wrapped in her great cloak, looking ineffably disgusted at the whole arrangement.

had scarcely seated myself beside her and began to laugh at her thoroughly unhappy appearance, when a little door in a corner of the cabin opened and displayed a sort of closet, around which I observed shelves filled with glasses and crockeryware of a common description. From this place a man, who was dressed in a half-seafaring fashion, but wore no coat, came out somewhat abruptly, and with mutterings evidently not the result of perfect good-humour.

"It's awful, that's what it is," he said, "the way you're a-goin' on, Marier. As to breakage, it's no wonder at fust that you should dows a glass or two, maybe let slip a dish; but arter above two months afloat, if it aint downright aggravatin', blow me!"

"I couldn't help it, uncle," said a girl's voice, whimperingly, inside the inclosure. "It was that dish o' cold dumplin's did it; jest as they was a-goin' away from the shore they all came rollin' right over the table like cannon-balls. I'll save up every penny to pay for 'em, I will indeed."

"Pay be hanged!" replied the man; "it aint for the matter o' that; but lookee here, what's the use of being out at sea to help me if ye can't keep everything taut? You had better go back to the market and sell taters ag'in, you know, than go on this way."

I suppose this probability had something about it peculiarly distressing, for the voice inside set up a prolonged howl, which impressed me, singularly enough, as being familiar, though under what circumstances I was utterly at a loss to imagine, until I saw a rather untidy head emerge from the half-opened door, and suddenly recognised it, not so much by the features of the face as by the general outline, and the expression which it collectively conveyed. Truly this journey was fraught with strange discoveries; here, in the recesses of a steamer which was to convey me to a strange home, was Maria, the slatternly servant-girl who had been my companion at Mrs. Bradley's, but now grown into a tall and rather limp-looking young woman, with a figure which I can only describe by saying that it seemed to possess a marvellous capacity for being filled out.

The space in which we sat, being only the centre of the cabin, round which the sleeping berths were arranged, was so limited in consequence of the heap of packages occupying the floor, that the man had to clear a way for himself on his passage to the stairs, and I rose to make way for him.

"No call to get up, miss," he said, with rough politeness. "You see we didn't expect no passengers aft, and they've been and put all these things down here out of the wet."

"There are passengers in the other cabin, then?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes; leas'tways there's two; one on 'em's a seafarin' man, though, an' the other's a furriner, Frenchman, or somethin'; he'll be pretty badish, he will, if this rain blows off with a fresh wind, as I should say it would."

"Is that the stewardess?" I asked, motioning to the smaller cabin with my hand.

"Well, yer see, mum," he replied, turning his cap inside out, and looking at it as though he expected to find the answer concealed somewhere in the lining, "she is, an' she aint. What I mean is this here: she's my niece, she is, and I'm the steward, or the cook, or what not, aboard here; well, you see, the stewardess as was, she goes and gets married to a publican as was a steward himself on one of the

Boulogne boats; and I says there aint no great likelihood, I says, for another stewardess to come aboard yet awhile, so if you'll let me bring my niece aboard along o' me, temporally, I says, why it wont be no expense to nobody, an' it will be doing o' me a good turn; which, when I tells to the one that's gone, she says she'll say all she can, for she's a sort of respect for me; and so that's how it's come about. But, if you'll believe me, mum," he continued, solemnly, and flattening his cap upon his head, to give emphasis to the remark, "the breakages of that young woman is awful."

It was fortunate that he turned round suddenly to go on deck, for as soon as we saw the last of his blue legs ascending the cabin-stairs, Marie Rose and myself burst into a simultaneous scream, suppressed with some difficulty by means of our pocket-handkerchiefs. I was conscious, however, of the untidy head looking curiously round the inner doorway, and controlled myself sufficiently to tell my companion how I had first become acquainted with it.

"Could you oblige me with a glass of water?" I said presently, as I heard the jingling of glasses in the closet.

"Well, I do' know as I can," was the rather snappish answer. "How'd you like to be laughed at becoss you broke a trifle of chaney? That's jest the way with people as do' know what it is to handle them things except when they're a-eatin' an' drinkin' out of 'em. What do you care how they slip out o' your cloth when you're a-washin' up? Not a bit of it."

"We were not laughing at that," I replied: "it was at your uncle—he seems a little cross, but he's not half as bad as Mrs. Bradley."

"Eh? are you a relation of hern? Oh, my eye! wasn't she awful?"

I had expected some surprise on her part, but she evidently had not recognised me. She brought the water, however, which I was careful to take from her hand before I said—

"Have you ever heard what became of Wayfe Summers, Maria?"

Without saying a word, she brought her face close to mine, stared, gasped, staggered to a berth at the side of the cabin near which we were standing, and suddenly buried her head in the mattress, at the same time commencing a rapid motion with her feet, as though she wished to represent a squirrel in a cage. This did her good, I suppose, for she came back presently, and stood waiting for me to speak.

"I know'd you'd been took away," she said at last, "but where to I didn't know, not till quite lately. You've heard about Mrs. Bradley, I s'pose?"

No, I said, I had heard nothing of her since I left the house years before.

"Oh, she was took awful with a stroke, and mother she went to help nuss her, and she was bad such a long time that they got reg'lar poor, and had to go into two rooms somewheres. But I was so bad off myself, mother goin' into service, that I had to go to the House for a time till uncle come and brought me to help to wash up an' to wait on the passengers; but, bless yer, I sha'n't never be no good to him. I say—you wouldn't think it, would yer?—but I learnt to read a bit better in the House, and I've got that old copy-book as you set for me now in my box, an' a lot of picters that you painted. Would you like to see 'em?"

I felt it would be giving her pain to say "No," and for that reason did not say it. After a short absence in an apartment which was, I suppose, still further within the recesses of the cabin than even the pantry, she came out, hauling a

great box after her, and there, sure enough, at the very bottom, covered with a few withered stalks of lavender, were the miserable scraps of paper, at sight of which I felt a curious sensation of shame, not unmixed with a painful pity for my former self, and a wondering, almost shuddering, perception of the gulf which had been spanned over by the years spent with my guardian and Mrs. White, but which seemed to separate me scarcely less from the child I was than from the young woman I might have been.

The steward coming down presently with a pot of coffee in his hand left us little time for further talk, however; and, in order to propitiate him, I asked if we could have some breakfast—a request in which Marie Rose, who had looked on with no little amazement, joined very heartily. While he went to get the cups, his niece contrived to let him know who I was in so short a time that I expect he was no stranger to the contents of the box, and came back presently to ask me whether he could do anything to make me more comfortable. I told him that if I could manage to get some place on deck where I should be out of the way I should like it better than the cabin, upon which he disappeared up the cabin-stairs again, and, returning when we had finished our coffee, said we should find everything made snug aft, with an empty horse-box against the wind and a tarpaulin stretched over the seat to shelter us from the rain—an arrangement which I found to be suggestive of a fruit-stall in Covent-garden-market, but not uncomfortable either, and with a fair look-out ahead.

As Maria utterly refused to take any money, although she had already decided to give up her own occasional bed for my special use if I required it, I was compelled to deposit a small gratuity with her uncle, as I said, laughingly, “for a set-off against future breakages”—a remark which he took, I thought, somewhat wistfully—and, having each selected a book, the nurse and myself sought the deck, where a fresh morning breeze had already lightened the heavy, leaden sky, and now blew away the fine rain in light, vapoury showers as we came off the low-lying shores beyond the Pool.

After passing the great ship-building yards, where the smoke, bearing pungent odours of burnt wood, wafted over us in a cloud as we went by, I began to look for the sea, and, not finding it, settled down to read (I forget what book now), and became absorbed from all outward things except the sense of a fresh breeze blowing in my face, and the not altogether pleasant motion caused by the shaking of the engines. From this I was awakened, however, by a sudden lurch of the vessel, and at the same moment by a splash of spray which came sharply into my eyes, borne thither by the wind, which seemed in a moment to swell and freshen. Looking up, I saw on one side nothing but a waste of greenish water, tumbling, not in waves, but in confused ridges; on the other the land diminishing to a point in a low, flat beach. The steward's prediction was a true one; for the wind, rising into long gusts, worked the sea into foam, and seemed to carry the long, dusky clouds streaming upwards into the slaty blue sky. Soon the water assumed the shape of regular waves, and the vessel began to swing and pitch at intervals more or less certain.

There was a wonderful charm in looking out over the vast expanse, unbroken by any object except the buoys, which appeared like gigantic cork floats for fishing; but as the day wore on, and these, too, disappeared, I found myself endeavouring to realise the sensation of drowning, and the fact, so often men-

tioned in imaginary voyages, that only "a few frail planks interposed between the passenger and death." With all due admission of the truth of the latter reflection, however, I failed to dwell upon it. Knowing that that hungry sea might swell and roar till it tore every portion of the boat asunder, I still felt that it was like a hopeful, living thing, forging onward heavily, but surely, with its human cargo through the waves. These were far less terrible than I supposed, for I had, in truth, not yet reached the full swell of the ocean, and thought of the "mountains high" billows of the poetic school.

The motion of the vessel soon increased; and as crest after crest seemed to overlook the deck when we fell into the trough of the receding waves, and as the sharp showers of spray swept lashing over the sides, and rattled on the awning over our heads, I felt a strange elation and excitement, which added zest to the briny savour of the shower. Marie was not particularly talkative, however, and only shook her head to my repeated inquiries whether the weather was rougher than usual. She was evidently at the turning-point which precedes seasickness, and lapsed into a silence which terminated in her staggering, with my assistance, towards the cabin. Here I consigned her to the charge of Maria, and, after seeing her swallow a little brandy and a biscuit, yielded to her assurances that she would fall asleep, and returned to the deck. As I turned to seek some object by which to steady myself, I saw the Frenchman who had spoken to me on the wharf lying upon a coil of rope, so leaden-coloured, limp, and motionless, that I became alarmed, and contrived to get near enough to touch him on the arm. He looked up with dull, bloodshot eyes, and, with a feeble smile, tried to get upon his feet, but fell heavily by the sudden lurching of the vessel, and sat clapping his knees and rocking himself backwards and forwards.

"*Parbleu!* it is very terrible, this sickness of the sea," he said, ruefully; "but I must admire mademoiselle that she is of good courage. As for me myself, I am not a chicken, but still—blue death!—this is terrible."

"Shall I ask the steward to bring you some brandy or coffee?" I said.

"I thank you, no. Pardon me, but I wait till I reach Bristol. I have not enough money for living here on board—a thousand thanks, nevertheless."

"At least," I said, "let me give you a biscuit—I have plenty."

He took it, not without an expression of thankfulness, and began to devour it, eagerly—so eagerly that I felt deeply concerned at his evident hunger, and hastened to seek the steward. The weather had already grown so tempestuous, that I could only totter forward for two or three steps to find myself caught in the arms of one of the crew who was going forward.

"You haven't got your sea-legs on yet, miss," he said, good-humouredly. "Better hold on alongside o' me till you get to your seat—leastway, if you're goin' to stay on deck."

There was nothing else to be done, so as a further favour I asked him to get something from the steward for the poor man who lay there on the rope.

"Oh, I'll soon get him something, miss. I should say a good pot o' pea-soup 'ud be about the thing to set him right. He's jest like all them French; they haven't no notion of a bit o' rough weather at sea—double up like writin'-paper, they do."

"You call this very bad weather, I suppose, don't you?" I inquired; "but yet it can't be, for the waves don't seem to rise very high."

"Oh, this is only a bit of a breeze, miss; we shall have a heavy sea out afore long, though, and it's dead against us all the time. But as to waves a-runnin' high and all that, there's a good deal talked about more than there is in that respect. You see, when you're in the run of the water, and the big waves is comin' right head on, then they seem big, but they aint r'al'y so. I've been cruising about all the West India islands, off and on, and there's wuss weather there than any big waves as ever I see. It's when the breakers runs over something as partly stops 'em that they looks so, miss."

The weather grew more and more boisterous, as he had predicted. While I sat there looking out, my book unheeded, listening to the hoarse burst of the wind as it seemed to bellow from the distantly-heaving sea, and sweep through spars and cordage, I felt the true terror of the ocean—not the mountainous waves, but that on-rushing, solid mass of water which must in another moment crash over the vessel, quivering at its base, but sweeps away in a sloping swirl, sinking as the boat leaps upward to the summit, and so disclosing a deeper gulf beyond.

The day wore on, for we made but slow progress; and as I sat there, holding to the arm of the seat with hands clenched and cold, men came and looked far out for indications of the weather. Soon the first excitement passed away, and the drear monotony of the awful sea fell upon me with a sickening weight. I had taken little food—only two or three biscuits—and the very air seemed to taste of brine. The first feeling of freshness and invigoration was succeeded by a sense of oppressive saltiness—by a strong and unsavoury odour coming up, apparently, from the depths of the ship, compounded of two or three elements, but yet with a general resemblance to the briny flavour of the sea itself, stale from too long keeping.

Perhaps, but for my recent illness, I, too, might have been prostrate in the cabin with that terrible nausea of which I had heard so much; as it was, I suffered from a faintness and stupor through which a nausea almost more terrible disclosed itself—an unutterable weariness of the vast flood, unchanging in its everlasting *monotony* of change, as seen only from that tiny black speck beating hither and thither on its rude bosom.

As the night fell, and the white flakes flew from the heaps of dull green water, and were carried by the wind in showers, the stars seemed to be tossing in the sky as I saw them every now and then between the masts and the creaking gear of the rigging. Then I felt a deadly faintness, mingled with an inexpressible longing for smooth water, and, unclasping my stiffened fingers from their hold, found Maria at my side.

"You jest come down into the cabin, now, an' go to bed, Miss Wayfe," she said, "for we're goin' to have a rough night of it, uncle says, an' I've got a cup o' tea a-waitin' for yer below. The lady that's with you, she's asleep, I can tell yer, so come on; I'm pretty used to it, I am, now."

I was so stiff and cold that I needed all the support she could give me to crawl down the steep stairs. The hot tea, dispensed in a tin mug, revived me, however, and I rolled into the square wooden box, where a softer pillow had been placed from the poor girl's own bed. There, in a dreamy stupor, I lost all sense of time, but not of place—heard the hollow rumbling of the chains overhead, and the lash of the waves, which awung the vessel upwards, and seemed to leave her to fall again by her own weight. Through half-crazy dreams, broken before they had taken definite

form, the rush and murmur of the wind, I thought of Marie and her dead mother—was thinking of her when she looked out of the next berth and called me.

A faint grey light touched the heaving waves, and lit their crests with shimmering green; as the rush and tumult ceased, the vessel swam smoothly into harbour, and the clatter upon deck told that our voyage was at an end.

Resuming shawls, and shoes, and hats as hastily as possible, we saw our luggage carried upon deck, bade farewell to Maria, to whom I gave my new address at Poltrewyn if ever she should come that way, and prepared, thankfully enough, to go on shore. As I stood, weak and giddy, on the gangway, I felt a touch upon the shoulder, and, looking round, saw the Frenchman talking to Marie Rose.

"This man says you have already been so good to him that he thinks you will inquire for him where he can sleep," she said.

I was so fearful of his staying to say more to her that I drew him onward instantly to the end of the wooden rail, where I saw one of the sailors standing.

"Go with this poor man to a cheap lodging," I said; "he can't speak English. Here is something for your trouble."

The man looked slowly round with a sort of good-natured contempt for his charge, but put back the money nevertheless.

"All right, mum," he replied, bluffly; "I'd do that much for any man. Here, come you along o' me, mate, and just let me tow yer across this; there's a decent bed at the "Three Mariners" yonder as 'll do for you, I dessay, an' a shillin' 'll cover it, I'm bound."

So he went away, holding to his guide, as the grey light stole up from the east, and we were driven to the hotel from which the coach started for Penzance.

It was a busy place enough, situated in a street where, although the day had not yet broken, the sounds of traffic had commenced in the rumbling of wheels. The great inn hall looked so cold and bare as I saw our luggage piled there that I was glad to sit down even in a dingy coffee-room, where a dull fire smouldered, and the air seemed hot and stifled. The longing anticipation of a fresh bed, however, made all things endurable; even the negus mixed of fiery port wine, and the dry, fossil-like sandwiches—which was the only refreshment to be obtained, and was, I could not help thinking, peculiarly unsuitable to the hour—were disposed of rapidly, and we hailed the appearance of a somewhat untidy-looking chambermaid as an earnest of repose. The beds, which were clean and well adjusted, reconciled us to everything. The luxury of the cool linen sheets—of being able to lie at full length and with extended arms—the sense of security—the absence of the dull plash and roar—the loss of sickening motion, except when it recurs in sleep, and necessitates a survey of the room to find the locality of the window—the entire pleasure with which one hugs safety, and falls off again into voluntary slumber—all this makes even an hotel bedroom luxurious.

The sun was shining broadly when I at last sprang up and peeped through the Venetian blind. No more extended view than that furnished by a broad stable-yard greeted me, however, and I dressed myself slowly, wondering whether Jean Dufour had gone away by the early coach, or, indeed, if the coach had yet gone. Marie coming into my room presently, however, I learned that it had, and that she had seen him climb upon the roof, after parting cordially with his sailor friend.

"I wish I had seen him yesterday," she said; "I might have asked him if he came from Paris, and whether he had ever heard of such a person as my uncle Jean."



## DISMAY.

"On horror's head horrors accumulate!"



It has been the painful duty—painful as hopeless—of the essayist to point, on a former occasion, to the sacrifices daily made to the goddess Fashion on the skeleton altar of Crinoline. That the worship, like that of Baal, needed fresh victims to sustain it—that the votaries themselves have been wasted, burned, drowned in their devotion—has scarcely served to check, even for a moment, the enthusiasm with which they follow the triumphal car of the blood-stained idol.

A change is coming over the sacrifice, however; and where the priestesses themselves and a novice or two were the victims of their own delusion, it may become the practice to immolate others at the abhorred shrine.

Even while these words are being written the newspapers record the death of one of these, who was, as it were, hustled by an all-pervading petticoat off a gangway between two steamboats, where he was ground to death in honour of fashion and deformity. Meanwhile, the burnings, and lacerations, and disfigurements, and hurlings down from cliffs, continue to prevail from week to week—the wheels of the car, whose grim deathliness is hidden with ribbons and flowers, dripping with the blood of the self-devoted—the self-devoted, but the selfish.

By what sympathetic sorrow do the sisterhood of this religion, all of whom may be called upon to suffer, receive the intimation that a fresh demand has been made from among their ranks?

“‘Another case of burning by crinoline.’ How dreadful it is that women will wear such inordinate skirts, and of such inflammable materials! Nothing—not even an accident a week—seems to influence them in this absurd fashion.” (*This from Paterfamilias, reading the newspaper at breakfast.*)

*Materfam.*—We must really have a fire-guard.

*Kate.*—Oh, how stupid it is! Why can't people take care? Shouldn't go near the fire when they have such light skirts.

*Mary.*—Of course not; never heard of such carelessness. It almost serves them right, re!

(*Enter Susan with muffins, which she carries round the heels her hoops over the fireirons, which fall with a crash.*)

*Paterfam.*—Good Heavens, girl! you'll be the next one burnt through those infernal skirts. Go and take 'em off directly—it's ridiculous!

*Susan.*—Beggin' your pardin, sir, but I couldn't go about the house a night, leavin' alone anywhe'r the door.

*Paterfam.*—Fright, indeed! What do you call yourself now, then? I don't know what women's notions can be, but it seems as though they aimed at becoming a set of Hottento—

*Chorus.*—There, now, papa! My dear, the servant's not quite— Now don't be vulgar, pa! &c., &c., amidst which Paterfam. retreats per omnibus.

It is, at all events, sufficiently obvious that serious calamities will have no effect in retarding the progress or diminishing the extent of this custom. It may, on the other hand, be perpetuated and strengthened by repeated martyrdoms in its cause. But constant little annoyances might do much, if persistently exercised; ever-recurring inconveniences, of a mean and ludicrous character, might, and probably will, be its destruction.

The poor gentleman to whom allusion has already been made was crushed to death, it is said, in his endeavour to avoid treading on the ample and obtrusive skirts; let this be the case no longer. Speaking as a woman, I counsel mankind in general to trample on all such monstrous redundancies of petticoat wherever they are to be met with; to step upon them firmly and ruthlessly, at the same time with eyes fixed on distant vacancy, and, preserving an expression of stolid amiability, utterly to disregard the tearing of gathers, or the remonstrances which will accompany the shrill rending of silk, or the crash of whalebone and iron.

Never let room (more than the legal and fairly divided space) be made in omnibuses or seats in public buildings for the unwieldy bulges of flounce; push aside, with main strength if necessary, the ribs of steel which, in defiance of modesty and propriety, spread the skirt over your knees like a railway-rug; compress (with umbrella or walking-stick) the unyielding mass of inflated tissue which stops the public way and insolently stops the traffic of street, or lobby, or aisle.

Do all this with a serene sense of good-humoured derision, never unaccompanied by the before-mentioned stolid amiability and entire absence of recognition.

As a woman of common-sense I proclaim that it may be all very well for men to die for women, either metaphorically—as heartbroken by unrequited affection—or in their defence, as brave men have and will; but that no man need suffer himself to be sacrificed, or have even his time and convenience utterly disregarded, for the sake of an obstinate adherence to a mode which, having a very questionable origin, sustains its pretensions through utter disregard to life or safety.

As to the perambulators, there could not happen a better thing than that they should be brought to bear upon crinolines. Having been accustomed to regard them (except at certain times, and in certain places) as an unmitigated nuisance, I begin to have at last a dimly prophetic appreciation of their mission in the utter rout and destruction of inordinate skirts, and in the conducing to public decency and morality thereby.

Once let there be a law passed, as there should be, that both perambulators and crinoline should be consigned to the same district—a sort of large and fashionable “green-yard”—to which they might both be instantly removed when found impeding the highway, and a great social annoyance would be abated, a large expense saved to the heads of families, and the age of chivalry partially restored. Yes, and let every Hansom cab found loitering about the streets to pick up a fare, instead of being properly stationed on its rank, go with them. What with those Hansoms’ crawling, and twisting, and tacking, but never stopping—the perambulators, the drivers of which go unconcernedly onward with the head of a poor, flabby-faced child hanging over each side like a big, drooping flower in a small vase—the crinolines, which block up every possible inch of space—there is no safety in the public streets for an old woman like me, who dresses so that she *could* take protecting arm, if one were held out to her.

As to perambulators, only the other day I saw one outside a door while the girls were gossiping and laughing inside with the shopman. One of the two fat children was awake, and endeavouring to climb out at the back; the other asleep, with his head hanging down as I have described, and in danger of sunstroke. I released the poor little fellow, of course, for he must have been ripening for convulsions, when the two servants came out, followed by the grinning shopman. They both wore crinolines so large, that, as they swung round, one of them went completely over the perambulator, while the other swept me almost into the gutter.

In the event of there being any legal or constitutional difficulty in consigning, at all events, these two nuisances and impediments together to a Belgravian pound, where they might be pelted with roses, boiled asparagus, Easter eggs filled with scented water, sticks of chocolate, motto kisses, or what not, I am by no means certain that there could not be effected a conjunction of crinoline and perambulator, which would, to a certain extent, solve the difficulty. I have seen—most of my readers must have seen—at the Crystal Palace those grown-up perambulators which are the modern improvement on the old Bath chairs adopted by people whose only obvious disease was idleness—who had an infirmity—of purpose—an indisposition to exert themselves. Why should this be confined to that extraordinary and charming building alone? Why could not some police regulation be established which would enact that all persons wearing inordinate skirts in the highway should, to the end of preserving public convenience and propriety, be conveyed to their destination by means of that carriage called a perambulator? In this way, by a judicious combination of two evils, one might be entirely merged into the other.

Again—and this is hopeful—what with the liability to accidents and deformities through the unrestricted use of the present propulsory conveyance for children, and the increasing deformity and ungraceful gait attained by means of heavy steel hoops and swagging skirts (to say nothing of high-heeled boots), a large proportion of the population will soon be incapable of walking. And then we are threatened with another cabmen’s strike. *Verbum sap.*

## GLIMPSES OF THE PLAYHOUSES, PLAYS, AND PLAYERS OF THE PAST.

### PART I.—BEFORE AND AFTER THE RESTORATION.

THE love of imitation is, perhaps, the first intellectual pastime indulged in by children. The assumption of papa's hat—sizes too large for the little head that it threatens every moment to extinguish—the abstraction of papa's stick, which the tiny hand that grasps it appears to magnify to the dimensions of a scaffold-pole—are the first outward and visible indications of the love of personal mimicry—that is, of pretending to be somebody else—that is, of dramatic representation—and the crowning glee of the child-actor is, when, after endeavouring to pucker his smooth forehead into a frown, he laughingly exclaims, "Now I'm papa!" or "Now I'm Mr. Smith!" or Mrs. Jones—no matter who, so long as he is *personating*—so long as he is not himself.

In youth, the same love of the unreal, of the idealistic, pursues us. In the hours of play, when the sterner cares and duties of life—Latin, orthography, and arithmetic—are laid aside, what more delightful than to retire into a corner of the playground—or, in wet weather, the school-room; or, when the deceived master or mistress believes us to be fast asleep, the dormitory—and "act a play?" Boys generally choose savage, warlike subjects for their dramatic efforts—"Valentine and Orson," "St. George and the Dragon," "Paul Jones," "The Miller and his Men," or "The Perilous Adventures of Sawney Beane." Girls prefer a union of Prince Charming and Madame Goubaud—the loves of princesses, stern guardians, broken hearts, with a beautiful wedding in each scene. Boys entirely discard love and matrimony as weaknesses beneath the manly intellect. As they modestly say, "They're very well for a parcel of girls!"—to which the young ladies may very properly retort that the congenial cruelties of murder, mutiny, piracy, and fighting are admirably adapted to the tastes of "a pack of boys."

It is, doubtless, this inherent love of imitation, joined to the perishable nature of the actor's art, that makes dramatic gossip and theatrical anecdote so peculiarly agreeable. Other arts remain and multiply themselves. The author's book runs through dozens of editions—the painter's picture is engraved, and photographed, and appears in a myriad of forms and sizes—the advocate leaves his reported speeches, the composer his opera, the engineer his viaduct; but the actor's triumph is as brief as it is brilliant. He can be seen but in himself. It is this fact that so provokes and stimulates public curiosity. A well-dressed and clean-shaven gentleman is passing up the Strand.

"That's So-and-so!" says one passer-by to another.

"What! So-and-so *the actor*?"

"Yes."

And they both have a long stare at him.

Apart from the mysterious halo that vulgar curiosity has thrown over all pertaining to the drama, from the dramatic author to the candle-snuffer, it has been so powerful an agent in fining down the hard angles of our social conditions, and so faithful a mirror of both the virtues and vices of the ages it has illustrated, that a glimpse at the London theatres and their belongings for the last four centuries may furnish an agreeable retrospection, if not food for serious reflection.

In the time of Shakspeare there were no less than ten theatres open in London; four private houses—one in Blackfriars, the Cockpit, or Phoenix, in Drury-lane, one in Whitefriars, and one in Salisbury-court. The six public theatres were, the Globe, the Swan, the Rose, and the Hope, on the Bank-side, the Red Bull, and the Fortune. The Blackfriars, Cockpit, and Salisbury-court were small, of the same size and form, and plays were acted by candle-light. The Globe, Fortune, and Bull were large houses, and lay partly open to the weather; the performances here were always given by daylight.

Many of our ancient dramatic pieces were performed in the yards of carriers' inns, in which, in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the comedians erected an occasional stage. The galleries were, as in our modern theatres, ranged over each other on three sides of the building. The small rooms immediately beneath the lowest of the galleries answered to our present boxes. The yard bore a sufficient resemblance to the pit as at present in use; and in this area the stage was raised, with its back to the gateway of the inn, at which the money for admission was taken. Thus, in fine weather, a theatre, not too inconvenient, was formed. In the middle of the Globe, and probably in other public theatres, there was an open yard, where the humbler spectators stood to see the exhibition; whence we derive the literal meaning of Hamlet's advice to the players as to splitting "the ears of the groundlings."

The prices of admission varied, as in the present day, with the reputation of the theatre and the quality of the entertainment. At the Globe and the Blackfriars sixpence was paid by every visitor to the galleries, or scaffolds, as they were sometimes called. In houses of humbler position the price was but twopence or a penny. A seat in the best rooms, or boxes, cost a shilling. A "good house"—to use the theatrical term for expressing a full attendance—at the Globe produced 35*l*. When the company played at the court the sum of 10*l*. was divided among them; that is, half the amount frequently paid to one actor for one impersonation when the Windsor theatricals of our own times are commanded by her majesty.

In private playhouses, where audiences of the highest class assembled, the critics and the wits sat on stools placed upon the stage, the price of which accommodation was sixpence or a shilling; and there, attended by pages, with pipes and tobacco, they smoked, criticised, flirted, and interrupted the performers, with a *sang-froid* and gravity worthy the modern *habitués* of the Opera.

The stage was strewn with rushes, which, at that time, was the usual covering of floors in England; and there is little doubt that the custom of sitting and lying on the stage accounts for Shakspeare's placing Hamlet at the feet of Ophelia.

The want of scenery was supplied by the simple expedient of writing the names of the different places where the scene was laid in the progress of the play, and disposing the scroll in such a manner as to be visible to the audience. Upon this point Sir Philip Sidney quaintly says—"Now you shall see three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By-and-by we hear news of a shipwreck in the same place, and then we are to blame if we accept it not as a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster, with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while, in the meantime, two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?"

At the back of the stage a balcony and platform were erected, from which part

of the dialogue was spoken; in front of the balcony hung curtains. In many of the old plays there is a stage direction for characters to *enter above*. It was from this vantage-ground the ghosts addressed both Richard III. and Richmond at the same time; in fact, the balcony served for Olympus, the clouds, the walls before Angers, the window of Brabantio's house, the tomb of Juliet, and a rendezvous for supernaturals of every degree of divinity or the reverse. We request our readers to note the sense conveyed in the words italicised.

The licence for acting granted by James I. to the company at the Globe ran as follows:—

“James, by the grace of God, &c., to all justices, mayors, &c.—Know ye that we have of our special grace licensed and authorised these our servants, Laurence Fletcher, William Shakspeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillippe, John Hemings, Henry Condell, William Sly, Robert Armin, Richard Cowley, and the rest of their associates, to act comedies, &c., at their usual house, the Globe, or at any other convenient place whatsoever within our realms; willing and commanding you not only to permit them therein, without any molestation, during our pleasure, but also to aid and assist them, if any wrong be to them offered, and to allow them such courtesies as have been given to men of their place and quality; and also what farther favour you shall show to these our servants for our sake we shall take it kindly at your hands.—May 19th, 1603.”

After this, who can doubt King James's love and appreciation of the dramatic art?

Of the old actors but little has been recorded. Tarlton was a famous clown, and Burbage the original Richard III. Hemings was a tragedian, and Condell a comedian. Edward Alleyn was master of a company of his own, for whom he built the Fortune playhouse, by which he amassed such considerable sums that, in 1619, he built and endowed Dulwich College.

That stormy period of English history that immediately preceded the Revolution absorbed the interest of the court and people in the real drama that was acting about and around them. Of what consequence was the dethronement of Henry VI. at the Globe to the flight of Charles I. from Whitehall? The Wars of the Roses yielded in interest to the war first pending, then raging, between King and Commons. The theatres were comparatively deserted, and, in 1647, the wisdom of the two Houses in Parliament assembled passed an edict for their suppression in words as remarkable for their reasoning as the proceeding was tyrannical and harsh. The edict ran—

“An ordinance of both Houses of Parliament for the suppression of public stage-plays throughout the kingdom during these calamitous times.

“Whereas the distressed state of Ireland, steeped in her own blood, and the distressed state of England, threatened with a cloud of blood by a civil warre, call for all possible meanes to appease and avert the wrath of God appearing in these judgments, amongst which fasting and prayer, having been tried to be very effectual, have been lately, and are still, enjoined; and whereas publike sports doe not well agree with publike calamities, nor publike stage-plays with the seasons of humiliation—this being an exercise of sad and pious solemnity, and the other spectacles of pleasure too commonly expressing lascivious mirth and levitie; it is therefore thought fit and ordained, by the Lords and Commons in this Parliament

assembled, that while these sad causes and set times of humiliation doe continue, publike stage-playes shall cease and bee forborne. Instead of which are recommended to the people of this land the profitable and seasonable considerations of repentance, reconciliation, and peace with God, which, probably, may produce outward peace and prosperity, and bring againe times of joy and gladnesse to these nations.

"Die Veneris September the 2nd, 1647.

"Ordered by the Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament that this ordinance concerning stage-playes be forthwith printed and published.

"JOHN BROWNE, *Cler. Parliament.*

"September 3rd. London, printed for John Wright, 1647."

This proclamation, however, had but little effect, and the players played despite of it, which caused the publication of a still severer ordinance, that was issued on the 3rd of February in the following year. The total and immediate suppression of all theatrical entertainments was commanded under heavy penalties. Players who pursued their calling were treated as rogues and vagabonds, and punished accordingly, and every spectator of a play forfeited five shillings to the poor of the parish in which the offence was committed. The book of the law was read to the unfortunate actors in the bitter letter. The Lord Mayor of London and the magistrates of Middlesex pulled down all stage galleries and seats, and the players were completely dispersed; some of them fought well in the civil wars against their old enemies the Puritans. Mahon was a captain; he afterwards served in Flanders, where he received pay as a major. Hart, the grand-nephew of Shakspeare, was a lieutenant of horse in Prince Rupert's regiment. Burt was a cornet, and Shatterel quartermaster in the same troop. Allen, of the Cockpit, was a major, and quartermaster-general at Oxford. Swanston was the only actor of any note who sided with the other party. The enthusiastic regicide, "Butcher" Harrison, as he was called, refused quarter to an actor of the name of Robinson, and blew out his brains after he had laid down his arms, saying, at the same time, "Cursed be he that doeth the Lord's work negligently." Considerable use has been made of this incident by Sir Walter Scott in his charming novel of "Woodstock."

When the wars were over, and the royalists entirely subdued, several actors made up a company and ventured to perform, with as much caution and privacy as might be, for some three or four nights at the Cockpit, but they were not long permitted to pursue their amusing art. As they were acting the "Bloody Brother" (Rollo, Duke of Normandy), a party of Puritan soldiers rushed into the theatre, and carried them away to prison in their playhouse dresses, where they detained them some time, and, after plundering them of their clothes, set them at liberty. It must have been a sad sight to have watched the arrested actors, brave in costume and dejected in demeanour, marched off by their grim captors—verses from plays, mingled with petitions of mercy, on the one side, and scraps of Scripture, and fierce, fanatical denunciations on the other. The passers-by must have looked on sorrowfully at their former favourites—Lowrie, Taylor, Pollard, Burt-la-Torch, and Hart—dragged through the streets, with all the circumstances of indignity which a rampant and intolerant military could devise.

Afterwards, during the reign of Cromwell, private performances took place

some short distance from London, sometimes in the mansions of noblemen, and particularly at Holland House, which, even so far back, was the chosen home of a literary and artistic coterie. There the nobility and gentry met, and, after the performance, made a collection for the actors. Goffe, the woman-actor of Blackfriars, used to be the person to give notice of time and place, and the whole arrangements were conducted with the greatest secrecy. At Christmas time, and at Bartholomew Fair, the officer who commanded at Whitehall was not above accepting a bribe from the poor players, and, in return, he permitted them to act for a few days at the Red Bull; but even then their old enemies, the soldiers, sometimes made incursions on them; though, as we hear of no more arrests or dragging through the streets, and it was a good harvest-time for the players, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the tyrannical troopers may have been appeased by the same universal reconciler as their officer. If "the gentleman who commanded at Whitehall" hinted to the soldiers when and where they would find their quarry, the robbed and hunted actors were indeed unfortunate; in fact, how they lived at all must ever remain one of those social mysteries which time itself refuses to unravel, for, indeed—to paraphrase Dr. Johnson—it is almost impossible to kill an actor. Some picked up a little money by publishing copies of plays never before printed. In 1652, Beaumont and Fletcher's "Wild Goose Chase" was "printed for the public use of all the ingenious, and the private benefit of John Lowin and Joseph Taylor, and by them dedicated to the honoured few lovers of dramatic poetry."

A comedian, named Robert Cox, managed to evade the ordinance for the suppression of the stage by making "certain drolls or farces," which he found means to get performed by stealth under the pretence of rope-dancing. One cannot but admire the consistency of Puritanism, which strained at tragedy and swallowed the trapèze. This Cox, who was a favourite performer both in town and country, was said to be so natural an actor that, after playing the part of Simpleton the Smith at a country fair, a real smith who saw him offered to take him as his journeyman, and to allow him twelvepence per week more than the customary wages.

After the Restoration came the actor's triumph and re-installment—the king's company of comedians was established by Killigrew. The following is a copy of the playbill of the opening performances:—

"By his Majesty's Company of Comedians,  
AT THE NEW THEATRE IN DRURY LANE.  
This day, being Thursday, April 8, 1663, will be acted a comedy, called  
THE HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.

KING . . . . .	Mr. Wintersel.
DEMETRIUS . . . . .	Mr. Hart.
SKLEUCUS . . . . .	Mr. Burt.
LEONTILS . . . . .	Major Mahon.
LIEUTENANT . . . . .	Mr. Clun.
CELIA . . . . .	Mrs. Marshall."

We quote from the quaint and courtly Mr. Colley Cibber as to the patents granted to the two new theatres, and to the official recognition of the members of the king's company:—

"Charles II. granted two patents, one to Sir William Davenant, and the



other to Henry Killigrew, and their several assigns and heirs for ever, for the forming of two distinct companies of comedians. The first were called the 'King's Servants,' and acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury-lane, and the other the 'Duke's\* Company,' who acted at the Duke's Theatre in Dorset Garden. About ten of the king's company were in the royal household establishment, having each ten yards of scarlet cloth, with a proper quantity of lace, allowed them for liveries, and in their warrants from the Lord Chamberlain were styled 'Gentlemen of the Great Chamber.'"

Mr. Cibber further tells us:—

"That the particular differences, pretensions, or complaints of the company were generally ended by the king or duke's personal command or decision."

Davenant, having finished his new theatre in Lincoln's-inn-fields, began to act in the summer of 1661 with new scenery and decorations, which were the first introduced in England upon a public stage, though scenes had been used before in private exhibitions, and Davenant had himself introduced them at the Cockpit, in 1658, in an entertainment entitled "The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru, expressed by vocal and instrumental music, and by art of perspective in scenes," a performance which Cromwell, *from his hatred to the Spaniards, permitted, though he prohibited all purely theatrical exhibitions.*

Killigrew, and the principal actors in his company, obtained from the Earl of Bedford a lease for forty-one years of a piece of ground lying in the parishes of St. Martin-in-the-Fields and St. Paul's, Covent Garden, known by the name of the Riding Yard; the lessees, according to the conditions of the lease, expended 1,500*l.* in erecting a theatre, and were to pay a rent of 50*l.* for the ground. The theatre was 112 feet in length from east to west, and fifty-nine feet in breadth from north to south.

In Mr. Pepys' "Diary," under the date Feb. 16, 1663, that most communicative of gossiping historians says—

"I walked up and down, and looked upon the new theatre in Covent Garden, which will be very fine."

Although abroad actresses had been employed for many years, it was about this time that women first appeared upon the stage in England. On this subject Prynne says, in 1663—

"They have now their female players in Italy, and other foreign parts, and in Michaelmas, 1629, they had French women-actors in a play personated at Blackfriars, to which there was a great resort."

Freshwater, speaking of the plays at Paris, says—

"Yet the women are the best actors: they play their own parts, a thing much desired in England."

Mr. Pepys marks the date at which the town first became familiarised to the faces of women on the stage:—

"Oct. 11, 1660.—Burt acted Othello at the Cockpit.

"Oct. 30.—'The Tamer Tamed,' at ditto.

"Dec. 31.—'Henry IV.,' at the new theatre.

"Jan. 3, 1661.—'Beggars Bush,' at the new theatre. *The female parts were acted by women.*

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\* The Duke of York, afterwards James II.

"Jan. 7.—Kynaston acted the Silent Woman.

"Feb. 12.—*The Scornful Lady* was acted by a woman."

In Sir William Davenant's patent, and doubtless in Killigrew's, there was the following clause:—

"Whereas the women's parts in plays have hitherto been acted by men in the habits of women, at which some have taken offence, we do permit and give leave for the time to come that all women's parts be acted by women."

The first part essayed by a woman was Desdemona, and the critics of the day were loud in their complaints of the irregularity of the innovation.

The most favourite male actor of female parts was one Kynaston, a youth of great beauty and talent, of whom the indefatigable Mr. Pepys remarks:—

"Aug. 18, 1660.—I saw the 'Loyal Subject' at the Cockpit, where one Kynaston, a boy, acted the duke's sister (Olympia), but made the loveliest lady I ever saw in my life."

Kynaston possessed extraordinary personal vanity, and bore a strong resemblance to the celebrated Sir Charles Sedley, of which he was very proud. On one occasion he got a suit of clothes made similar to those of the fashionable baronet, and appeared in them in fashionable places. This so enraged Sir Charles that he had the meanness to hire a swashbuckler to pick a quarrel with Kynaston as with himself, and to beat him without mercy. Kynaston protested he was not the person he was taken for, but the ruffian only redoubled his blows. The baronet said afterwards that Kynaston had not suffered so much in his bones as he had in his character, as the whole town believed that he had undergone the disgrace of the chastisement.

Hart, who we have said was the grand-nephew of Shakspeare, his father, also an actor, being the eldest son of the poet's sister, commenced his career by playing female characters in company with Robinson—the victim of Harrison's fanatical brutality. He made his first appearance as the Duchess, in Shirley's tragedy of "The Carnival," and, on the abolition of the theatres, went into the army. Enrolled in the king's company by Killigrew, he introduced the famous Nell Gwynn to public notice somewhere about the year 1667. He was considered a rich man, for, besides his regular salary of three pounds a week, he cleared a thousand per annum by his share in the theatre. In 1679, ill-health compelled him to retire, and shortly afterwards he died. Whenever, in dramatic chronicles, the name of Hart is mentioned, it is always with some token of respect for his professional talent, or a strong mark of approval for the respectability of his behaviour as a man. When we consider the times in which he lived, the persecution of the Puritans, and the licence of the Restoration, this can be no mean record of his sterling integrity and worth.

Of the good and ill fame of Mistress Nelly Gwynn so much has been said, and so much is known, that it would be useless dwelling on the subject. We extract eight lines of the very worst verses that were ever written in praise of a fair dame—the votive offering of a poet of the time, whose name, for very obvious reasons, has not descended to posterity—

"The orange-basket her fair arm did suit,  
Laden with pippins and Hesperian fruit;  
This first step raised, to the wond'ring pit she sold  
The lovely fruit, smiling with streaks of gold.

"Fate now for her did its whole force engage,  
And from the pit she mounted to the stage;  
There in full lustre did her glories shine,  
And, long eclipse'd, spread forth their light divine."

Mistress Gwynn was not a clever actress; her forte lay in speaking prologues and epilogues, requiring small powers of personation, but a considerable amount of personal charms and sauciness—two commodities with which the graceful, graceless Nelly was amply provided.

It may be recorded in her honour that she never used her influence over the king for any factious purpose, but rather sought to win him to the public good—a course in which she was *not* imitated by favourites of birth and rank.

"Oh, Nelly," said Charles to her one day, "what shall I do to please the people of England? They tear me to pieces."

"If it please your majesty, there is but one way left."

"What is that, Nelly?"

"Dismiss some of the ladies of your court, and mind your business—the people of England will soon be pleased."

During the troubles between the Duke of Monmouth and the Duke of York, Charles, who loved both his son and his brother, could not be prevailed on to attend the council. One day, when the council had met, and waited for him, a member came to his apartments, but was refused admittance. His disappointed lordship complained to Mistress Gwynn.

"Never be angered," said the saucy favourite. "I'll wager thee a hundred pieces I make him attend the council this very evening."

The bet was made, and Nelly sent for Killigrew, whom his dilatory majesty admitted to great freedoms. That night Killigrew entered the king's apartments without ceremony, dressed as if for a long journey.

"Killigrew!" cried the king. "What! are you mad? Did I not say I would not be disturbed? Where are you going?"

"I mind not your orders—not I," said Killigrew; "and I'm going as fast as I can."

"But whither—where are you going in such haste?"

"Going?—why, to the devil!" answered Killigrew.

"To the devil!—what to do there?" asked the king.

"To fetch back Oliver Cromwell, to take some care of the national concerns; for I am sure your majesty takes none."

Charles received the hint silently, and immediately went to the council.

A singular adventuress, who, after numerous escapes, made her appearance on the stage, is thus mentioned by Pepys:—

"To the duke's house, and there saw 'The German Princess,' acted by the woman herself; but never was anything so well done in earnest, worse performed in jest, upon the stage."

The play in question was a piece called "The Witty Combat," written by T. P. Gent, and printed in 1663, but which, for the sake of "sensation," was re-christened "The German Princess." The heroine whose adventures had been dramatised had taken up her abode at the Exchange Tavern, and given herself out to be a person of rank and fortune. At last the hostess of the house, believing her to be a German princess, introduced her brother, John Carleton, to her. Carleton was a lawyer's

clerk, but, to dazzle the princess, he pretended to be a lord, and the amiable couple were married on the following Easter Monday. The bride and bridegroom were not long in discovering their mutual mistake. "Are you not a German princess?" "Are you not an English peer?" they asked, and parted. Her highness shortly after married again, was tried for bigamy, and acquitted for want of evidence.

As a specimen of the tragedy fashionable at the period, we extract some verses from Sir Robert Howard's play of "The Indian Queen," which was produced in 1664, and bears a considerable resemblance in subject, momentary popularity, and bombastic language, to Sheridan's "Pizarro."

"Honour is but an itch in youthful blood  
Of doing acts extravagantly good!"

When the Inca asks Montezuma what reward he shall give him, Montezuma modestly replies—

"I beg not empires—those my sword can gain—  
I only ask from fair Orazia's eyes  
To reap the fruit of all my victories."

Which Fielding closely parodied in "Tom Thumb"—

"I ask not kingdoms—I can conquer those.  
I ask but this—  
To sun myself in Huncamunca's eyes!"

Zemproalla—the distracted mother of the play—when her son has stabbed himself, exclaims—

"Some water there! Not one stirs from his place—  
*I'll use my tears to sprinkle on his face.*"

This was, indeed, to be a "Niobe of woe;" but, doubtless, Sir Robert thought it a powerful image, and admirably expressive of the unfathomable tenderness of maternal feeling. This fustian—considered mighty fine writing at the time—would fit the requirements of modern burlesque to a line. A comic actor, attired in queenly robes, would make great fun of a deliberate production of a cambric pocket-handkerchief, which he would wring, after the manner of laundresses, over the face of the deceased. The words—

"I'll use my tears to sprinkle on his face,"

under such circumstances, would produce roars of laughter.

While upon the subject of burlesque, we have to notice a travesty on Shakspeare's "Tempest," or, rather, on Dryden's mutilation of Shakspeare's "Tempest." We quote the title-page:—

"The Mock Tempest; or, the Enchanted Castle. Acted at the Theatre Royal. Written by T. Duffet. Hic totus volo rideat libellus. Mart. London. Printed for William Cademan, at the Pope's Head, in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange, in the Strand"—(exactly the spot where, seven years ago, Mr. Lacy, the dramatic publisher, dispensed his editions of the modern acting drama)—"1675."

Dramatic history, like other history, repeats itself. "The Tempest"—that is, the play—was attracting large audiences at a rival theatre. The burlesque was, therefore, ordered and produced, just as, some ten years ago, the burlesque of "The Enchanted Isle," by the Brothers Brough, was revived at the Haymarket at the same time that "La Tempesta" was running a triumphant career at the Opera

## W O M A N ' S L O G I C .

WOMEN, men say, are always eloquent, but never logical. Men, women say, are always argumentative, but seldom rhetorical—they reason, but do not persuade. A distinction of the sexes is often founded upon the notions currently expressed by these aphorisms. Tradition and custom have even made them venerable, and he is a hardy wight who should essay to break down the boundary-line they are thought to indicate. All women are good Lutherans, say the Danes: they would rather preach than hear mass. Women, they say in France, laugh when they can and weep when they will. Their eloquence is always admitted, but their reason never. A French proverb says what a woman wills God wills, and a memorable verse sets forth all that need be added concerning the strength of her will and the utter uselessness of argument to oppose her:—

"The man's a fool who thinks by force or skill  
To stem the torrent of a woman's will;  
For if she will she will, you may depend on't,  
And if she wont she wont, and there's an end on't."

But nowhere do we find women praised for their reason. "'Because' is a woman's answer," runs the old proverb; and men are always talking in a contemptuous manner about this or that blind or silly statement as being a woman's reason and a woman's logic, until the formula, "It is so, *because* it is so," has gradually been introduced into that system of common-sense logic which every one is supposed to possess and to publish, and no one is supposed to edit or review. Novelists, satirists, and sciolists generally have caught up the formula and given it currency under a variety of forms. Even graver wits and graver writers have lent their help to fashion this marvellous figment into fulness, and, if possible, truth. Chaucer glances at it, Shakspeare twists and twines himself about, Milton insists upon it, and every logical man at once accepts it, without so much as exerting his wonderful reason in the way of a demonstration. Indeed, this little belief has grown into a very mesh over logical, lion-like men, and any little mouse will do them good service if he can but nibble them a hole whereby they may creep out and be able to look around them with greater freedom.

The distinction, it seems to me, between eloquence and logic is partially false, and founded upon a misconception of what both really are. I do not intend to hamper myself with distinctions; and so, whether eloquence be voice and nothing else, action, utterance, or something good to say said in an appropriate manner, I leave each one to decide for himself. We will look at it just now in its complete effect. When the eloquence of Demosthenes and other writers is spoken of, we should not allow ourselves to be misled by the term. The orations of great men are seldom logical in the sense of the schools, but always so in the common usage and acceptance of the term. Facts are made into reasons, and feelings are shaped into determinate forms. Indeed, there is an incessant argumentation, even where we least perceive it and least expect it; and the more the speaker keeps out of view the parallels whereby he advances, the surer he is of success in his endeavours. Syllogisms are very convenient and plausible forms of expression; but the bare bones of an argument, so to speak, are never very attractive, and require a skilful concealment and pleasing investment. Men, perhaps, ordinarily, do not possess

this power so much as women, and, therefore, easily mistake themselves in making reason and eloquence antithetical.

There is error, too, in the use of the term "logic" as strictly confined to those lines or processes of argumentation carried on according to artistic or determinate rules. "Logic," says the greatest modern authority, Mr. J. S. Mill, "is the science of the operations of the understanding which are subservient to the estimation of evidence: both the process itself of advancing from known truths to unknown, and all other intellectual operations in so far as auxiliary to this." This definition, which seems to destroy what we are about to advance, really maintains the opinion frequently lost sight of in this discussion.

We may call logic formal, and imaginative or intuitive; and it will at once be evident that it is in the former that men, by habit and education, particularly excel. Women generally know next to nothing of formal, but are deeply and naturally versed in intuitive, logic. They can persuade where others cannot even convince, and conceal in the disguises of their eloquence the links of the most acute and subtle logic. They have words, wit, wisdom, and witchery, and all other things may be added unto them. In conversation they are often superior to men, and throw off clever speeches and little essays whilst their sterner competitors are fumbling about like a compositor with his stick, reducing words into form and paragraphs into shape. The eloquence of the "ladies of the British Fishery," as Addison styles them, is proverbial, to whatever class their logic may belong; and perhaps it may be a truism that Englishwomen are more open and candid in conversation than Englishmen. Women see and men explain: there is logic in both processes. Women, say the Italians, are wise off-hand, and fools on reflection. "Take a woman's first thought and a man's second," we say amongst ourselves. It is not because men reason and women do not that one is supposed to be rigid and the other loose and irregular in thought, but because the man arrives at results by degrees, and the woman by flashes, in which a subtle power of reasoning is hidden by the rapidity of the process. Montaigne has called this peculiarity "*l'esprit prime-sautier*—the leopard's spring, which takes its prey, if it be to take it at all, at the first bound;" and metaphysically the entire habit of mind may be brought under what Sir William Hamilton calls the third class of latent modifications, or those "mental activities and passivities of which we are unconscious, but which manifest their existence by effects of which we are conscious." It is the logic of feeling, or a deep-seated, swift-moving faculty of observing relations, as distinct from the logic of reflection and systematic processes. Viewed in this light, "it is so, because it is so," may mean that the contrary is inconceivable—that the effect contains the entire cause, or that its existence is possible only between contradictory extremes. Now, Mr. Mill admits that some few gifted individuals are always able to work without rules and principles; and it appears that, if we were to state that there are many things men do by art that women do by nature, we should not be very wide of the truth. Intuitions are before logic, and logic cannot exist without them. Women are intuitive and logical as well: most men are simply logical. In what other way we can account for the many frequent instances in which women are ahead of men in true and swift perception and subtlety of mind is by no means apparent. How often we meet with criticisms like this one of Cowper's, and how often we make them ourselves on other subjects! "She is a critic by nature and not by rule, and has a perception

of what is good or bad in composition that I never knew deceive her; inasmuch that when two sorts of expression have pleaded equally for the precedence in my own esteem, and I have referred, as in such cases I always did, the decision of the point to her, I never knew her at a loss for a just one."

We hasten to meet an objection. Women have more veneration than men, say some, and are, therefore, less disposed to be logical. This, we take it, is a purely phrenological argument, invented to suit certain theories that were else deficient in fulness and prettiness. But it has been met by no less distinguished an authority than Sir William Hamilton on its purely physical ground. "This," he says, "I found to be the very reverse of truth, by a comparative average of nearly two hundred skulls of either sex." So far for the bump, then—now for the idea. Women, it is true, are frequently conservative in their general tendency of mind. They have always been found to render good service to all politicians in power who have really been worth their appreciation. Addison tells us, in the "Freeholder," that even their enemies acknowledged the finest women of his day to be Whigs; and Dr. Johnson, in lauding Miss Ashton, called her "a beauty, a scholar, a wit, and a Whig." The same fact holds good even when governments change. But then lady-politicians are not deficient in logic; and pretty arguments from pretty lips tell wonderfully even upon the roughest of men. Women allow men to be speculative and generalization-mad, but they are always reminding them of yesterday and to-day when they might otherwise forget them altogether. Such words are, therefore, neither childish, nor absurd, nor illogical, but the very reverse; and the lady who rescues her spouse from his inexorable processes to a little sharp common-sense insight upon time and place does her work well and wisely, and perhaps syllogistically.

There is a little occasional peevishness, I know, on one side; and "it is so, because it is so," may mean that the speaker is too lazy to give a better reason, thinks her discretion is unfairly challenged by her being asked for one, and had very much rather utter this brief formula, conventionally thrust upon her, than proceed, by first, second, and third, to attain a similar end. Perhaps the blame is not entirely her own. A conspiracy to defraud is not the less a conspiracy though it be done unconsciously or without pre-arranged and serious effort. A logical coquette and a syllogistic housewife may not be desirable persons, but the way to make people more reasonable is certainly not by putting a distorted formula into their mouths, and then blaming them for making use of it. A bad reason, we are told, is better than no reason at all, and may easily be obtained from any one by kindness and courtesy. The supposed illogical sex have neither wanted philosophers, *literati*, nor reasoners, who, we cannot suppose, ever used anything like an evasive or circuitous answer. Aspasia taught Pericles the statesman, and Diotima Socrates the philosopher; and, judging by what specimens are preserved to us, very few modern thinkers understand how to dispose their thoughts in a more effective or artistic manner. Even sage Leibnitz was troubled by the sharpness of the mother of Friedrich of Prussia. "She wants to know the *why* even of the *why*," he says; and the good woman once wrote, "Leibnitz talked to me of the infinitely little: *mon Dieu!* as if I didn't know enough of that!"

So far, then, for formula and fact. There remain to be noticed a few reasons which have helped to prolong the existence of a sweeping affirmation and may very easily be removed. As a rule, women are not much disposed to attempt the

mastery of hard and complicated sciences, and very frequently because their educational training has shut them entirely out from such departments when the mind was most elastic and docile. This can easily be remedied without any exhibition of strong-mindedness, and all parties would necessarily reap the beneficial results of a habit of mind not always disposed to take things for granted. And then sensitive minds fear the terrible epithet that does so much to ring them round and exclude them from social and domestic life. To be wise is one thing, but to be a blue-stocking is often equivalent to an assumption of something terrible and tragic. A pair of spectacles and a credit for Greek have driven away many young wooers before now, and made old maids of women fitted to shine in society, to make their husbands renowned, and help them by their accomplishments, and to bring up wise and clever children. Why should it be so?

In conversation, too, what condescension do men make! I speak, of course, as a man, and impartially. Loose talk, trifling, badinage—anything is supposed to be agreeable to ladies; and if such easy cynics afterwards find out that their wives have no mental cultivation, they should remember that they have done their best to effect that very undesirable state of things. I know there are two sides to the question here, and hard words are never favourites with ladies; but technicalities and word-playing nonsense are extremes easily avoided and easily disclosed. Philosophy may often be misunderstood, but is quite as captivating a subject as any other, and has a spell of deeper and weirder fascination than any maundering about moonlight, or small-talk about trivialities. How we know and how we feel are exquisite problems for branching away from into the dewiest, sweetest, and cosiest by-paths of human speculation, and the dim enigmas of the universe unfold into radiant solution when men and women touch hearts and minds. Philosophy is only cold where hearts are cold, and dry, and crabbed—where heads are dry and crabbed. Plato has taught more hearts how to love than Ovid, and the higher mathematics are very suggestive when one reaches the inoculation of curves. Philosophy is at once a powerful instrument and a glorious end. A man may advance under cover of a category, and capture a citadel by a transcendental conception. There is both humour and truth in the lines from "Tom Jones:"—

"When Mr. Square came to me,  
He talked about philosophy:  
Thinks I, what can this be?  
At first I own it puzzled me,  
But soon I found it out to be  
A hard name for a kiss!"

Other reasons are apparent. Love, the very essence of a woman's life, is an illogical passion, and it is well that it is so. There is no want of proof where every sense is an unconscious witness, and a testing of evidence is unnecessary except in extremely doubtful cases. And yet love is called into being by an intuitive process of the feelings and the thoughts which may defy analysis, but has, nevertheless, several accurately-associated elements and an unconscious gradation, and may, therefore, be poetically styled a syllogism of the feelings. The intellect, it is true, is often overbalanced by the feelings, and the feelings are caught and detained by trifles; but in nearly every genuine attachment there is some large infusion of thought of some kind or another. It is not so much a why and wherefore that persons doubt when they hood the eyes of love, or turn them



only upon fanciful or exaggerated virtues, as it is a beautiful confession of the universal intangibility of the class of emotions gathered into a convenient apex by that common term. Miss Viola is not likely to enumerate half-a-dozen different reasons why she had a sleepless night after a ball or a *fête champêtre*, and continually dreamed of the handsome man who touched her fingers so tenderly, spoke so winningly, and dropped his eyes so lovingly; but let her know him better, and then, if he be worth the knowing, this vague and general impression of hers shall resolve into order and law; the reasons will come out plainly and boldly from their invisible ink, and she can say "I will" with logical fitness, truthful firmness, and heroism. In all her after-life this same first intuitive and then reflective logic is being called into activity. She leans upon them in her individual, social, and domestic life. She rules her household by her logic; it trips out in her mandates and gives cunning to her finger-tips. A woman without logic and a house without a home are two sides of the same unpleasant fact. Even cynical Biron, in "Love's Labour Lost," who says in one scene that woman is

—"like a German clock,  
Still a-repairing; ever out of frame;  
And never going aright, being a wa'ch,  
But being watch'd that it may still go right,"

alters his argument when the mellow sunshine of passion brightens his own horizon. Then he confesses to himself, and asks every one else—

"Then, when we see ourselves in ladies' eyes,  
With ourselves,  
Do we not likewise see our learning there?

\* \* \* \*

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:  
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;  
They are the books, the arts, the academies,  
That show, contain, and nourish all the world."

Even solemn and serious Milton makes a similar kind of apology. Having spoken, in his great poem, of woman as "in outward show elaborate, of inward less exact," he undoes all his reason by afterwards adding that she seems

—"so well to know  
Her own, that what she wills to do or say  
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best:  
All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
Degraded; wisdom, in discourse with her,  
Loses discountenanced, and like folly shows;  
Authority and reason on her wait."

And here our nibblings must end. We have purposely avoided putting in issue the question as to the general intellectual differences or resemblances of the sexes—whether woman is "undeveloped man or diverse;" and have rather chosen to remember, in the words of a classic essayist, that "learning and knowledge are perfections in us, not as we are men, but as we are reasonable creatures, in which order of beings the female world is upon the same level with the male." We may, perhaps, have seriously dealt with what is commonly a purely humorous subject, or at any rate a satirical one; but what we have omitted in that respect can easily be supplied out of each one's experience, and a woman's logic deserves vindication on higher grounds, even if in our confessedly imperfect and sketchy manner.

## THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

*(Relics of*

*Eccce iterum Shelley!* And, amidst all this storm and stress of Shelley-literature, nobody to tell the truth, nobody with eyes to see it. The image of the man, as he was—with his good sprouting out of his bad, and his bad out of his good—no one discerns, and no one paints. Upon one side the fact—always helpful and welcome—worthy as the fact is, when once you get it—is flattered away; and upon the other, bullied away. The only “moderate party” which exists thinks to get at the right thing by a process of palliation and allowance applied to both sides alternatively. A foolish process! No one ever arrived at truth by holding with the hare and running with the hounds, for truth is neither hare nor hound; and no one ever caught it by dodging or laying traps for it. The seeker for truth must conduct his search in the spirit of a pilgrim, and not in that of a hunter. And even if, after having kissed the hem of her white vesture, a man begins to fight in her name in the mood of a partisan, he will be forsaken by her. Now, in this Shelley matter, all the inquirers have been more hunters than pilgrims, and more partisans than lovers. Consequently, they have none of them—no, not one—found the truth, or, having found it, held it. They have all, more or less, dropped into the sin of canting or the sin of cowardice. A few years ago, the man who praised Shelley would have been bold; at the present time, the man who abused him would be bolder. But who wants either praise or abuse of anybody? Still less, who wants moderation of the *As-far-as-it-goes* school? Who wants writing for “effect”—writing in which you can see that the writer has not known how to check himself when he began to be insincere and rhetorical? What we do want is writing—on every subject, and especially on the subject of character and conduct—which shall be transparent with the love of truth, because it is truth. Wonderful to say, the nearest approach to truthfulness, in this Shelley matter, which the world has yet seen, namely, the memoir by the poet’s friend Hogg, was cut short at an early stage by Shelley’s family, who could not understand the frank humour of Mr. Hogg. So the portrait of Shelley still remains, unfinished, false, and foolish, in the hands of the mawkish Carlo Dolce painters, who are as wide of the truth in one direction as the Giffard lot were in another in the old days. And now we are about to crack our own little joke by saying that we are not going to complete it *here*, though the material for doing so is in our possession. What we are about to do is simply to give our readers some account of the last Shelley book.

This volume contains three, or rather four, parts. The first consists of unfinished fragments, and rough drafts which have been found

among Shelley’s manuscripts; the second, of letters, chiefly Mary Shelley’s to Leigh Hunt; the third, of a rectification of some errors committed by Shelley’s friend Peacock in the papers he published in “*Fraser’s*,” the fourth, of a poem called “*Lines at Boscombe*,” by Mr. Garnett himself. Then there is an appendix, composed of a letter of Shelley’s relating to the famous misunderstandings, about “*The Liberal*,” between Byron and Hunt. Of this last we will dispose at once in a few words. It certainly tends to show—as do so many of Shelley’s letters—that he had a better head for business than all his friends put together, and saw further with his mere truth-loving eyes than they did with all their worldly wisdom; and it also shows what a calamity to those friends was his death, and throws a meaningful light on the words of Mr. Trelawney, when he says—“All that were now left of our Pisan circle established themselves at Albano—Byron, Leigh Hunt, and Mrs. Shelley. I took up my quarters in the city of palaces. The fine spirit that had animated and held us together was gone! Left to our own devices, we degenerated apace.”

To go back from the end to the beginning of the book, the extracts from Shelley’s papers are principally fragments of poetry, and are such as leave upon our own mind a very distinct and positive belief that Shelley was in the habit of striking out better things than he retained. For all that, our readers would not, as to the majority of them, be much, if at all, interested in having any of these extracts laid before them; because it requires a *student’s* knowledge of the man’s writings to see how they stand related to what has been in print for years. In simplicity, some of the fragments here produced, like some of the fragments collected in Mrs. Shelley’s edition, at the end of the 1822 poems, seem better than anything of Shelley’s, except “*The Cenci*.” Among the prose fragments is one which is, in an odd way, gratifying. Shelley used to fancy he had no gall in him, and that he did not care for critics.\* His wife knew better, and says so in her notes; and Mr. Garnett produces a scrap of a letter, never finished, and intended for the Editor of the “*Quarterly*,” which is as angry and as weak a thing in its way as we ever remember.

The letters from Mary Shelley to the Hunts, written after her husband’s death, seem to Mr. Garnett to “confirm the opinion prevalent since the publication of the ‘*Memorials*,’ that the compositions published in her lifetime afford but an inadequate conception of the intense sensibility and mental vigour of this extraordinary woman.” But nobody ever doubted the “sensibility” and “vigour” of the authoress of “*Frankenstein*” and “*Val-*

\* See, for one example out of a score, the “*Lines to a Critic*”—

“Honey from silkworms who can gather,  
Or hate from the yellow bee  
The grass may grow in winter weather,  
As soon as hate in me.”

\* The school which we indicate by this title is the school which is always ready to admit that everything is true “as far as it goes.” The joke of the thing is that such an admission = 0, inasmuch as nothing can be true any farther than “it goes.”

perga;" and, to our thinking, the chief interest of these letters lies in the nearness, the *home-iness*, of the little commonplace touches that occur. One sees her splashing along the Strand to visit her father (Godwin), and hating the climate to which Shelley's death had exiled her. One hears her laugh at the mock-modesty which turned the piping faun, on somebody's piano, face to the wall. One wonders how she used to make the journey from Kentish-town to Shacklewell to visit the Novellos so often; and feels a perverse delight in reflecting that she could have anything so "common" as a "cold in the head." Above all, it is charming to observe that such an intensely "blue" woman is as much of a "housewife" as the merest drab that ever swore by saucepan-lids, or the merest "excellent wife" that ever lived for the praise we give to a cat—"so very clean and neat."

It is in the third department of the book that the most interesting matter occurs. When we consider the extreme difficulty there is in getting at the truth of a complicated story, even when everybody is alive, accessible, and open to be cross-examined, we must conclude that to get at the exact truth in such a matter as that of Shelley's relations with his first wife is out of the question. It is not difficult, however, to tell when a man is acting conscientiously; nor is it difficult to conclude, if we have any faith in moral realities at all, that even they who do wrong, *thinking* it right, shall one day be led into the proper path; since we are responsible, as Channing said, for the uprightness, not the rightness, of our convictions. In the unhappy Harriet Shelley business, it is clear that each side acted up to its light; and if the resulting misery had been ten times greater than it was, the blame would not have been increased. In a word, the *event* proves nothing in single cases. The event in the Shelley case was, that Harriet drowned herself, and that Shelley lost, by a decree of Lord Eldon (on account of his theological opinions), the custody of his children. The amount of blame to be laid to the account of Harriet, of Shelley, of Harriet's friends, and of the institutions which made the catastrophe possible, is an indeterminable question.

The story of Harriet Shelley is, in brief, this. She was the daughter of an extremely well-to-do hotel proprietor, and, at sixteen years of age, eloped with Shelley (he being about nineteen) from a boarding-school at Balham-hill. Of the unfortunate, and especially of an unfortunate wife and mother, one would wish to speak most tenderly; but it is not denied, we believe, that this ill-fated young lady was of a rebellious turn of mind, and given to talking of self-destruction in a romantic vein, and that she begged Shelley to remove her from "scenes of oppression," and so on. This one mentions, not because it involves any particular blame to her (who blames a lovely girl of sixteen for being "rebellious" and "romantic?"), or at all lessens Shelley's responsibility; but simply because it suggests that poor Harriet was of that inordinate turn of mind which is peculiarly prone to suicide. It is not, however, of any great consequence, and may be left out

of consideration entirely, or paired off against something doubtful, of about equal weight, on the other side of the case. However, differences and estrangements came on, and the young pair were as miserable as they could well be.

When they had had two children (a third was born after Shelley's departure) they separated—it is said by "mutual consent;" but that is a vague sort of thing at best, and the friends of Shelley should not be annoyed if the ————, and we among the number, adhere to the opinion that this merely ———— that Harriet was overborne by the vehemence of Shelley not to say a peremptory "No." In the meantime—*after* estrangements had set in between Harriet and him—he had met Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, as lovely and gifted a heretic as the world had known. Over her mother's grave, in St. Pancras churchyard, Shelley and Mary Godwin plighted at once entered into the closest relations. Some time afterwards, Harriet, whose father had fallen into difficulties, drowned herself in a pond at Bath. It is too much, we think, to contend, as Shelley's friends do, that her being left by Shelley had nothing to do with her destroying herself; but it may safely be said that family troubles had something to do with it; and it may still more safely be added that the scandal which waited on the poor child's steps (though God only knows why people should have lied about her, or, indeed, meddled with her at all) had more to do with it than either her own loneliness or her father's poverty.

Mr. Garnett now comes forward—and he is coming forward again, with complete evidence, documentary and other—to prove two things, in contradiction to what Mr. Peacock or others have said or left to be implied. He undertakes to show that Mary Shelley was not the *cause* of the estrangement that occurred between the young couple; that Harriet had so far acquiesced in her lot as to receive visits of friendship and counsel from Shelley after he had been some time living with Mary; and, lastly, that he had exercised a provident care for her "pecuniary" interests. These points Mr. Garnett makes clear, and it is well to have them settled. He is, however, too hard on Mr. Peacock, who was, undoubtedly, very hasty and careless in what he said, but was entitled to some allowance, as feeling (somewhat in excess of the reasons) that Harriet had been wronged by those who had previously told the story.

The rest of the tale everybody knows. Shelley was drowned in the bay of Lerici, at twenty-nine years of age, leaving Mary a widow. She died at about fifty (if our memory is correct) worn out with grief and hard work. Those who think that Shelley's fate and hers are cases of "retributive justice" have to show why Captain Williams should have been drowned along with Shelley (besides the innocent sailor-boy), and also why Jane Williams should have been left a widow as well as Mary Shelley—without the latter's consolations.

The rest of Mr. Garnett's volume—the poem dated from Boscombe—is very nice and pretty, but gives a mottled effect to a volume which called "Relics of Shelley."

## THE FASHIONS.

We are now in the midst of the dull season as regards the London and Paris fashions, and have, consequently, but few important changes to speak of. The demand for novelties has now somewhat abated, as at this period of the year every one is stocked with summer clothing, and the weather is not sufficiently advanced to permit of thinking about warmer and more comfortable garments. A few of the fashionables, of course, have their toilets sent them, from week to week, to their residences at the sea-side or in the country, and we consequently have an opportunity of frequently seeing many of the novelties before they are despatched to their wearers.

The dresses of the season, as regards thin materials, suitable for warm and sunshiny weather, *have been, and are, of white muslin*; and ladies, whether fair or dark, young or middle-aged, seem universally to have adopted this simple, but always pretty and fairy-like, material for their summer *toilettes habillées*.

For stylish wear, these white muslin dresses, whether embroidered or plain, are generally lined with some pretty-coloured silk—either blue, pink, or maize—and are trimmed with puffs, fluted flounces, ribbons, sashes, and ruffles of silk, to match the colour of the lining. The sash is always made with *long ends*, which are *knotted behind*, or arranged in a large flat bow. We have seen some pretty dresses made in this style, and we think a description of one or two of them will not be uninteresting to our readers.

A dress of white sprigged muslin was made with a pink silk petticoat or under-skirt, and between each seam of the muslin skirt an insertion of Valenciennes was let in. The body consisted of a Spanish jacket (a garment resembling a short cut-away Zouave jacket), lined with pink silk, and trimmed, as were also the sleeves, with insertion and Valenciennes lace. A puffed chemisette, a muslin Garibaldi shirt, and closed puffed under-sleeves, ornamented with lace and insertion, were worn underneath the jacket, terminated by a tiny Valenciennes collar and pink silk cravat, embroidered in white silk, in the now very fashionable stitch called "*Point Russe*." The sash, which was very wide, was made of pink silk, and arranged to form a large bow and long ends in front.

Another dress was of white grenadine, embroidered with mauve leaves. The skirt was ornamented with black Chantilly lace flounces, headed by a mauve silk ruche, the body trimmed with narrow black lace to correspond.

For a very *recherché* toilet the most elegant garment that has come under our notice is the black lace burnous, or large circular cloak. These rich lace garments are sometimes lined with white, and sometimes with coloured, silk, and, as they are costly, are not likely to become common.

What can be so elegant as a good lace mantle of this description? A toilet always looks *dé-*

*tinguée* when nice lace forms one of the principal features, as it is within the reach of but a few favoured mortals who have money to spend to obtain this very luxurious article of dress.

Alpaca is now one of the fashionable materials for morning wear, manufactured of the most delicate shades—maize, white, and pale grey being the favourite colours, ornamented with braiding designs, or black velvet. Either the *saute-en-barque* or *rotonde*, ornamented and braided to correspond with the skirt, is generally chosen as an outer garment for this toilet.

The *rotonde*, a kind of short circular mantle, is now worn more than any other shape, and is particularly suited to young people. Mantles of this description are made of the same material as the dress, sometimes of white cashmere trimmed with black lace, sometimes of white muslin lined with silk, and, again, of black lace made up over silk. We noticed a very pretty *rotonde* made of white cashmere, and lined with pink silk. It was trimmed with lace and lace medallions, through which the coloured lining was visible. To give our readers an idea of the style of garment that the *rotonde* is, we must refer them to our coloured Fashion Plate, where they will find one illustrated in the left-hand figure, which has a very lady-like and stylish appearance.

The short cut-away jackets appear to be now the prevailing mode for dress bodies, in many materials, both for ladies and children; and the fashion certainly is stylish and becoming. These Spanish jackets reach to the waist behind, and, as will be seen from our coloured plate, fasten about half-way down the front, the bottom portion being very much cut away, to show the muslin chemisette and pointed band. This chemisette may be allowed to hang slightly full in the front, something like a Garibaldi shirt, or may be drawn tightly up—the latter mode being certainly the more graceful, unless for very thin, slim figures. A waistcoat worn with these jackets makes a very charming toilet, and is better suited to stout figures than the chemisettes. Plain pointed dress bodies are now being trimmed to imitate a jacket and waistcoat, the points of the dress forming the waistcoat portion, and the trimming representing the jacket.

The HAT, now a most important article of a lady's toilet, claims our attention, and certainly we shall have but little difficulty in describing a few of these fashionable coiffures, as Mr. Brandon, of Oxford-street, has given us so many opportunities of admiring his charming models, which really possess an elegance and novelty that merit description, and which cause him to be almost unrivalled in this great city of ours for his exquisite taste. For country and sea-side wear the hat is *indispensable for young ladies*, both married and single. The convenience and comfort of this style of head-gear is now so universally acknowledged, that a middle-aged lady is permitted to don a hat without being considered to look ridiculous,

or as wishing to make herself appear younger than she really is.

We will describe one or two of Mr. Brandon's novelties in hats, both for simple and elegant toilets. One for morning dress was made of fine black straw, of the sailor shape, with a cockade of scarlet and black feathers in front, and a *voilette* of black lace—this *voilette* being now considered a necessary appendage to the generality of hats.

Another chapeau of the most elegant description was composed of white *crin*, lined with rose-coloured silk, and trimmed with bunches of rosebuds, and black lace lappets. This was intended for a picnic, to be worn with a sprigged white grenadine muslin dress, made up over pink silk.

Another hat was of fine Leghorn, trimmed with black velvet, and plumes of black and white feathers. The *voilette Impératrice* worn with this hat was white.

From the same establishment we will notice a few pretty BONNETS.

A Tuscan bonnet, trimmed with azuline blue *crêpe*, the curtain of the same material, covered with the most delicate white blonde. A bunch of blue flowers was placed quite in the centre of the front, from which two ends of black ribbon hung very gracefully on each side. The cap was of quilled blonde, with a tiny black edge or cording; a bunch of blue flowers formed the bandeau, and the strings were of plain black ribbon. There was a degree of style and elegance about this bonnet, and it was particularly suited for the season, as being neither too light nor too heavy—in fact, a suitable chapeau for the mid-season.

Another bonnet, of rice-straw, was trimmed with maize-coloured ribbon, mixed with wheat-ears and black lace; and another, of white *crin*, with different-coloured feathers.

Many of our readers have, doubtless, not yet started on their annual travels; and before they do so we would recommend for their use one of the new-fashioned VEILS, which are exceedingly comfortable wear. The French term for these veils is *un loup*—meaning that they form a kind of mask to the face. They are made generally in rather thick lace, and are so shaped that, when secured behind, the throat is protected from dust and wind. When it is not necessary to take this precaution, and when the ribbon is untied, *le loup* answers the purpose of an ordinary veil.

HAIR NETS, to a certain extent, still continue to be worn under the pretty fashionable hats; in fact, they are almost a necessity out-of-doors, if the hair is to be kept neat and tidy. The newest and most uncommon nets are those made of velvet, laced in and out, and secured, to keep the squares in their proper shape, by sewing the velvet together wherever it crosses. Sometimes the velvet of which these head-dresses are made is bordered on each side by a tiny white, maize, or coloured edge; and frequently a broad open fancy braid, manufactured for the purpose, is used for these coiffures. They are usually finished off at the top with a bow of velvet, or with a coronet of plaited velvet, or a thick quilled silk *ruche*.

For ladies who require a little coiffure, and yet do not *quite want to begin caps*, we have seen some charming little HEADDRESSES. They were made of black sprigged net, cut in the form of a net, with a piece of elastic run in, and edged with a broad lace. A pointed coronet of flowers completed the coiffure in front. We saw one arranged in this manner with sprigged black net, and a diadem of very bright scarlet geraniums. This coiffure was intended to be worn with a pearl grey silk, the colour of the flowers harmonising nicely with that of the silk.

There is a pretty little article now being much worn by young ladies, in the way of pleated muslin BODICES, which is very simple and graceful. It may be made of muslin or cambric, ornamented with insertion either of lace or muslin, and the sleeves are closed at the wrist by a worked wristband. This style of pleated body necessitates a pointed Medici band, or a plain band and sash tied behind, and it may be worn with any coloured skirt, either of silk or a less costly material.

Large WREATHS are but seldom worn now for evening coiffure; if flowers are used at all they are dotted here and there about the hair (which should be very much frizzed) in tiny bunches. This style of headdress is at once simple and becoming.

Ornamental COMBS are at this moment in great favour—the side-combs to match the large one behind being now considered almost a necessity. At Mr. Douglas's establishment, New Bond-street, we have noticed some very elegant sets of combs, consisting of a back-comb and two side-combs. Some were ornamented at the top with plain gilt balls, others with fancy scrolls, others studded with steel, all rich and graceful in their design, and stylish in appearance. These fashionable side-combs require the hair to be very much frizzed in front, to form, as it were, a kind of support to the ornamental portion of the comb; and this style of coiffure is becoming to so many faces, that we venture to predict that ornamental side-combs will soon be a favourite and general addition to the toilet appendages of a lady. Mr. Douglas, who stands unrivalled in all matters relating to coiffures, has lately introduced some pretty tortoiseshell combs for the back hair, arranged in the form of a bow. This comb, when stuck in the mass of plaits behind, with the bow of tortoiseshell resting on the hair, has an effect at once simple and very uncommon. These combs, on account of their simplicity, may, of course, be worn on other occasions besides those when a full dress coiffure is required.

If any of our readers are wanting an inexpensive novelty, let them send to Mr. Simpson, of Regent-street, for one of his pretty little scented leather watch-chains, which at present are all the rage. They are pretty and suitable for a simple morning toilet, when gold chains are really out of place. At Mr. Simpson's we have also seen some pretty Russian leather waistbands, which look charmingly with the pleated muslin chemisettes worn under the short cut-away Zouave jackets.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE COLOURED PLATE.

AN "AT HOME" TOILET.—The headdress, or morning cap, is made with a soft crown of tulle, trimmed with black lace, green ribbon, and field flowers. The portion which forms the bandeau is made of green ribbon, intermixed with poppies and field flowers; and the black lace falls from this bandeau, so covering a portion of the crown. The dress is of cinnamon-coloured alpaca, trimmed with *quilled* ribbon, and braided in black. The body is made in the mode that is now so extremely fashionable—namely, the short cut-away *Zouave*—which is trimmed round with a quilting and a braiding design just above it. The body, or jacket, is fastened only half-way down the front by means of double buttons, the remainder of the front being very much cut away to show the white chemisette and pointed band. The sleeve is open to the elbow, both behind and before, forming a pretty round, which is trimmed to correspond with the rest of the body. The skirt is put on to a pointed Medici band of silk, matching the colour of the dress, and is trimmed with plain ribbon put on in points headed by the braiding; between these points the quilled ribbon is arranged, which forms part of the ornamentation quite at the bottom of the dress. Small stand-up collar, muslin chemisette, and under-sleeves to match.

WALKING DRESS.—The bonnet is of white *crêpe*, the crown covered with spotted tulle, and trimmed with mauve silk and ribbon. The curtain is composed of silk, covered with pointed lace. The dress and mantle in this toilet are both made of the same material, and trimmed to correspond. The fabric is mauve silk, ornamented with ribbon of a much darker shade. The *rotonde*, or short circular cloak, which we have noticed in our remarks on Fashions, is one of the favourite out-door garments at this moment. The *rotonde* illustrated in our plate is trimmed with a narrow frill or flounce, headed by three rows of ribbon, this ribbon being continued up the front and round the neck, where it is fastened by means of a hook and eye. The dress is made with a round waist and plain body. The skirt is trimmed with two narrow frills, *gathered* on, each frill headed by three rows of dark mauve ribbon.

COSTUME FOR A LITTLE GIRL FROM SIX TO EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.—The hat is composed of white *crêpe*, trimmed with Solferino ribbon to match exactly the colour of the silk on the dress. The little costume, which is really stylish and elegant, is made of white alpaca—a material that is now extremely *à la mode*—trimmed with Solferino silk cut out in points. The skirt is put on to a pointed band in front, with two ends behind, trimmed like the rest of the dress. The little cut-away *Zouave* jacket is arranged with side-pieces, it reaching just below the waist, with the smallest possible *basque* behind, cut somewhat pointed. The sleeve is cut with a seam at the elbow, and trimmed with pointed silk. The chemisette and sleeves are of plain muslin, the former

having a frill of lace, and a narrow *cravat* round the neck. White llama, mousseline-de-laine, or French merino might be used instead of alpaca; and, to make the garment useful and durable, pale drab, stone, or grey might be selected instead of white. A white mohair, checked with Solferino, would also be very pretty, or a checked silk dress of the same mixture of colours would be equally effective.

Full-sized paper patterns, tacked together and trimmed, of any of the articles illustrated in the costumes of this coloured plate, may be had of Madame Adolphe Gouband, 248, Strand, London, W.C., at the following prices:—

Short Cut-away Zouave Jacket.....	s. d.
Ditto, with Chemisette and Medici Band	2 0
Trimmed Gored Skirt .....	3 6
The entire costume.....	3 0
Rotonde, or Short Circular Cloak.....	5 6
Little Girl's Cut-away Jacket .....	2 6
The entire costume, including Jacket, Medici Sash, Skirt, and Chemisette...	1 6
	3 0

A flat pattern is included in each article.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE COLOURED PATTERN.

SCARLET CLOTH SOFA PILLOW, ornamented with black velvet leaves and flowers, edged and veined with maize-coloured crochet silk or gold twist.

Materials required to make one sofa pillow are: A piece of scarlet cloth, 20 inches square; a few pieces of black velvet; 2 pieces of maize-coloured Russia silk braid; 2 pieces of crochet silk, the same colour; some fine sewing silk; 1½ oz. of black beads.

If our readers are wishing to work, with little difficulty, a cushion in scarlet cloth, with velvet flowers and leaves, which, when finished, has a remarkably handsome and rich appearance, we would advise them to purchase the cloth with the velvet centre and border cut out and gummed on ready for working, as by so doing much time and labour are saved. The braid should then be neatly run on all round the edges, and the tendrils worked in the same manner. For the veinings, a long needleful of crochet silk, which should exactly match the colour of the braid, should be threaded, this drawn through the velvet and back again on the wrong side wherever it is necessary. To keep these veinings in their place it will be advisable to catch the silk down here and there with the fine sewing silk. Should any one feel inclined to prepare the cushion ready for working, we would mention that the easiest way to shape the velvet is to gum some tissue-paper, cut out in the shape of the leaves and flowers, on the wrong side of the velvet, and then with a sharp penknife to follow the edge of the paper, bearing rather heavily on the velvet, to cut the edges *sharply* and *without raveling*. By omitting the border, and working only the centre, our pattern would answer nicely for an urn stand or a small elbow cushion. The price of a cushion, prepared with velvet ready for working, is 7s. 6d.; with braid and silk complete, 11s. These materials may be had of Mrs. Wilcockson, 44, Goodge-street, Tottenham-court-road, W., and the postage of them is not included in the price.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.** In the course of two or three months we shall be able to comply with your request, and will have a pretty riding costume illustrated in one of our coloured plates.—**A SUBSCRIBER.** The folding portable umbrellas are very convenient little articles for travelling use. They may be had of Madame Goubaud, 248, Strand, London, W.C., the price being very reasonable.—**M. R. DURHAM.** Discontinue wearing pork-pie hats, and don something in the shape of a sensible head-gear, that will protect the face from the sun's scorching rays. The new bishop sleeve is made with an epaulette, and the fullness is confined at distances by straps of quilted ribbon. It is a pretty and stylish sleeve.—**Sylvia.** Your interlaced initials shall be inserted in our Embroidery Sheet. The banner screen pattern we shall not be able to arrange for you: we do not think it would be very tasteful. Your writing is not good.—**Violæta.** Some braiding designs for toilet mats appeared in No. 4, Vol. I., of this Magazine. These patterns, braided on muslin or marcella, would answer admirably for the tops of toilet cushions.—**Grace Elizabeth.** D'oyleys for Venetian embroidery are generally used for the toilet table, to place scent bottles, pomade pots, &c., on.—**S. A. H.** You can have tails of hair at all prices, from 17s. 6d. to £12s., according to the length and thickness you require them. Mr. Douglas, of Bond-street, can give you information on this subject, and can supply you with the tails.—**A SUBSCRIBER.** The best way to attach a loose body to a skirt, to prevent the one separating from the other when the arms are raised, is to sew some hooks on the band of the bodice, and make some loops in the band of the skirt, placing the hooks upside down, so that they hold the skirt securely. When a band or sash is worn over a dress body arranged in this manner, no one would know but that the body was sewn on the skirt properly.—**Marionette Greg.** Madame Goubaud is sorry it is out of her power to oblige **MARIONETTE GREG** by employing her to execute embroidery. Mrs. Wilcockson might perhaps know some one who could assist **MARIONETTE**.—**Edward Kirby.** Mrs. Wilcockson will supply you with any Berlin patterns you may require. The Editress would, however, suggest to Mr. Kirby that waistcoats worked in Berlin wool are almost things of the past, and are not worn by any gentlemen with any pretensions to good taste. A cloth waistcoat embroidered in silk with a design of heart-rose would be very stylish, and quite à la mode.—**G. M. R.** A letter addressed to Mr. C. F. Atkinson, care of Marriott and Atkinson, Sheffield, will find the patentee and sole manufacturer of the steel collars and wristbands. These little articles are exceedingly convenient for travelling, as every lady can be her own laundress without more trouble or annoyance than the mere washing the collars and cuffs at the same time that she washes her hands.—**B. S. C.** Holding and shaking a feather before the fire will restore the curl somewhat. Rusty black lace may be renovated by dipping it in good black ink, wringing it in a cloth, and ironing it wet. This is rather a disagreeable process for the hands, but, if a little care and caution be observed, the fingers need scarcely come in contact with the ink. The lace can be stirred about with a stick, then pressed against the sides of the basin, and afterwards wrung out in an old cloth. We need scarcely say that the cloth would be spoilt in the operation.—**Lotty Ella.** Fine black book-muslin is the best material to line crêpe tucks with for mourning wear. It is thin and light, and does not drag and crease the crêpe so much as the thicker and heavier make of lining muslins. We have tried both kinds, and, speaking from experience, are decidedly in favour of the first-mentioned material. Mr. Littlewort, of Bridge-street, Blackfriars, is a dentist of great repute, to

whom you could safely trust your teeth.—**Lizzie.** Patterns are constantly appearing that would answer very well for a crochet antimacassar.—**F. L. A.** A pretty alphabet was included in the Supplement to this Magazine for May.—**H. C. BART.** The January number contains a Berlin pattern admirably adapted for the purpose you require.—**HERMIONA.** With the mysteries of making egg-powder we are quite unacquainted.—**Jenny.** If the grease spot on the silk be not too large, dry fuller's earth laid on the silk, and allowed to remain a day or two, will sometimes have the effect of removing the stain. After the fuller's earth is shaken off, the dress should be well rubbed with a piece of silk.—**MARY FITZGER.** Many thanks for your suggesting the propriety of teaching the subscribers to this Magazine how to arrange a dinner-table. We hope soon to act upon your advice, but Mrs. Beeton, in her "Book of Household Management," has already gone over a great deal of that ground.—**Sylvia.** Many useful hints and recipes are to be found in the columns of the *Conversations* of this Magazine.—**A Wool-Worker.** In some future Shilling Edition of the Magazine we may be able to give you the pattern for a chair-back and seat such as the one you describe. As the pattern would be very, very expensive to prepare, it is as well, perhaps, not to make any rash promises in the matter.—**A SUBSCRIBER** has sent us the following recipe for "warming up cold meat," and which, she says, will not fail to please those who partake of it. We will give the directions, and leave our readers to try the recipe and judge for themselves:—"Cut the meat in rather thin slices; arrange these in a shallow dish, sprinkling pepper, salt, and a little flour between the slices. Then pour some nice gravy—or in lieu of that, spread some good butter—over the meat, and bake in a brisk oven for half-an-hour.—**SPANTICOW.** When a lady and gentleman, acquainted with one another, meet, the lady should always bow first.—**F. A. G.** A pretty quilted overshoot, and a nice pattern for a knitted one, appeared in No. 11, Vol. II., on the Embroidery Sheet issued with this Magazine. Diagrams are given for cutting out the silk hood, and full directions are included for making the knitted hood. The price of a chemisette pattern for a square body is 1s. 6d., which may be had of Madame Goubaud.—**Miss M. Brooks.** The hair is now brushed off the face a great deal, and is worn in plaits behind, ornamented with a fancy comb. We should think the side-combs that are now so fashionable would be very becoming to your style of face.—**A SUBSCRIBER.** Your children may arrange for themselves some very pretty muffs in crochet by making use of any of the stitches issued on the Embroidery Sheet, No. 26, Vol. V., of this Magazine. A pretty and easy knitting stitch is also included in the sheet accompanying this number. A crochet collar suitable for children's wear will also be found on the same sheet.—**LYDIA NELSON.** Your Christian name will shortly appear on the Buff Sheet. You can omit the two final letters, so making the abbreviation you require.—**A SUBSCRIBER.** During the coming winter, a hearty rug for Leviathan work will appear. This kind of work is more suitable for executing in cold weather. As the wool is thick, and the canvass very coarse, it would not be agreeable to do at this season of the year.—**AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.** The Editress could not find room for the pattern of knitted square in the Supplement you mention. The pattern was issued in the Supplement, No. 3, Vol. V. When worked, the counterpane has a very pretty appearance.—**M.** We do not believe in it. Your handwriting is rather too large.—**LILLIAN.** No. We do not know.—**ARATUS.** We shall continue them.—**ISABEL.** No.



R. DEWE.—It is only the female glow-worm which lights up the little lamp to be seen in our hedges in summer, although the poets have very commonly assigned the function to the male. He, however, is only slightly, if at all, luminous, and is rarely seen. Shakespeare made one mistake, then, when he wrote

"The glow-worm shows the mafin to be near,  
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire."

Cowper, also—

"'Tis power Almighty bids him shine,  
Nor bids him shine in vain."

Moore, however, was better acquainted with entomology, for he says she lights her lamp

"To captivate her favourite fly,  
And tempt the rover through the dark."

The light is most intense in those females which have only recently emerged from the chrysalis state; and on calm, dewy evenings in June and July they may frequently be discovered wandering restlessly about in their favourite haunts—mounting the blades of grass and other slight eminences—twisting their bodies right and left—and flashing out their light into the darkness of the night, to signalise the roving males of the whereabouts of their situation. If you seek to know more of the curiosities of animal life, let us commend you to Mr. Kearley's volume, called "Links in the Chain," recently published by Messrs. James Hogg and Sons.

ADA GR.—1. Wedding cards should be acknowledged by sending your cards, addressed to the bride's abode, or by calling with them. Many persons send, in separate envelopes, their cards both to the bride and bridegroom. They should never be sent to the parents' house. 2. It is by no means necessary, or usual, for a lady to rise from her seat when introduced to a gentleman. The operation, in truth, would be a difficulty in our society at present, where the amount of enjoyment has been declared, by the approval of the most influential personages and crowded assemblies, to be measured by the extent of the difficulty in stirring from the place where one finds oneself.

CLARA.—The practice of hair-dyeing is so decidedly injurious, that we do not feel justified in giving our subscriber any directions on the subject. You may fail in producing the desired effect; and it is always attended by a certain amount of unpleasant circumstances, and very often with evil results. In the first place, the alteration of the original colour of the hair, so far as the general aspect of the face is concerned, has an effect exactly contrary to that desired. Every separate part of a man goes to make one harmonious whole: the figure, the stature, the skin, the hair, the gait, &c. Fair hair is associated with a sanguineous temperament, a fine and white skin, blue eyes, and a soft and mild expression. Black hair, on the contrary, is generally connected with a bilious habit of body, a muscular and nervous temperament, a dark and yellowish skin, lively black eyes, and a proud and bold air. Red hair is associated with a peculiar constitution, although closely approaching the fair type. In this variety the skin is transparent, fresh, and presents a peculiar limpidity which belongs exclusively to the colour of hair mentioned. People, therefore, are exposed to most absurd contrasts who vainly attempt to break the bond which exists between the hair and the rest of the body. What relation

can exist between black hair and a soft blue eye and a skin so fine and susceptible that the sun's rays seem to pierce it in those spots called freckles? Besides, the ingredients of which the dyes are composed are far from being free from danger and inconvenience, and the texture of the hair is deteriorated by them. Composed as they are of very active remedies, they burn the hair, arrest the natural secretion, and favour the production of baldness; they also frequently produce inflammation of the scalp. Let us hope, then, that CLARA will give up the idea of dyeing her hair, though, as she says, it be of that colour which "reminds one of a bunch of carrots." In cases where hair, through sickness or sorrow, has become prematurely grey, and the owner is still young and good-looking, we can, perhaps, excuse the vanity which prompts the use of hair-dye. However, great care should be exercised in the use of this very mysterious preparation, and we can give no better advice to those who wish to alter the colour of their locks than this: *Put yourself in the hands of an able and experienced hairdresser.*

LEGRAND.—The habit of journeying into a foreign land before an Englishwoman has seen her own we mislike. The habit of learning a foreign tongue before an Englishwoman knows her own is not to our taste. Miss Shirreff, in a volume devoted to the consideration of "Intellectual Education," says, "How is it possible to believe that it is a love of literature, or admiration of genius, which prompts the desire to un'rastand Tasso and Schiller, while Milton and Shakespeare are known in mere scattered fragments, and Spenser, Dryden, Bacon, Burke, Addison, even the eloquent writings of our old divines, are almost closed books?" Our native language is the tongue we should study—if with other languages, so much the better; but if the teaching of foreign tongues leads to the neglect of that language which is our birthright, then the boast of knowing modern languages is not one we should like our daughters to make. "It is a great privation to be unacquainted with any foreign language, to forfeit the advantages which they give us as intellectual discipline, and to know only in the pale reflex of translation some of the finest masterpieces of human genius; but it is a disgrace not to have a competent knowledge of our own language, and of the literature which has made it glorious."

SAMUELLA.—1. A fender stool is a long narrow stool which is placed on the hearth-rug outside and parallel with the fender itself. It is a convenient and comfortable piece of furniture to rest the feet upon, and looks exceedingly well in a room. 2. Shakespeare has been published in a thousand different forms, and at a thousand different prices. If you will tell us about the price you would be willing to give for an edition, we will get the information you require. 3. The photograph of the late Prince Consort was issued with the July Shilling Edition of this Magazine. The photograph of her Majesty will be published in a month or two.

## NOTICE.

The SHILLING EDITION comprises, besides the contents of this Magazine, an 8-page Supplement, containing Patterns for a Bag in grey knotted twine ornamented with steel bands, an Alphabet of pretty letters for embroidering pocket-handkerchiefs, a Baby's Boot stitched in silk, a Handkerchief ornamented with crochet insertion and medallions, Cashmere and Bead Mat, Table Napkin Ring, Leather Mat ornamented with pines of various-sized mother-of-pearl beads, Peacock Insertion in crochet and embroidery, and Sixteen Illustrations of new and fashionable modes of making Dresses, Also a Fashion Plate, containing the newest designs for Parisian Toilettes, and a Coloured Berlin Pattern of a Medallion Border for Wool-work, suitable for a variety of purposes.

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[Ready Sept. 18th.]









### CHAPTER XXX.

THE three old churches of Todness were clanging forth a late hour of the night when Constance, Christopher, and Merrylegs came within sight of the town.

Now, to look down upon Todness from where they stood—namely, the cliff flanking it on the east—is, under any aspect, to look upon as fair a picture as can be found from beginning to end of the Borrockshire coast; but on this brilliant winter's night, when the moonlight came dazzling down upon the snow-covered cliffs that rose on each side of the town; on the snow-covered meadows which went sloping up behind the town; on the foam-bordered sea, that roared and sucked the beach in front of the town; and on the town itself, blinking with its Saturday night lights, and all wet and glistening under a thaw; on this same winter's night, I say, it was a sight well worth such a journey as our friends on the east cliff had had to behold. Not that the town itself, be it understood, could lay claim to more beauty or stateliness than the most weather-beaten of tars who rolled up and down its narrow, bustling streets from morn till night, with hat-ribbons and trowser-bottoms fluttering in the wind. To say truth, indeed, Todness partook more of the aspect of these worthies than aught else I can think of. Like theirs, its original complexion had long ago been blotted out by the sun and wind and sea passions; like them, too, it seemed to have strange ideas of proportions, squeezing itself in where it should be wide, and letting itself out where it should be narrowed off. Yet, withal, one could not find fault with the old place, any more than with those good-humoured salt-water veterans whom it so much resembled—not only in its rollicking ungainliness and self-assertion, but also in its air of hale maritime freshness.

A regular beehive of industry was Todness, from garret to basement; and, though it did all the work of its fashionable neighbour, St. Clement's-on-Sea, it cared little about entertaining visitors itself. Sometimes, indeed, a visitor at St. Clement's would, for a change, come lounging and sight-seeking up the narrow, crowded High-street of the old town; but from being suddenly penned-in by a drove of sheep, or nearly knocked down by some pale young man rushing from

his office to a cookshop, he soon became aware that his room would be infinitely more desirable than his company, and so, before the pale young man had time to despatch his hasty dinner, cram the remains of his roll into his pocket, and come rushing back, he (the visitor) would be glad to make his escape round Herring-corner, and return to St. Clement's by the beach, encountering, perhaps, in his way an individual still less fortunate than the pale young man of the High-street, hastily discussing a coarse, home-made sandwich behind a rock, while imagined by his fellow-clerks to be dining sumptuously at the "Flying Fish."

Hard work, poverty, and contentment went hand in hand at Todness, just as indolence, plenty, and a feeling very opposite to contentment, went hand in hand at St. Clement's. You could hear the banging and clamour of the town far away along the cliffs, above the roar of the sea; and whether it might be the effects of the strong fresh air, or the general example of industry, I cannot say, but no sooner had you set foot in the place than you felt a longing—an almost overwhelming necessity—to be plunging as deeply and zealously into the special business of your life as seemed to be that little town with regard to its own.

"If I'm not mistaken," said Christopher, as they descended the hill, "Weaver's Cottages are somewhere in the fishing-place down there, Herring-corner. I had a seafaring friend lodging there once, at number two, some cottages. You've heard me speak of Alick Riley—shame-faced Alick?"

"Yes," said Constance, smiling; "the shy young man who gave your cousin Madgie a Chinese work-box."

"Yes. Poor Alick!" answered Kit; "he was desperately in love with Madgie in those days; but why he thought it necessary to break with me in consequence I can't understand."

"Then you were not friends when you lived at Todness?"

"Oh, no. If Alick saw me coming up the street when he was coming down, he would be sure to find something remarkable the matter with the sky or his boots, which would engross his whole attention till I had passed. But look—Weaver's Cottages."

"Yes," answered Constance under her breath, "this is the place."

"And here's number two!" exclaimed Kit; "and it's Alick's old quarters, sure enough! I wonder if he's here?"

They stopped before one of a row of trim, small cottages, faced with rough stones, that glistened darkly as the snow rolled off and fell in heaps upon the little gardens, decorated with oyster-shells.

Christopher lifted the knocker of the green door and knocked smartly, that he might be heard above the noisy children of Alick's landlady. A man's voice was heard within hushing the children, a man's step across the room, and presently the door was opened.

"Why, it is Alick!" cried Christopher, holding out his hand. Alick did not take it immediately, but stood holding the door as though half inclined to shut it in his visitors' faces.

Kit's seafaring friend was a hale young fellow of about thirty, full six feet high, and so handsome as to be in a state of constant embarrassment. He had beautiful brown eyes, with long lashes, which drooped the instant they met another eye like a bashful girl's; a forehead placid and lofty, crowned with curl upon curl of brown wavy hair; a nose perfectly straight, and a mouth rather wide

in dimensions. He was attired in a pair of nautical trowsers and a blue flannel shirt, and wore a brown handkerchief about his neck, tied with poetical negligence.

After remaining a minute in hesitation as to what he should do, "shame-faced Alick," as his shipmates called him, shyly thrust out his great fist, with a grin which sent his cheeks rolling up in two round red balls close to his eyes.

"Hullo, Chrispher! how d'ye do? Quite a stranger."

"Well, Alick, how are you? So you've got a lodger here?"

"No," said Alick, backing into the room, "no one's here. Walk in, Chrispher—walk in."

"Well—but, Alick, this young lady had to meet some one here—Mr. Chorley. Don't you know anything about it?"

"Oh!" said Alick, looking sheepishly at Constance—"oh, yes, Mrs. Breeze knows all about it; she'll be coming back'ards in a minute, if the young lady 'u'd kindly take a cheer. Let your dog come in, Chrispher, and I'll shet out the cat. 'Melia, take your pennywinkles off o' that cheer. Wont miss come alongside o' the fire, Chrispher?"

"No, thank you," replied Constance from her place by the door; "I'm quite warm here."

And Alick seated himself bashfully on the remotest edge of the chair he had been presenting to her, and he and Christopher sat on either side of the fire in silence for some seconds, while a group of children stood in the middle of the room, surveying the three alternately.

"And how comes it you're left alone with the small fry, Alick?" asked Kit presently.

Alick cast down his eyes, and shambled his great feet about, and looked so rueful, that Kit began to fancy he must be behind-hand with his rent—at one time not an uncommon occurrence with poor Alick. He kept glancing shyly at Kit, as if longing to confide in him; but was restrained by the presence of Mrs. Breeze's children. Suddenly he looked up, and said experimentally—

"Will 'Melia go and put her little sisters to bed, and take them pennywinkles along of her to play with?"

To Alick's evident surprise, 'Melia swept the periwinkles into her pinafore, and immediately decamped into the next room, where there was a light burning—her little sisters clinging to her skirts.

Alick kept his eyes doubtfully on the door for a minute, then cast them down again and sighed.

"Well, Alick, old boy, what is it?" asked Kit.

Alick glanced shyly at Constance, then at Kit, and then again at his feet, and said, in a low voice—

"I've had a bit o' trouble since I see you last, Chrispher, I have."

"What kind of trouble, Alick?"

Alick scratched his head, and seemed at a loss for an answer, then said—

"Do you remember when the 'Kitty Fisher' lay at anchor here for Chay-nee, Chrispher? I was all rigged out, and I was ordered on deck as it might be o' the Saturday; and as it might be o' the Friday, she—Mrs. Breeze—asked me to take tea along of a few friends of hers from the country; and you see, Chrispher, as she was a-goin' to let my rent bide over the voyage, I couldn't do other than take the invitation kindly; and as it might be at five o'clock in the afternoon, I

come down-stairs and found 'em all consembled—Mrs. B.'s three sisters and their little gals, and the Methodee parson from over the hill."

Alick gasped as though the recollection of the picture was too much for him, and then went on.

"Well?" said Christopher.

"I'm a-comin' to it," said Alick, narrowly watching the door by which he expected Mrs. Breeze to enter. "Chrisipher, I'd eat a crab and a plate o' prawns, without ever noticing anybody, or takin' my eyes off o' my victuals, when the Methodee parson touched me on the arm, and pinte'd, in a solemn sort o' way, at the ladies; and I looked up and see as they hadn't touched their teas, and 'ad got their handkerchers up to their eyes, and Mrs. Breeze was a-layin' back in her cheer stiff as a poker, and 'Melia holdin' the smellin'-bottle; and, Chrisipher, if I never lay hold of a rope again, I knew no more o' what was up nor the blessed baby that was a-hollerin' in the clothes-basket. I looked to the minister to see if he did, and he looked back at me as if I was a sarpent, and he leant for'ard on his hands, and says to me—'Friend,' he says, 'it's now goin' on for two year that your bin a-risin' expectations in a lone wider's bosom, and a-tamperin' with the most blessed o' the human feelin's, and as pertecter of the lone wider and the orphan,' he says, 'I feel it my dooty to interfere; and I have come to-day, and these her nearest and dearest is come to-day, forty mile to insist upon knowin' your intentions afore you set foot on this yer voyage.'"

"And what did you say?" asked Kit, as poor Alick wiped the perspiration from his face.

"What should you 'a' said, Chrisipher? Rent back'ard and all, you know, and five ag'in' one! A shrimp might 'a' knocked me down with its tail. I don't scarcely know what I did say, Chrisipher, I was so took aback; but I think it was something about givin' me the voyage to consider over it. Anyhow, I know I got safe aboard the 'Kitty Fisher,' and I didn't think I should 'a' bin back here agin in a hurry."

"And how is it you are back, Alick?"

"Chrisipher, the first livin' creeturs I see when I set my foot on lan' was *her* and the Methodee parson, and they fetched me on here, and I'm supposed to be considerin' of it still; and what'll be the end on it goodness knows, for they keeps their eye on me wherever I turn."

"Well, Alick," said Kit, rising, for he thought he heard a step approaching, "you must get up to our place somehow, old boy, and we'll hold a consultation about it."

Alick rose also, his shining curls almost touching the smoky ceiling.

"Is all the fam'ly well, Chrisipher, at Iversham?" he inquired, with downcast eyes—"Miss Madgie, and all of 'em?"

"Well," answered Kit; "yes, I believe they all are, except that Madgie's been fretting herself to death, nearly, to know what's become of you."

"Go 'long, Chrisipher!" said Alick, with a playful slap at Kit, and blushing to the roots of his hair.

"And where is Mrs. Breeze now?" asked Christopher. Constance, he saw, was getting anxious.

"She helps at the laundry of the 'Mansion Hotel,' up at St. Clement's; and she's there now, or doin' her shoppin'," Alick answered. "I hope she wont be

keepin' miss a-waiting long. It may be she's gone over the hill to see the Meth——"

Here a single, sharp, loud knock at the door affirmed the whereabouts of Mrs. Breeze so unmistakably, that Alick jumped again. After casting a frightened look round, and drawing the back of his hand across his mouth, as if to wipe off every vestige of what he had been saying, he went and opened the door.

The lady, who entered with clogs and umbrella in one hand, and loaded market-basket in the other, was of so diminutive a stature as to make the idea of the great Alick's awe of her ridiculous in the extreme.

"Is the young lady come?" demanded Mrs. Breeze, looking sternly in Alick's shy eyes.

"Oh! good evenin', miss. I hope I haven't kept you waitin'. Be so good as to come this way."

She gave into Alick's charge her umbrella and basket, and said, as she saw Kit rise—

"Keep your seat, sir. Alick knows his friends is all alike welcome to my fire-side, though he doesn't make it optional to me whether I'll have 'em or not. *Pray* keep your seat. This way, miss, if you please."

Constance rose and followed her conductress, who, on account of her annoyance at having to go out again at so late an hour, or at Alick's liberties with her fire-side, was grim and taciturn. Christopher, from curiosity, or perhaps a better motive, very soon followed them at some little distance, leaving Alick to grieve and blush over what he had heard concerning the landlord's pretty daughter, and to regale himself with peeps into the widow's basket at to-morrow's fare.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

WITH weary feet, and with a sickening dread at heart, Constance toiled after her guide. Street after street, court after court, was entered and left behind, until at last she found they had altogether quitted the old town, and were walking on the magnificent esplanade of St. Clement's, and her courage sank still more at the sight of the apparently endless line of cold, stately houses to be passed ere they could come upon any roof humble enough to harbour Daniel Chorley.

The cold was intense. The snow, which at Todness could not keep its place on the comfortable, warm old houses, here clothed the broad, desolate parade from end to end, clung to the stone-work of the tall mansions, and lay even on the beach, mingling with the foam of the in-coming tide, and making the expanse of surging waters more intensely black.

Constance was just wrapping her little black cloak more closely round her, and trying not to see the distance she thought she had to go, when her guide stopped.

"Now, miss, this is the house."

Constance put up her veil and looked at it. It stood apart from the straight line, a little back—a solid, square house, the oldest in St. Clement's. A lawn sloped from the ground-windows to the low stone wall outside of which they stood. The roof formed a terrace commanding all the splendid sweep of country behind, and sea before. A tall tree, draped in snow, stood making ghostly motions on each side of the square portico. From the three centre windows, and from the glass over the door, a brilliant light was streaming.

Just these points Constance noticed in the confused glance she turned upon the house, then hastily laid her hand upon the woman's arm as she raised it towards the bell, saying, in a trembling voice, more to herself than to her guide—

"This is wrong. It is not here. I am sure it is not here!"

Mrs. Breeze pulled the bell, and then turned and stared at her leisurely from head to foot. Constance bit her lip, and endeavoured to conceal the strange flutter that had come over her, to prepare herself to take, calmly and without surprise, whatever might come next, and to convince herself it was all a mistake.

The door was opened quickly; and an elderly woman, with a key in her hand, cautiously descended the slippery steps. Constance looked at her wistfully, in the hope of finding in her some index to this fresh page of strange events. All at once, as the woman came down slowly, step by step, it flashed across Constance that she had seen her before—when or where she had not the faintest remembrance; it seemed to her it must have been in a dream.

The gate was unlocked, Mrs. Breeze had gone, and Constance was following the woman up the steps, still wondering where it was she had seen her, when she suddenly turned round, and Constance drew back a step, for there, in the vivid light of the door-lamp, was the very face which 'Duke was constantly describing to her as haunting his dreams, together with little Armstrong's. There was the dark, smoky-looking complexion; the long eye, with its subdued cunning; there were the braids of dead black hair over the tiny line of forehead, the flat nose, thick lips, the little coins of blackened gold in the ears; every feature, indeed, of this strange woman had been described to her during those brief, tearful interviews with 'Duke in the great empty school-room at Plantagenet House.

"Come! master expects you."

These words, spoken in a soft, winning voice, recalled Constance's thoughts from the superstitious, dreamy world, whither the sight of this face had sent them, to the actual world, the realities of which at this moment were scarcely less strange to her.

She followed the dark woman up-stairs, passing handsome windows through which the moonlight entered like many-coloured fluids—passed them without wonder, without interest, for her head was giddy with the sudden change from cold to heat, and the only feeling she had was a longing for the mistake to be over—a longing to be out in the cold again, searching for the humble place where *he* lay in sickness and in trouble.

Suddenly a door was opened before her. The warm air and bright light of a drawing-room fell upon her face. She was shrinking back, when her eyes discerned a form which held her on the threshold.

It was her father!

Mr. Chorley was alone in the drawing-room. He was seated in an arm-chair before the fire, and had not heard or seen her enter, for the dark servant had opened the door noiselessly, and glided down-stairs again without announcing her.

It was strange, but during those few seconds she stood watching him Constance felt all her bewilderment and dizziness vanish, and her brain seemed to grow suddenly calm and keen, so that she could hold every emotion in control whilst she looked and judged.

It has already been mentioned that a fresh and gentlemanly toilette was looked upon by Mr. Daniel Chorley as being one of the great necessities of life



and that, even under most adverse circumstances, he managed to maintain so respectable an appearance as to gain for himself the appellation of "the old gentleman." Now, therefore, there could be no striking contrast in that respect; it is enough to say that, instead of there being the least touch of "seediness," or falling-off of any kind in his outward man, "the old gentleman" appeared in the very flower of health and prosperity. He had never looked so hale, so fresh and jovial, as that evening when his daughter, in answer to the voice of trouble he had sent out to her, gave up every resolve she had worked so hard to keep, and came, half broken-hearted with remorse, to his aid.

He looked up, all unaware of the pale face by the door, looked impatiently towards that door, and encountered suddenly his child's eyes. For an instant he was held mute and moveless by their gaze, so severe was it, so inexpressibly mournful, yet, withal, so loving.

What did she mean by that look? How dared she look like that? He grew a shade paler, and, trusting to work upon that love he saw flickering out like a light through the sternness of the face, he held out his arms.

"Constance, dear child, is it you?"

Two spirits were at war within her, and he saw it. He knew that one voice cried, "He has deceived me! He has acted a lie in order to get me here to dazzle and overpower me, and make me give *him* up." While another still more impetuously cried, "Let me go! It is my father holding his arms out to me, after all I have done against him—my father, whom I have not seen for years!"

Silent, and with a mask of love, he watched the conflict on her face, waiting to rule his actions according to the victory.

He had not long to wait.

"Father! father! father!"

She was down on the rug at his feet, sobbing out the name unuttered for years, clasping his knees with the vehemence of that little two-year-old child who used to cling to him with such wearying tenacity. He remembered now how he could never take to the plain little thing, and how at times he was half frightened of the heart beating under the baby pinafore with such strength of love, such passionate remorse for every little error it committed; for it came across him, disagreeably enough no doubt, "What will this baby, with her strong sense of right and wrong, think, when she comes to know the world—when she comes to know me?" Thus he had often chid her harshly when she showed what he called an exaggerated sorrow for a fault. It seemed at times to Daniel Chorley that God had sent him this child to fill a certain deficiency in his being—to supply a certain faculty which he considered men with good sense and caution were as well, certainly more comfortable, without—namely, conscience. When he was about to make some questionable business transaction, or to utter some commonplace white lie, just as other men asked themselves, "Can I do this on my conscience?" he, scarcely aware that he did so, asked himself, "Dare I do it if she saw me?"

Conscience is not a thing much loved, we rather fear it; it vexes, exasperates us with its "still small voice." And so it was with Daniel Chorley, as he looked upon his conscience, his little daughter lying there at his feet, sobbing forth, in the fond repetition of that word, "Father! father!" all the pent-up love and secret anguish of years. He looked upon her, and he feared her still, for he saw she was the same.

Presently, something—it might have been the sparkling of his diamond ring in the firelight—recalled that look, which had so annoyed him, to her face again, and she rose up quickly. Before she could speak he took her hand, and said excitedly—

“Constance, I have not called you back to poverty and hard work; I am rich. Your mother’s nephew, who was the last of the family, you know, died in my arms, and has left me everything. You shall be a lady, Constance; you shall have everything that money can give you; and your brother—ah, my boy, my clever little ‘Duke!’—he shall be a great man. Who knows, Constance, perhaps he may be a baronet one of these days! How is he? Is he much grown? Is he stronger? Why didn’t you bring him? What’s the matter? Good God, Constance! he isn’t ill? Speak, girl, speak!”

“No, father, no!” she said, drawing back; “‘Duke is well, but——”

“But what?” cried Mr. Chorley impatiently.

“Father, he cannot be what you say!”

“What do you mean, Constance?”

“I mean, father, ‘Duke must not come home.’”

Mr. Chorley took a turn or two up the room before he could quiet himself sufficiently to speak. She guessed what his thoughts were as he did so too plainly, and the tears stole silently down her cheeks. Meeting him half-way across the room, she laid both her hands on his arm, and said—

“Oh, why did you bring this up again? why did you make me speak the words that it breaks my heart to say? You shouldn’t have deceived me, father! you shouldn’t have deceived me! I thought you had been very poor and ill, and I could not stay away from you when you asked me to come, as if it were to help you and nurse you. Father, you are rich and well; you do not want us; let us go on in our own way; I cannot make what you say of ‘Duke, but I will try and make him a good man.”

There was a look of incredulous pity as well as anger in his face as he said—

“And you mean to say that you would really prefer continuing this beggarly kind of life to living here with every luxury?”

“I do, father.”

“And why, pray?”

It was a foolish question to have asked; he felt so the instant it quitted his lips. His colour rose, but he waited for her answer with his eyes fixed defiantly on her face. She returned his gaze with one of sorrowful surprise.

“Why, father?”

“Yes, *why*?” he cried, stamping his foot with a sudden burst of rage. “Constance, this is too absurd! Because I gave you my confidence, my——”

He paused a second at seeing the peculiar hysterical smile that flitted over her face.

“Gave me, father! Did you give me your confidence that night?”

“Because,” he went on as if he had not heard her, “because, I repeat, you have my confidence, do you think you are no longer my child? Listen, Constance. I tell you plainly there has been enough of this; I have fully made up my mind to put an end to it. First, I want ‘Duke; I can give him now chances that I have longed to obtain for him ever since his birth. I want you, too. It is necessary you should be trained and made fit to preside over my household, and you ought to be proud to do so; it is not many fathers who would desire to keep a

daughter at home after receiving such treatment at her hands as I have at yours. But more than that, Constance, you must remember that one in my position has the world to consider. As things were, it mattered little in what relations we stood to each other; now it is very different. Such an arrangement as you are mad enough to want would create no end of wonder and gossip, and prove most damaging to my prospects. Come now, Constance," he continued, softening his tone a little as he saw the face looking whiter and more rigid, "give over thinking and acting for yourself—it is wearing you out, my poor child; you are but a child, and it is unnatural for you to take so much upon you. Think of the life you may lead—think of the pleasure you will have in watching 'Duke's progress—think of the attention you will attract in the world some day with such a fortune."

It would, I am aware, have been the finer thing for Constance Chorley, as a heroine, to resist such an appeal as this with scorn, but somehow heroines now-a-days are not what they were. In the good old times a young lady could struggle for her life with a gang of masked ruffians in a haunted castle, pass the rest of the night wandering distractedly in the forest, exposed to the terrors of a thunder-storm, and yet be assured that when, at dawn of day, her knight-errant should accidentally come across her, as he rode to the hunt, she would look her loveliest. Alas! what kind of spectacle would the modern heroine present after such a string of adventures? What hair! what eyes! what angles of crinoline! not to mention sore throat and rheumatism! And even as the appearance, so in these days the mind, is subject to be impressed and ruled by circumstances; and poor Constance, wearied out with her long and toilsome night-walk, faint—for she had touched no food since noon—and dizzy with wonder at the good fortune which seemed to have fallen upon her father by magic, was, at this moment, in no very heroic frame of mind. Fearful of erring either way, she listened until he had ceased speaking, and then sat some seconds in bewildered silence.

She sat so perfectly still, and so pallid-looking, that Mr. Chorley, to assure himself she had not fainted, laid his hand on her shoulder, and said gently—

"Constance!"

She took the hand, laid her cold cheek upon it, and said, with a fresh burst of tears—

"Oh, father! dear father! you shouldn't talk to me of being rich; I haven't any care for it, indeed; *that* would never blind me or make me act wrongly; but when you talk of 'Duke, and what it might do for him, I don't know how to think, or what to do, because I know how much more I could have done for him if I had had money. And when you say you want me, father, and think that I could do for you now in this grand place as I did there at home—when you say this I feel as if it would break my heart to keep away; but still, father, still I fear—I fear. It seemed so plain to me when I did this that I ought to do it—so terribly plain."

"Well, Constance, I am glad to hear you talk sensibly at last; now, perhaps, there may be some chance of bringing you to reason. As I have said before, you must remember that there was not the least occasion for me to make this appeal to you—in the eyes of the world, not the least—for I had every right to command you; but wishing to avoid the possibility of any recurrence to that painful subject in the future, and wishing, as I always do, to consider your feelings, I thought it

best to bring you here thus, and come to a right understanding with you at once. And now listen to me."

And as well as her utter weariness, and her half-happy, half-fearful agitation would let her, Constance did listen while he talked of his plans, and gave such particulars as he thought proper of the Armstrong inheritance. The only thing of all he said that she clearly understood was, that he intended to return anonymously, or under the name of conscience-money, a certain sum to a certain office; and, hearing that, she laid her hands under her cloak, palm to palm, and in one long sigh all her soul rose in prayer to God for his blessing on the deed.

From that instant she felt her fate was sealed, and she sat a little while, calm and still. Mr. Chorley went to a sideboard to get her a little wine, and when he brought it he found her gazing round wildly, with her hands pressed to her forehead. In that moment a sense of all the change had come rushing upon her brain so overwhelmingly that she felt it failing her.

"Is it true? Am I at home? Is it all true?" she murmured; and before Mr. Chorley could extend an arm to save her, the little figure fell forward, and lay, in its shabby clothes, cold and still as death, on his rich carpet, and he stood looking at it sorely bewildered, for he did not like to call the servants.

## GLIMPSES OF THE PLAYHOUSES, PLAYS, AND PLAYERS OF THE PAST.

### PART II.—THE GARRICK ERA.

WE have before remarked that dramatic history continually repeats itself. The following couplets might have been written by a satirist of the year 1862, *à propos* of the recent "sensational" successes at the principal London theatres:—

"'Twere folly now a stately pile to raise,  
To build a playhouse, while you throw down plays;  
While *scenes, machines, and empty operas* reign,  
And for the *pencil* you the *pen* disdain."

And again:—

"Their treat is what your palates relish most—  
Charm, song, and show, a murder and a ghost!"

And yet these are extracts from a prologue by John Dryden—the same poet who manufactured a couplet for the conclusion of an epilogue addressed to Charles II., which, for absurd sycophancy, was never exceeded by the complaisant courtiers of Louis XIV.:—

"You, sir" (*to the king*), "such blessings to the world dispense,  
We scarce perceive the use of Providence!"

Notwithstanding the great talents of Quin and Macklin, dramatic genius may be said to have languished until the appearance of Garrick. Small of stature, of graceful figure, and easy and engaging manners, Garrick seemed formed to please. He had the dark, brilliant, "far-darting" eye of that later man of genius, Edmund Kean, and his voice was distinct, melodious, and commanding. The expression of his face it would be difficult, if not impossible, to describe—it so *rippled* with the thoughts that chased each other through his brain. This pecu-

liarity, so observable in all great actors, is singularly marked in the best existing portrait of Garrick, now the property of the Garrick Club. From the play-bill issued for his first appearance we may imagine that Goodman's Fields was not a licensed theatre, for we find the performance advertised as a concert of instrumental and vocal music. We give a portion of the announcement :—

"October 19th, 1741.

At the Theatre in Goodman's Fields this day will be performed, a *Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music*, divided into two parts.

Tickets at three, two, and one shilling.

Places for the Boxes to be taken at the Fleece Tavern, near the Theatre.

N.B. Between the two Parts of the Concert will be presented an Historical Play, called the

### LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

Containing the distresses of King Henry VI.

The artful acquisition of the Crown by King Richard.

The Murder of young King Edward V. and his Brother in the Tower.

The Landing of the Earl of Richmond.

And the Death of King Richard in the memorable Battle of Bosworth Field, being the last that was fought between the Houses of York and Lancaster; with many other true Historical Passages.

The Part of King Richard by A Gentleman (who never appeared on any stage)."

On the extraordinary success of Garrick it is unnecessary to dilate. Quin did not endeavour to conceal his uneasiness and disgust. He declared that, "if the young fellow was right, he and the rest of the players had been all wrong;" and when he was informed that Goodman's Fields Theatre was crowded every night, he ill-naturedly said that "Garrick was a new religion; Whitfield was followed for a time, but they (the public) would all come to church again." To which young David replied in the following happy lines :—

"Pope Quin, who damns all churches but his own,  
Complains that heresy infects the town;  
That Whitfield—Garrick has misled the age,  
And taints the sound religion of the stage.  
'Schism,' he cries, 'has turned the nation's brain,  
But eyes will open, and to church again!'  
Thou great infallible, forbear to roar;  
Thy bulls and errors are rever'd no more.  
When doctrines meet with general approbation,  
It is not heresy—but reformation!"

Garrick was the first reformer—the Cromwell of the stage, as Edmund Kean was the Napoleon. It is impossible to think of one of these extraordinary men apart from the other. Both were of small stature, of inexhaustible vivacity, and possessed of a genius almost beyond their own control. Both, too, appeared at a time when Tragedy was dying of inanition; when the passions had been measured off by the prompter's tape and a stage carpenter's foot-rule, and declared to be exactly of such a height, such a breadth, such a weight, and such a colour. Love was expressed by certain gestures, certain tricks of face, and a sing-song intonation. Jealousy was expressed by certain other gestures, certain other tricks of face, and a sing-song intonation. Revenge was expressed by different gestures, different tricks of face, and the inevitable sing-song intonation—without which, is

was supposed, kings, queens, warriors, nobles, maids of honour, and the nobility generally, could not express any emotion or sentiment whatever.

It is difficult to ascertain when the custom of speaking with what was called a musical cadence first prevailed. In the preface to the "Fairy Queen," 1692, we read—"He must be a very ignorant player who knows not there is a musical cadence in speaking, and that a man may as well sing out of tune as speak out of tune."

Garrick's first exercise of his powers of mimicry was made on the 3rd of February, 1742, when he essayed Bayes, in the Duke of Buckingham's "Rehearsal." He had seen that the style of acting then in vogue was forced, unnatural, and affected; and, in order to display its errors in the strongest light, he mimicked the most eminent performers of the time. Delane, who was considered a very fine actor, was a tall, well-looking man, with a good voice, but incapable of anything but declamation. Garrick began with him. He walked to the back of the stage, and, placing his left arm across his breast, rested his right elbow upon it, raised a finger to his nose, and, advancing with a stately gait, and nodding his head portentously, spoke in the exact tone and manner of Delane. The audience at once recognised the fidelity of the imitation, and applauded to the echo. Hale, who played the lovers at Covent Garden, was a fine, handsome fellow, with a melodious voice. Garrick hit him to the life. He chose a suitable speech, and, in a soft and plaintive accent, but without an atom of real feeling, sighed and sang—

"How strange a captive am I grown of late!" &c.

Ryan had a croaking, drawling accent; and the house rolled with laughter when Garrick, in a tremulous, raven voice, growled—

"Your home of love from dangers will I free."

Giffard was so annoyed at Garrick's imitation of him, that he sent a challenge, which Garrick accepted. They met, and the young mimic was wounded in the sword-arm. He never imitated Giffard afterwards. With the sensitiveness and inconsistency peculiar to wits whose humour lies in exhibiting the weaknesses of others, Mr. Garrick, in 1758, was highly indignant with Wilkinson and Henderson for doing the same thing to him he had so often done to others.

Garrick drew his conception of King Lear from the life. An old gentleman, who lived in Leman-street, Goodman's-fields, had an only daughter, about three years old, of whom he was dotingly fond. One day, as he stood at an open window, dandling and caressing the child, she suddenly sprang from his arms, and, falling upon the stones beneath, was killed on the spot. The old man's mind instantly deserted him, and two keepers were appointed to watch over him. Garrick went frequently to see the distracted father, who passed his time in re-acting the terrible scene that had deprived him of his reason. He would go to the window, and there, in fancy, fondle the child; then would appear as if he had dropped it, and immediately burst into the most heart-piercing cries and lamentations; afterwards he would sit with his eyes fixed upon one object, at times turning his eyes slowly round, as if to implore compassion. On this poor old man's alienation Garrick founded his performance of Lear over the body of Cordelia.

Spranger Barry—one of the handsomest and most elegant actors that ever graced our stage—possessed all the personal advantages in which Garrick was

deficient. He set fashions for the men, and was so great a favourite with the ladies, that women of quality used to order their chairs, go round to their tradesmen, and insist upon their visiting the theatre at which Barry acted, under pain of losing their patronage and recommendation. A man of the highest talent, Barry had not genius; and, although he several times ran Garrick very hard in public favour, yet Garrick—who was more envious of Barry than Barry was of him—always managed to keep the public on his side. While Garrick was playing *Lear* at one house, and Barry at the other, the wits of the taverns, fertile in epigrams, pronounced their judgment, and, in one instance, with great taste and delicacy:—

“The town has found out different ways  
To praise the different *Lears*;  
To Barry they give loud huzzas,  
To Garrick only tears.”

Another ran—

“A king—nay, *every inch a king*—  
Such Barry doth appear;  
But Garrick’s quite a different thing,  
He’s every inch *King Lear*!”

Theophilus Cibber, after quoting the first of the above epigrams, adds—“A pretty conceit, but how if it is not quite true? for ’tis as certain that Garrick has had other applauses besides tears as ’tis true Barry, besides loud huzzas, has never failed to draw tears from many of his spectators. Were it injurious to the author of this epigram to suppose he was a little hurt by Barry’s success, tho’ it may be difficult to say who was the author, yet to guess who was hurt most by Barry’s applause cannot be a very hard matter to guess:—

“Critics attend, and judge the rival *Lears*,  
Whilst each commands applause, and each your tears;  
Then own this truth—well he performs his part  
Who touches *even Garrick to the heart*!”

This is, perhaps, the neatest method of saddling an epigram upon an interested person ever resorted to.

When *Romeo and Juliet* was acted at both houses for thirteen successive nights, the Barry *versus* Garrick controversy rose to its culminating point. Barry’s personal attractions stood him in greater stead than ever, and many excellent judges declared that, as the Mantuan hero, he excelled the great David.

On one occasion George II.—no friend of the arts—was induced to witness the performance of *Richard III.*, in which the great little David played the hero. His Majesty, who watched the play with great attention, betrayed no emotion whatever at its various incidents; but when the young prince was told that “the Mayor of London came to greet him,” the king roused himself and exhibited some excitement. The part of the Lord Mayor, until of very late years, was always assigned to the low comedian of the theatre, and his appearance was invariably the signal for a roar of laughter. In the Garrick era all things pertaining to “the city” came in for a share of ridicule, and Taswell, the Lord Mayor of the night, buffooned it to the top of his bent. His majesty was delighted.

“Duke of Grafton,” he said to the nobleman at his side, “I like dat Lord Mayor!” And when the scene was over his majesty again exclaimed, “Duke of Grafton, dat is a good Lord Mayor!” And when Garrick cried, “A horse! a horse

my kingdom for a horse!" his majesty asked, "Duke of Grafton, will not das Lord Mayor come again?"

Garrick not only reformed the stage, but he reformed the theatres. Before his time, the audience could not only obtain admission behind the scenes by the simple payment of their money at the stage-door, but they sat upon the stage during the performance, spoke as loud as the actors, conversed across them to each other, and got up and walked about as their convenience prompted them. When the villain of a play muttered—

"I am alone!"

Sir Fopling Flutter would request a pinch of snuff from his friend Billy Treblestone; and, as Iachimo rose from the chest in Imogen's chamber, a swarm of cravatted, cocked-hatted, wide-skirted beaux would sit and stand in his immediate neighbourhood. Othello smothered Deademona in the presence of some twenty critical gentlemen; and the Ghost of Hamlet's Father, after imparting the secret of his death to a small crowd, threaded his way off among their chairs, with apologies for incommoding them.

Garrick, fully alive to the absurdity of having one audience before the curtain and another on the stage, consulted with his partner Lacy as to a plan of reformation. Many and formidable were the obstacles they had to encounter. To banish the bloods, macaronis, and beaux was a daring attempt; for where the convenience or pleasure of these patrician young patrons of the Drama was concerned, the manager's right to rule in his own theatre was looked on as an impertinence to which none but *canaille*, clowns, and the mean-spirited could submit. Then the admission behind the scenes on benefit nights gave great pleasure to young Templars, clerks, and other choice spirits of the town. To see the actresses closely, to hear them talk, and to stand from out the swing of their hoops—the grandmothers of crinoline—was a source of rapture, and a theme for prattle at the tavern and coffee-house for months. Lastly, the actors and actresses, naturally enough, objected to the loss of from 100*l.* to 150*l.* on their benefit nights, which would have been the practical pecuniary effect of an exclusion of the audience from the side-scenes and the stage. So Garrick judiciously concluded that his scheme for reformation required a considerable enlargement of the theatre, and that the space before the curtain must, for the future, be ample enough to contain as many persons as had formerly filled the boxes, pit, galleries, and stage. In accordance with this wise decision, in 1762 Drury Lane Theatre was enlarged. According to Murphy, the new audience part was capable of holding, as the slang is, 335*l.* From that time, scarcely any but the performers themselves, and a few of the authors, were admitted at the stage-door. At the bottom of the playbills from September the 15th to October the 17th was printed—

"As the admittance of persons behind the scenes has occasioned general complaint, on account of the frequent interruptions of the performance, 'tis hoped gentlemen wont be offended that no money will be taken there for the future."

At one time the English Roscius was desperately enamoured of the famous Peg Woffington. This charming actress—the circumstances of whose past life rendered her an ineligible partner, although she possessed an excellent heart and an affectionate disposition—reciprocated David's passion. The ring was bought—the day was fixed—the wedding dresses ordered. On the morning on which the celebration was appointed, the bride noticed that the bridegroom wore a very serious



aspect. She rallied him, and he grew still more serious. With the quick natural instinct of a woman, she divined his secret, and, taking his hand, said—

"I know the cause of your dejection: you regret the step you are about to take." David made no reply. After a long pause, she continued—"I see I am right; and if you possessed ten times the wealth, fame, and ability that the world gives you credit for, I would not, after this silent confession, become your wife."

After Garrick, the most extraordinary man of his day, though in a much lower degree, was Samuel Foote, who made his first appearance at the Haymarket Theatre, on the 6th of February, 1744, as Othello. Macklin, who was the Iago of the evening, as well as the dramatic tutor of the aspirant, said that, despite the applause of friends, the performance was little better than a total failure. Foote then tried comedy, and essayed Lord Foppington, with as little success. He then struck out the idea of an entertainment similar to the monologues familiar to the present day, and, turning his wonderful powers of mimicry to account, opened the Haymarket Theatre, in the spring of 1747, with a new piece of his own writing, called, "The Diversions of the Morning." His works, now almost forgotten, consisted of "To Tea," "The Auction of Pictures," "Taste," "The Englishman Returned from Paris"—an idea which he stole from Murphy—"The Author," "The Minor," "The Liar," "The Orators," "The Mayor of Garratt," "The Patron," "The Commissary," "The Lame Lover," "The Maid of Bath," "The Nabob," "The Trip to Calais," and "The Devil upon Two Sticks."

When Garrick produced the spectacle of "The Jubilee," at Drury Lane, Foote intended to bring out a mock procession, and to introduce Garrick himself on the stage. A man was to dress to resemble the great actor and manager in the character of Steward of the Jubilee, with the wand, white gloves, and mulberry-tree medallion of Shakspeare hanging at his breast. Then another character was to address the fictitious Garrick, in the well-known lines of the jubilee-laureate:—

"A nation's taste depends on you—

Perhaps a nation's virtues too."

At which the counterfeit Garrick was to flutter his arms like the wings of a cock and cry out—

"Cock-a-doodle—doodle—doo!"

But the production of this cruelly personal burlesque was prevented by mutual friends.

A curious circumstance is related in connexion with the marriage of Foote. He and his wife were invited by his father to spend a month in Cornwall. To their intense surprise, on the first night, as they were going to bed, they were entertained with a concert of music beneath their window. The strains were soft, melodious, and melancholy. The next morning, on complimenting his father on his gallantry, the old gentleman positively denied all knowledge of the affair, and thought that his son was endeavouring to hoax him. The young couple were, however, positive, and Foote was so impressed by the occurrence that he made a memorandum of it. It afterwards turned out that on that very night his uncle, Sir John Dinely Goodmere, was murdered by his brother.

When asked if he attributed the midnight music to a supernatural cause, Foote used to reply—

"No, I could never bring my mind to that; but I can tell you that the

affair made such an impression on me, that, if I once thought so, I would not be out of a convent (? monastery) a single day longer."

One night, during the performance of "Alexander the Great," Mrs. Woffington (Roxana), who was on very bad terms with Mrs. Bellamy (Statira), was so enraged at the sight of two superb dresses which Mrs. Bellamy had received from Paris, that she made her rage evident to the audience—she fairly drove Statira off the stage, and almost stabbed her behind the scenes. Next summer Foote produced a little piece, called, "The Green-room Squabble; or, a Battle-Royal between the Queen of Babylon and the Daughter of Darius."

Mr. Hopkins, the prompter of Drury Lane Theatre for twenty years, kept a memorandum-book, a portion of which, thanks to the indefatigable collecting of the late Mr. O. Smith, of the Adelphi Theatre, is still in existence, and to be seen in the reading-room of the British Museum. Hopkins was the father of Mrs. Brereton, who was afterwards married to John Kemble. Some portions of his memoranda are amusing and characteristic, as—

"1769, Monday, 14th. Waited on Mrs. Barry (the wife of Spranger Barry), to know if it would be agreeable to her to play Lady Townley with Mr. Reddish; she said she had no clothes fit for it. I asked if she had any objections to Mrs. Abingdon's playing the part; she answered, 'No.'

"Saturday, 21st. Mrs. Barry sent word she was so ill she could not come out for the pageant; if she did she could not play the Mourning Bride on Monday. I waited on her by the manager's orders, and told her they would excuse her playing on Monday if she would come out and do her part in the pageant; and, as it was a thing of great consequence to them, they desir'd and expected, as she had begun it, that she would continue it as long as she was able. Her answer was, that, as they seem'd to think it of such consequence, she would come out and do it to-night and Monday night, but after that desir'd to be excus'd from it. On Tuesday morn, Mr. Barry sent a note that Mrs. Barry was ill in her bed, and could not come out till she was better. 'Tancred and Sigismunde' was called, and I did not receive the note till the rehearsal was begun. I also, on Saturday, delivered a message from Mr. Garrick, that he would never ask her to play in anything in which he was particularly interested. Her answer was, that was in his rage; \* but if his mind should alter she was ready to do anything he would desire her to do."

Weston, the comedian, dictated from his death-bed a singular theatrical will, of which we give a few extracts, full of strong feeling and keen satire:—

"I, Thomas Weston, hating all form and ceremony, shall use none in my will, but shall proceed more immediately to the explanation of my intentions. *Imprimis*.—As from Mr. Foote I derived all my consequence in life, and as it is the best thing I am in possession of, I would, in gratitude, at my decease, leave it to the said Mr. Foote; but I know he neither stands in need of it as an author, actor, nor as a man; the public have fully proved it in the two first, and his good-nature and humanity have secured it to him in the last.

"*Item*.—I give to Mr. Reddish a grain of honesty. 'Tis, indeed, a small legacy; but, being a rarity to him, I think he will not refuse to accept it.

\* "*Gloster*. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

*Lady Anne*. I have already.

*Gloster*. That was in thy rage."—*Richard III.* Act ii.).

"*Item.*—I leave Mr. Yeates all my spirit.

"*Item.*—I leave Mrs. Yeates all my humility.

"*Item.*—Notwithstanding my illness I think I shall outlive Ned Shuter; if I should not, I had thoughts of leaving him my example how to *live*, but that, I am afraid, would be of little use to him; I therefore leave him my example how to die.

"*Item.*—I leave Mrs. Brereton a small portion of *modesty*. Too much of one thing is good for nothing.

"*Item.*—Mr. Jacobs has been a long while eagerly *waiting for dead men's shoes*. I leave him two or three pairs (the worst I have), they being good enough, in all conscience, for him.

"*Item.*—To the gentlemen of the stage, some show of prudence.

"*Item.*—To the authors of the present day, a smattering of humour.

"*Item.*—To the public, a grateful heart."

Concerning the authorship of the two famous comedies, "*The Clandestine Marriage*," and "*The School for Scandal*," there have been singular whispers. The former, which, according to the title-page, was the joint work of George Colman the Elder and Garrick, was said to be a plagiarism from a farce called "*The False Concord*," which, though played at Covent Garden in March, 1764, for the benefit of Woodward, was never printed. Lord Lavender, Mr. Suds, a soap-boiler, and a pert valet, were, with a considerable portion of the dialogue, "*lifted*"—in the old Scotch-border, freebooter sense of the word—into "*The Clandestine Marriage*," where they appeared as Lord Ogleby, Mr. Sterling, and Brush. "*The False Concord*" was from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Townley, the Master of Merchant Taylor's School, and his son-in-law, Mr. Roberdean, first brought the fact of this very disreputable plagiarism to light.

Galt, in his "*Lives of the Players*," gives an account of Sheridan's imputed literary dishonesty on the report of an old friend, for whose truth and respectability he vouches, who wrote to him that—

"Mr. Sheridan was in habits of particular intimacy with the Richardson family. Miss Richardson, a very accomplished young lady, wrote a play, which Mr. Sheridan undertook to bring out forthwith at Drury Lane. A season passed over, but, to the great disappointment of the young lady, the play was not produced. When she protested, as she often did, against this delay, he adroitly shifted the subject, strenuously urging her to cultivate a talent in which she excelled—that of painting. Another season drew towards its close, when out came "*The School for Scandal*." But small progress had been made in its representation, when Miss Richardson, who was present, fainted, and was taken from the pit of the theatre, so strong was the impression on her mind that her own piece had been pillaged, and the material worked up for the performance in question. It was told that she did not long survive the mortification.

"But, further, I was assured by a gentleman, John Oswald, who, among other literary engagements, reported at that time for "*The Oracle*," that Mrs. Phillips, the mother of the celebrated vocalist, Mrs. Crouch, had in her possession the rough draft of Miss Richardson's comedy, which he had seen, and which, if his testimony is to be confided in, established the plagiarism beyond all doubt."

Mrs. George Anne Bellamy, the famous Juliet, whose romantic adventures would fill a large volume, solicited, when a child, her father, Lord Trawley, to introduce her to the poet Pope. The day was fixed, and the young lady, full of thoughts of

how she would impress the great man with a notion of her understanding and superiority, drove in her father's coach to Twickenham. She was ushered into the post's presence, who, immediately on seeing her, rang the bell. The housekeeper answered it. "Take miss," said Pope, "show her the gardens, and give her as much fruit as she can eat." The great man was angry that a young girl should dare to *think* she understood his works.

Shortly after Mrs. Bellamy's great success in *Monimia*, in "The Orphan," she received a message from the Duchess of Queensberry, saying that her grace desired to see her the next day at noon. Mrs. Bellamy took a chair and was carried to Queensberry House; but when she announced herself, the groom of the chambers told her that the duchess knew no such person. She returned home indignant and humiliated, and found another note from her grace, appointing a meeting for the following day. This time Mrs. Bellamy *walked* to Queensberry House, and was immediately admitted to the duchess, who said to her, "Well, young woman, what business had you in a chair yesterday? It was a fine morning, and you might have walked." Mrs. Bellamy was dressed in a linen gown, and her grace remarked, "You look as you ought to do now; nothing is so vulgar as wearing silk in the morning. Simplicity best becomes youth, and you do not stand in need of ornament; therefore dress always plain, except when you are upon the stage."

Charles Macklin, or rather Charles M'Laughlin—for such was his real name—was celebrated for being the first actor who took a *serious* view of the part of Shylock. The account of his last performance of that character is most affecting. The veteran lagged "superfluous on the stage." He had been sixty-three years before a London audience, and was more than ninety years of age. He dressed himself with his usual care, went into the green-room, and said to Mrs. Pope—

"My dear, are you to play to-night?"

"To be sure I am," answered that lady; "don't you see I'm dressed for Portia?"

"Ay, ay, very true," said Macklin, "but—but—but who is—who is the Shylock?"

Poor old man! He had forgotten he was there to play the part himself.

"Why, you," said Mrs. Pope, rousing herself; "don't you see you're dressed for it?"

He put his hand to his forehead and said—

"Yes, yes. God help me! My memory, I fear, has left me."

A few minutes after he was on the stage, where he repeated a few speeches mechanically, then stopped. Nature was worn out. He looked helplessly around, and said, "I can do no more," and tottered off the stage.

After this sad exhibition, Macklin recovered his faculties, but he never again attempted to act. His declining years were made comfortable by an annuity purchased for him by the generosity of his friends. He visited the theatres regularly, and as soon as he was seen at the pit door, no matter how crowded the house, the audience rose to make room and to give him his accustomed seat behind the orchestra. His last effort of memory was when the Prince (George IV.) and Princess of Wales appeared at the theatre after their marriage, when the prince recognised the old actor and bowed to him; the princess also acknowledged him, an honour which gave him considerable pleasure, and made him glow with a sense of past celebrity. On the 11th of July of the same year Macklin slept the sleep

that knows no waking. He was buried in St. Paul's-churchyard, and his funeral was attended not only by his theatrical brethren, but by a numerous concourse of friends and spectators.

The celebrated James Quin was the original cause of soldiers being placed as guards in theatres. In 1721 a noble earl, literally drunk as a lord, and owing his happiness and tipsiness to whisky, was standing behind the scenes of the playhouse in Lincoln's-inn-fields during a performance. Seeing one of his friends on the other side, he crossed the stage. The audience hissed, and Rich, the manager, told his lordship that "he must not be surprised if he was not allowed again to enter," whereon the drunken nobleman struck Mr. Rich a slap on the face, which Mr. Rich immediately returned. The peer's face being round, and soft, and sleek, the house resounded with the smart smack, and the members of the aristocracy and all those visitors behind the scenes who claimed to belong to the world of sweldom, attacked the actors, who in their turn took the offensive. Whether the actors were stronger in numbers, or valour, or both, is not known, but it is certain that they thrashed their antagonists, and drove them into the street. Here the poor beaux, their wigs awry, attire ruffled, eyes damaged, and noses bleeding, rallied, drew their swords, stormed the boxes, broke the glasses, and were, in a general way, rioting and devastating, when Quin appeared on the stage with a constable and watchmen, charged the rioters, and carried them off prisoners before Justice Hungerford, where the unfortunate beaux were bound over to answer the consequences of their breach of the peace, and eventually the manager obtained ample pecuniary redress. When the king heard of this unseemly disturbance, he ordered a nightly guard to attend the theatre—a custom now fallen into disuse, except at the two opera houses in the Haymarket and Covent Garden, and for the last few seasons at Drury Lane.

Quin, who stood at the head of his profession until the appearance of Garrick was a native of Ireland, and naturally prone to quarrel and fond of duelling. An actor of the name of Williams, a Welshman, who performed the part of the messenger in "Cato," so amused Quin by pronouncing "Cato" "*Keeto*," that he thundered forth, "Would he had sent a better messenger!" Williams, enraged at being held up to ridicule before the public, rushed off into the green-room, and, when Quin entered, challenged him. They fought under the piazza, and Williams was killed. Quin was tried for murder at the Old Bailey, and the jury returned a verdict of manslaughter.

Quin was considered a great wit, and some of his remarks were caustic and cutting as those of the late Douglas Jerrold. A silly nobleman once said to him—

"'Tis a great pity, Quin, my dear boy, that a clever fellow like you should be a player!"

Quin retorted—"What would your lordship have me be—a lord?"

One of his criticisms on Garrick was extremely happy. It must be remembered that Garrick's light figure, and restless, volatile manner were in direct opposition to the quiet dignity and majestic repose of Quin.

"What do you think of Garrick's Sir John Brute?" a gentleman asked Quin.

"'Tis a part I never saw him in," was the reply; "but I've seen him do *Master Jackey Brute* very often."

Although Quin understood the art of good living, he was no glutton. His constant allusions to the pleasures of the table, to the merits of well-hung venison,

and the delicate flavour of John Dories, were merely pleasant, intentional, and ostentatious affectations, as, when he first saw Westminster Bridge, and exclaimed—

“O that my mouth were that centre arch, and that the river ran claret!”

When Thomson, the author of “*The Seasons*,” was confined in a spunging-house for a debt of 70*l.*, Quin went to see him.

“I have come to sup with you,” said Quin; “and, as I supposed it would be inconvenient to have a supper dressed here, I took the liberty of ordering one at the tavern hard by, and I have brought a half-dozen of claret by way of prelude.” Supper over, the actor said, “It is now time we should balance accounts. The pleasure I have had in perusing your works I cannot estimate at less than one hundred pounds; and I insist on now acquitting the debt.” Saying which, he placed a note on the table and departed.

Travelling with his friend Ryan, in Wiltshire, Quin alighted at an inn, and was told by the landlord that, his house being full, he could offer them no bedroom save one that was haunted.

“The very thing!” cried Quin. “Let us have supper in the haunted room; and bring us a bottle of your best.”

The meal despatched, Quin drew his pistols, charged them, and called for more wine.

“Now,” said he, “we are prepared; let the ghost come when he list.”

Midnight sounded, but no ghost appeared; but, shortly after, a rumbling noise was heard in the chimney, and a tall figure, attired in customary white and flowing garments, descended, made two or three gestures, but offered no spiritual violence. Quin took up a pistol, and cried—

“Angels and ministers of grace, look here! Mr. Ghost, I am speaking to you; and, if you do not this instant acknowledge yourself to be one of the human species, by Heaven I’ll make a ghost of you in earnest!”

The apparition fell upon its knees, and explained that it was the master of the adjoining house, and had contrived an opening in the chimney in order to terrify the landlord, and prevail upon him to quit the house, that he, the ghost, might see his own name swing upon the sign-post. The spectre was immediately compelled to drink a bumper; the host was summoned, and the unfortunate apparition was compelled to leave the neighbourhood.

In addition to his private property, Quin, at his retirement, enjoyed what was called a “genteel pension” from the Civil List, conferred on him for teaching George III., when a child, to recite.

Of all actors who ever lived, Garrick rendered the most important services to the stage; and, taking into consideration the difficulties by which he was surrounded, of all managements Garrick’s was the most perfect and successful. Where he found confusion he established order; and, by force of genius, but, still more, by force of tact, he elevated a loose method of obtaining a precarious living into an acknowledged and respected art. In his day, theatrical management became a private speculation, and comedians ceased to be “the duke’s company,” or “the earl’s company,” and to lead a lazy, antechamber life; added to this, he exhibited very excellent abilities as an author; and his numerous prologues and epilogues are of the very first order of merit.

## WAYFE SUMMERS.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

POLTREWYN.

THE broad beam of sunlight which had seemed to usher in the day was only illusive, and even before breakfast was served in the dingy coffee-room, by a waiter who looked as though he had slept in the frowzy corner where all the cruet-frames and yellow water-bottles were collected on a rickety table, the rain had washed out its brilliance, and turned it to a pale, sickly haze, which struggled feebly against the neutral tint of the overhanging sky. The whole air of the room was so close and feverish that I would gladly have gone into the street but for the certainty of there being nothing to see except the outsides of some tall, faded houses, relieved here and there by gateways which seemed to belong to some of those "distilleries, breweries, malt-houses," or factories of "soda, soap, leather, ropes, sails, shoes, saddlery, floor-cloth, patent shot, pins, hats, tobacco or snuff, &c.," which, as I read in the well-thumbed guide-book lying on the table, composed part of its "extensive trade."

This same guide-book, from which Marie began to read the foregoing particulars, lay neglected in the window, and offered few attractions to the ordinary reader, although it was embellished by sundry marginal notes expressive of the general scepticism of the frequenters of the house, or of their sense of humour as developed in certain sketches adorning the fly-leaves. Strangely enough, the dry facts recorded in the dog's-eared volume lulled me into day-dreams of the church where Chatterton practised the cheat which poisoned his whole life, and made even his genius infamous; still more strangely transported me in spirit to that old china closet in Perram-street where I had discovered the forgotten hoard of books. As my companion read, in even and monotonous tones, of Queen Elizabeth's Hospital, and the other charitable institutions, the name of Edward Colston and his hospital for maintaining and apprenticing one hundred boys brought to my recollection an old brown-covered volume, over which I had hung to the last fading light of a summer's evening in that dingy closet, amongst the best china. The book was called "The History of Silas Told," and purported to be an account of the voyages of a sailor who had been helped to go to sea by this same Edward Colston, "the Bristol merchant," of whom I remembered that he was said not "to let his left hand know what his right hand did"—a statement which was always (in this particular relation) associated in my mind with the fact of his having money for casual distribution in both pockets.

I had travelled with Silas Told to all manner of strange and wild countries, to which the trade of Bristol seemed to have extended even so long ago—"to the West Indies, Havannah, the Mauritius, the East Indies, Venezuela, China, Russia, and the African coast," as the guide-book had it—when my wandering fancies were suddenly recalled, and the reader's voice hushed by a sudden irruption into the room. Entered a rather florid gentleman, with large black whiskers, followed by the boots, carrying a pile of parcels in his arms.

"Only just half-an-hour for breakfast," he said. "Tell Nancy to look alive, William, and bring these samples to the table. I beg your pardon, ladies," he added, turning to us, "but I did not notice your presence in the room."

He was a fussy man, with rather a moist eye, and a bloom upon his face too deep for health. As he sat down, after bowing to us in the profoundest manner, he took out a bundle of letters, and began making some memoranda upon their covers. His attention strayed from them presently, however, and he rose and walked to the fireplace.

"Heard of the accident in this street this morning, miss?" he asked, addressing Marie.

She said she had not heard of any accident.

"A man fell off the top of the coach, and broke his leg in two places. A Frenchman, I think he is; at all events, a foreigner of some sort."

"Was he dressed in a cap and a loose coat?" I said, excitedly.

"Well, yes, he certainly was, miss," he replied. "Dear me! no relation of yours, I hope?"

"I told him no; he had been our fellow-passenger to Bristol; and was about to add that that was all, but felt that this would scarcely be true, since I was already half-convinced that he was the uncle of my companion.

"What has become of him?" said Marie.

"Oh, they've taken him to the hospital, I believe. He wanted to go on to Cornwall, he said—or, at least, I heard he said so, I *should* say—but I fancy he won't do that very readily. Here for a month or more, I'll be bound. Breakfast ready in the commercial, James?"—this to the waiter, who entered at the moment—"Very well, then, I'm ready for it. Ladies, I have the honour of wishing you a very good morning."

Breakfast was set, and taken away untasted; indeed, there was little to tempt appetites already satiated with the smell of former joints, which seemed to hang heavily in the room-corners, and come out now and then in unavoury gushes.

Dried fowls, tongue with a grain like mahogany, beef badly cut with a haggling knife, cloudy eggs—all failed to tempt us. We ventured only on tea and dry toast; and the rattling of the coach-wheels in the inn-yard was a welcome signal for us to pay and depart. The former ceremony we effected without a murmur at the exorbitant charge. Yet the waiter looked dissatisfied, and shook the crumbs from his napkin over us as we went down the steps. The boots had already taken inside places on our behalf, for which he demanded an extra gratuity; our luggage was already bestowed; and, as we took our seats, I believe we both experienced and expressed a feeling of satisfaction for our deliverance, although we had a long journey before us, and the rain had somewhere found a way through the roof, and dripped upon the floor.

There were no other inside travellers, however, and we contrived to avoid this trifling inconvenience; the dingy streets through which we passed once left behind, we were finally jolted each into a dry corner which was sufficiently comfortable. I remember little of that part of the journey; for, although here and there I could discern some indications of a landscape, and a few dells crowned by wooded heights, the rain, which blurred our glass windows while they were up, and beat in upon us if we kept them wholly down, blotted out the view. I had taken a book with me, but retain no very vivid impression of its title. I think it must have been a volume of Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling," however, for I have a rooted dislike to that work, and, although I cannot remember a single paragraph of it, seem conscious of having read it long ago, when it should have been inte-



resting, and failed miserably. Whatever it was, however, I became conscious of a long silence, during which I read mechanically, and my thoughts were all the time roving back to London—to the imagination of Jean Dufour lying in the hospital bed with his shattered leg—to speculations on Mr. Donhead's house at Poltrewyn, a subject on which I had sought some information from my companion. Looking up at her presently, I found that she, too, was elsewhere than in the coach opposite me, for her face wore an unusual smile, and her lips were moving gently, as though she were repeating to herself some pleasant speech which had been either suggested or recalled by her wandering fancies.

She was an admirable travelling companion, chiefly because she made no effort to be talkative. Of all the insufferable pests with which a human being can be afflicted on a long journey, the too-acute individual, who thinks it agreeable to make remarks about everything, is assuredly the worst. To go to bed after a day spent in such companionship, with the clatter of unmeaning sentiment or the ceaseless effort after weak enthusiasm ringing in one's ears, is too great a penalty to pay for avoiding utter solitude. To be taciturn or inharmonious may be a fault, but it is better than to have a fancy and an intellect set to a constant jig tune, which plays in a trivial and yet unequal measure till the ears loathe the sound. Not either of these moods was Marie's, however; she was a practical believer in the truth that the "golden" silence fitly introduces, if it does not originate, the "silvern" speech; and this was a convincing proof that only her body, and not her soul, was French. I remember this now, as it struck me then, from the singular facts of our eyes meeting with (I suppose) a mutual recognition of each other's preoccupation, of our each laughing with the consciousness of the other's momentary thought, and of our almost immediately launching into a good long talk, which lasted till the coach stopped for dinner. My part of the conversation, however, was principally confined to questioning, for I desired to make some sort of acquaintance with Poltrewyn even before we reached it, that the shock of coming suddenly upon a strange place might be broken. I felt, too, that my knowledge of the arrival of Jean Dufour, and so the possession of a secret which Mr. Donhead believed to be his alone, would require me to be on my guard, and to have the first strangeness of a new abode mitigated by previous description.

I learned that Poltrewyn was a small place, containing only a few houses, which became scattered as they approached the outskirts leading to the sea; that the church at which Mr. Donhead officiated was a tolerably large and handsome one, however, and was attended by several families living at some distance, as well as by many of the people connected with the mines which lay about two miles from the rectory; that this rectory, my future home, was a tolerably large house, faced with stone, but standing in a high and bare situation, sheltered by few trees, and inclosed by a low stone wall; that Mr. Penruth's cottage was far from Poltrewyn—more than three miles distant; that his son still lived with him, and was some sort of foreman, or overlooker, at the mine; that his name was Ambrose. Mr. Penruth, it appeared, was believed to have added the business of smuggling to that of a fisherman, but was an old man now, and, indeed, had been somewhat broken ever since his daughter left home many years ago. This son and daughter were the two children whom Marie remembered to have seen standing by her bed after she was saved from the wreck. The daughter had nursed her to sleep in her arms, and I could see the tears rise in tender remembrance of her care and love.

"Did she often see the son, Ambrose, now?" I asked.

I thought the tears gave way to a faint flush as she replied—

"Yes; she saw him generally once a week; he went to Mr. Donhead's church in the evening."

"Did his father go there?"

"No; they neither of them really belonged to the Church. The father was a Wesleyan Methodist; had been, as it was said, converted at one of those periodical preachings which obtained the name of 'revivals,' but had shown no such violent symptoms as afterwards accompanied the professions of the converts. There had been at Poltrewyn a preacher of singular power and rough eloquence, who to his solemn and fervent exhortations joined considerable, and not altogether unscholarly, knowledge. To hear him the rugged fisherman went frequently; and, although his life—except in what was considered the very venial offence of smuggling—was never vicious, soon began to display a change of manner, lost some old traits of recklessness, and eventually made public profession of religion in the Methodist congregation. He never attended Mr. Donhead's church. The two men knew each other, but between the still stalwart old fisherman, the once wild and daring sailor, and the cold ecclesiastic there was little sympathy. Mr. Donhead seemed to look upon Penruth not without a sort of dismay—a feeling not often exhibited by him. Penruth simply took no more than a commonly respectful notice of the churchman, and, feeling rather repelled than attracted, kept aloof. A few handsome houses were built on the uplands beyond the village, some four miles off. These were the seats of country gentlemen, or retired bankers and merchants. Two or three of the families came to the church at Poltrewyn. Amongst the most intimate of Mrs. Donhead's friends was a Mrs. Braidlaw, the widow of a banker, who lived in the nearest of these houses, a large and handsome mansion, standing in its own grounds. She and the family visited at the rectory constantly, and I should be certain to receive an invitation to her house, with its beautiful flower-garden and conservatories."

These were the principal details of the information which I sought and obtained during the remainder of the morning's journey.

With Mrs. Braidlaw, and my probable invitation, my long questioning ceased, and we were assisted to alight by the guard, who further proffered the information that we could "have a bit of summut there clean and comfortable"—a recommendation which I fancied revealed his opposite experiences of the hotel at Bristol.

It was certainly a comfortable-looking roadside inn, and there was a cosy fire burning in the bright parlour to which we were conducted. It was a lightsome, pleasant room, with quaint walnut furniture, and a canary singing in a cage. The table, too, was covered with a snow-white cloth, and a great home-made loaf, with delicious indications of variety in the way of crustiness, was accompanied by a dish of cream cheese, fresh and fragrant. I forget now what particular joint was served, but I know there was a difficulty about carving, until the landlady, a stout, good-humoured soul, came and cut us our dinners. I remember, at her suggestion, too, port wine negus, made odoriferous with spice, was given to us, and the flushed face with which I once more took my seat in the coach after our repast.

The day was drawing in now, and there would be no more stopping, except to change horses, until we reached Exeter; for the rain had never ceased, and the roads were heavy, the coach splashed from wheel to roof with the miry clay.

"Marie!" I said suddenly, after a long interval, during which the coach, with four fresh horses, was whirling along the level road at a quicker pace than we had before attained—"Marie, I thought you could carve?"

"No, dear; never had any instruction in the art; it's an accomplishment not generally considered necessary for a governess."

"I forgot to ask you how you live."

"Oh, meat three times a week generally; coffee, tea, and bread and butter most days; a little ale occasionally—no wine, no spirits."

"Nonsense; you know I don't mean that; you live by yourself, don't you?"

"Ye-s, or at least no. I live principally in the school-room, but I sleep and take my meals in the cottage, or the 'school-house,' as it is called. That is my home; and I keep a little maid to help me with some of the work of bedmaking and sweeping."

"Well, but you must have joints cooked sometimes."

"Sometimes, but not often; twice a week I eat fish, and when I have a joint I carve it in a fashion far from orthodox; hence my hesitation and ignorance at the inn to-day."

"Marie! doesn't the young man, the fisherman's son—Ambrose Penruth—come to see you sometimes?"

I had not intended it as an impertinent question, since it seemed to me only natural that they should see each other often; I was thinking of him only as the boy who had moved so quietly about her bedroom when she lay a forlorn and shipwrecked child. I am sure she knew that I asked the question only in the pursuance of this thought; yet I saw her eye waver, and the colour suffuse her cheeks, as she replied—

"Yes; on Sunday evenings I meet him at church; in the week he generally calls as he comes home from Truro."

It is strange that I felt an answering flush in my own cheek, a trembling in my lip, which answered her look, though neither of us spoke; then I knew I turned pale. It was not that I felt undue emotion at having unwarily touched on a delicate subject; the blush was not born of shame; it was the answering signal, which, had she been vulgarly suspicious, she would at once have attributed to a cause not remote from the real one. In truth, the whisper which my careless question had awakened in her heart found a faint but still too suggestive echo in my own.

I am writing the records of a life in which few events occurred which were more than ordinarily romantic—the records of a life, not a sensational tale of adventure. I am no heroine, and, therefore, may tell the truth of myself, believing that my own experience may have been that of others—perhaps of her who reads this page.

Amongst the vague dreams of my sick room, but less indistinct than most of the shadows which had faded before returning health, there had been one figure often prominent, always associated with thoughts which, if I could find any less misused word to express my meaning, I would not call "tender." In reading favourite books, in moments of unusual repose, in half-melancholy speculations, I found myself inexplicably referring to the dark, finely-cut face, the open yet piercing eye, the quiet smile which had for so short a time visited me as I lay almost lifeless. It may have been natural that the recollection of the doctor, whose face I first saw when consciousness returned, should be constantly recurring, but that

I should mentally connect all my most cherished occupations with him, and think of them in reference to a stranger, whose opinions I could but guess from the index of his outward semblance—this was a phenomenon upon which I had forgotten to reason till the habit had grown beyond entire control. I have already said that certain speculations had grown, during my sickness, to complete thoughts—had, with returning health, become settled convictions. These were in the regions of the spiritual. Along with them had grown this frequent, if not forcible, association of my inner life with the recollection, real or fancied, of Ernest White—a vagary altogether emotional.

I made little effort to subdue it; for, reader, I was not “in love.” In the ordinary and vulgar sense I had little notion of what that condition meant; it is but a poor mental condition for any *young* girl to find that she is “in love,” in that meaning of the phrase which involves the looking forward to marriage and a family. It presupposes either a mercenary or a selfish nature. I believe that my peculiar mental constitution rendered this impossible. Ernest White occupied a strange place in my thoughts. Only half real, no forcible effort of the will could dislodge him; he was too shadowy for argument, too substantial for forgetfulness. I thought his image would vanish with the day of returning health, but it remained, and I could only sometimes cover the niche where it stood. It had been suddenly uncovered now, and, as I flushed at the remembrance of my day-dreams, I trembled and turned pale to think that I was going to the place where I might see him.

It was an emotion so powerful that I was heartily ashamed of it, but its chief fear lay in the possibility of finding my image was but of clay instead of gold. I expected only to find it greatly alloyed, for I knew too much of the disappointments which attend vague and wandering memories, whose imperfections are supplied by fancy, to believe in their entire fulfilment; but supposing it should be clay utterly, or thought and sympathy should all have been flung away upon an effigy which, having no original, was a mere composition of sick fancies? For a few minutes the idea gave me more pain than I could have believed possible; but I began to reason on it, tried to despise myself for my own vanity—which was at the bottom, I said, of the whole matter—succeeded in pooh-poohing myself into at least a temporary calm, looked up at Marie, and found that she had fallen asleep.

It would have been more agreeable to me at that moment to have begun to talk again, for the cynical mood into which I had brought myself required such stimulus as could only have been found in words. Thrown back upon my own reflections, I became depressed, and, as I looked out of the coach-windows, my tears mingled with the rain-drops on my hat-strings.

Looking back upon my life, it seemed to be strangely forlorn; yet, seen by a better light, it had been wonderfully and beneficently ordered. I prayed for strength, for deliverance from morbid fancies; the fatigue of the journey, my nervous temperament, recently affected by illness, and now excited, bade me fear the recurrence of the old shadowy miseries. I prayed that the cloud might pass, that the recently-healed wound made by that old galling chain of doubt and horror might not be reopened. The very act of putting this petition brought me calmer and more peaceful thoughts, amidst which I, too, fell asleep, and only woke to find that we were at the hotel in Exeter, where a stable-boy had already taken pos-

session of our boxes, and where, after a little tea—served, as I noticed then, by a smart servant-maid, in a snug private room, the coffee-room being occupied with a grand dinner, which required the attendance of all the waiters—we went quietly and thankfully to bed.

“Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning,” says the Psalmist. Assuredly this must be the general experience of mankind. The dark and boding evil which surrounds with threatened terrors, or weighs down the soul with an unutterable burden—the heavy affliction, which seems greater than we can bear—may haunt even the hours of sleep, or wake us, with a shuddering sigh, from the half-numbness of a stupefying grief, which forbids either action or repose; but the tender daybreak steals into the wounded heart with an influence marvellously softening. The grim despair, which seemed to gather shape and size in the darkness of night, is revealed by the golden spear of morning, and shown to be only a distorted care. Close shut as the house of life may be—its windows barred and shuttered from the outer world—through some forgotten chink or cranny God’s light may shine, and, heralding the day, touch meanest things with a golden glory that belongs alone to Heaven.

The good old city of Exeter still lay bathed in the soft sunshine of early morning when we awoke, and the shadows of the night had fled. The few rain-drops which still glistened on the leaves must have fallen before daylight, for the sky was blue, only fleeced by a few driving clouds of white.

There was time for a walk before breakfast, and we dressed hastily that we might make good use of it. After lingering in the market, where fruit and flowers were coming in from the country, and gazing, full of interest, at some of the quaint old overhanging houses, we inquired the way to the cathedral, and, having found it, gave ourselves up to half-an-hour of delight; for the attendants had opened the doors, that they might finish the cleaning and dusting before the morning service, and, seeing that we were quietly disposed, admitted us.

To walk with ’bated footsteps in the dim aisles—to watch the brilliant-coloured patchwork grow upon the crumbling walls, as it was reflected by the increasing light which shone upon the great window—to feel the outer world impalpably shut out by a solemn hush, which pervaded the whole gorgeous pile like some vague and awful presence—all this was delightful: felt now for the first time in reality, but often imagined in the Abbey at Westminster, where I had been only on occasions when the number of visitors dispelled the full impression. The feeling loses its force quickly, however—or, at least, I found it so. Part of that which is at first solemn becomes dull. The details by which the effect is produced reveal themselves one by one. Only the bare building, in its awful grandeur as a monument of human faith—the tombs, as grim mementoes of mortality and immortality—hold their place in the first impressions. Much that is *mere* ornament, *mere* colour, fades when the *coup-d’œil* is effected.

Through the open doors of those quaint old houses in the cathedral close we could see the embowered gardens whence the faint but delicate scent of wall-fruit came wafted on the cool morning air. Lingering here, we heard the clock chime eight, and waited for its last booming echo before we returned to the hotel.

The sense of freedom in the bright morning air had rendered us so unwilling to resume our places inside the coach, that we had already determined to obtain seats behind the driver, if possible. As only two of his personal friends were to

occupy the box with him, and there were already applications for inside places, this arrangement succeeded admirably. We wrapped ourselves in warmer shawls, accepted the offer of a new rug, which the coachman, who was wondrously polite (I afterwards heard that he had been a student at one of the universities), lent us to protect our feet, and prepared for the thorough enjoyment of so much of our journey as still lay before us.

It is doubtful whether any long or detailed description of scenery has ever been successful. Even Sir Walter Scott, who, in his prose works, devotes pages of fine and often glowing language to such descriptions, frequently fails to convey any adequate impression to the reader. In his poems, where we are carried onward by the bold and vigorous images which follow each other like the waves of a swift mountain stream, we seem to seize the aspect of wood and lake and mountain glen; but they are, after all, suggested differently to different readers by that very imagery, which rather illustrates than describes.

Not only for this reason, however, do I refrain from any record of my first journey. Lacking power, I am also deficient in knowledge, for the country through which we passed was, to me, all indistinct in its details. Save in the general impression of the whole, and the exquisite and lasting delight it produced, I remember nothing. Nature had stolen upon me quietly, not with awful surprises and ecstatic discovery, but with a pervading joy and peace. To quote a passage which I remember to have read somewhere, "All of me was eye which was not ear." I think something of the same feeling was experienced by my companion. We were no longer conversational, except by quiet and somewhat interjectional remarks; but her hand stole into mine, and remained clasped there. I think I cried a little, but the tears were only the exudation of a sort of spiritual balsam.

By green lanes, where high wooded hills towered up beyond the adjoining pastures—where cottage girls, black-eyed and ruddy with a peachy bloom, stood by their bright milk-cans to see the coach pass—by swelling uplands, where sudden clefts and "dips" in the heights showed orchards, woods, and pastures mellowing in the sleepy sunlight—by bare roads, where the aspect of the country began to change, and we stopped at a village inn for me to make my first acquaintance with a Cornish "parsty"—exquisite combination, by which the wayfarer holds a complete dinner in his hand!—by long, open wastes, their surfaces broken by enormous rocky boulders, excavations, sheds where solitary engines wrought—by great plains, their bare expanse of furze, and granite-blocks, and undulating heath seeming to stretch far away where the dying day sank in a bar of blood-red light—past villages here and there—villages of a dozen houses, perhaps—past churches standing lone and wild—churches, as it appeared, without a parish, in the midst of rocks almost as large as themselves—past the parish itself, two miles away; then more houses huddling together—past the latest stragglers of a country suburb; then a street, shops, public-houses, a crowd of six persons standing at an inn-door—and we were at Truro.

The first person I saw, standing waiting for our arrival, was Mr. Donhead. By him stood a younger man, dressed in a rough coat, but with a bluff, handsome face, and hair curling in strong wiry clusters; his stalwart figure and brawny shoulders contrasting with the tall rigidity of his black-clothed companion. His were the first words I heard as we clattered up.

"Heer's te cootch, sir," he said; "ye waent be long from Poltrewyn."

Mr. Donhead had stepped up to the window, expecting to see us inside; but the quicker eye of the Cornishman had seen us on the top. Marie was so seated as to make it necessary for her to descend first. He had already brought a step-ladder, and offered her his hand. To my temporary wonderment, I heard him address her almost without the slightest accent.

"You've had a long journey, Marie," he said, quietly. "I hope you'll take a day's rest before you open school."

But for the necessity of responding to Mr. Donhead's inquiries, I should have been overcome with surprise; as it was, I waited till we were under the shadow of the porch, when I touched Marie on the arm, and asked her, in a whisper—

"Is that Ambrose Penruth?"

"Yes," she replied, "that's Ambrose," and turned back to beckon him. He was near us in a single stride. "This is Miss Wayfe Summers," said Marie, giving me a one-sided introduction. He bowed.

If I said that his whole manner seemed for a moment aristocratic, I might be supposed to exaggerate; and yet it was so. It was not dignified, nor distant, but with that peculiar grace which belongs—and only rarely belongs—to strong men, was mingled a reserve totally different from bashfulness—rather expressive of conscious or supposed superiority in some peculiar attribute in which, as a girl, he did not expect me to share. As I caught the half-shrewd, half-humorous gleam of his blue eye, I thought I began to understand why he spoke to Mr. Donhead in the Cornish dialect, and reserved his more polished self for other, and, perhaps, nearer, occasions. The reverend gentleman himself received us in his own manner, which, if it was not remarkable for cordiality, was, at least, kind and thoroughly sincere in such expressions of welcome as it developed.

After a few minutes I observed that he went to ask a question of the waiter or the ostler. Coming in with a dissatisfied look upon his face, he asked us whether we had had any other passengers besides those who came with us to Truro. I said, "No—no others, except two farmers, who got down some miles away." I knew, then, for whom he had come to look, and was silent, waiting some better opportunity. Mr. Penruth came in presently to say that the chaise was at the door. He was to drive us, it seemed, as he mounted the box; while Mr. Donhead, after helping us inside, took the back seat. Once, on the journey home, he leaned forward to ask me if I was quite sure that no other passenger had come by the coach. After my again replying "Nobody," he spoke but seldom during the rest of the journey. It was a pretty long drive, for the moon had risen bright and clear as we entered the wooden gates which admitted us to the broad drive inside the grey stone wall of Poltrewyn Rectory.

## A DEATH-BED.

Her suffering ended with the day;  
Yet lived she at its close,  
And breathed the long, long night away,  
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,  
Illumed the eastern skies,  
She passed through Glory's morning gate,  
And walked in Paradise.

JAMES ALDRICH.

## HISTORICAL FEMALE BIOGRAPHIES.

### II.—THE FOUR MARIES.

MARY FLEMING, MARY LIVINGSTON, MARY BETON, MARY SETON,  
MAIDS OF HONOUR TO MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

#### II.—MARY LIVINGSTON.

MARY LIVINGSTON was the youngest daughter of Alexander, fifth Lord Livingston, by his wife, Lady Agnes Douglas, daughter of John, second Earl of Morton, a granddaughter of James IV. She was cousin to Mary Fleming, and, like her, related by the illegitimate blood to the sovereign.

Lord Livingston was a nobleman of large possessions and high standing among the peers of Scotland. On the death of James V. he was appointed by the three estates of Scotland as one of the six lord keepers, to whom the care and custody of the infant queen were confided. Three only of the six noble commissioners acted, and of these Lord Livingston was most approved by the queen-mother, and was in constant attendance on the person of his young royal charge. Mary Livingston was one of the four Mariæ chosen by the queen-mother to be educated with the little sovereign, associated with her in her sports, and trained to attend upon her as maids of honour. She accompanied Queen Mary to France, but was not separated from her parents, for Lord Livingston attended his illustrious young charge as lord keeper, and Lady Livingston was one of her ladies in waiting.

After awhile, Lord Livingston, who was the possessor of large domains in Linlithgowshire, was afflicted with a fit of home sickness, and wrote to the queen-mother to solicit permission to return to Scotland, having been absent almost two years. "Not," he says, "that I tire of the queen's grace's service, my sovereign lady, for it is one of the things in the world that I esteem most, to have her grace's presence daily; but only because the natural affection of the country and certain other commodities, which I am bound to regard for the weal of my house and friends, makes me to write this present unto your grace, by the which I pray your grace let me have your good-will thereto." He was, however, considered too valuable a guardian to the juvenile sovereign of Scotland to be released from his important office, and died in France in the year 1553. Mary Livingston was then about ten or eleven years old. She finished her education with her young royal mistress, and was one of her favourite maids of honour at the court of France.

After the death of Francis II. she returned to her native land with Queen Mary on the 19th of August, 1561, in the bloom of her youthful beauty, which caused her to be distinguished in the Scottish court by the name of "Mary the lovely."

Mary Livingston, like her royal mistress, delighted in the sport of archery, in which she possessed great skill. She formed one of the party at shooting at the butts on the 22nd of April, 1562, in the queen's privy garden, at St. Andrew's, where the queen and the Master of Lindsay shot against her and the Earl of Moray, who then bore the title of Earl of Mar.

Queen Mary's compotus testifies that she presented Mary Livingston with "gray damask for a gown, in September, 1563; and in February, 1564, with black velvet for a gown." An attachment had grown up between Mary Livingston and John Sempill, the son of Robert, third Lord Sempill, and his second wife,



Elizabeth Carlyle, daughter of Lord Carlyle, of Terthorwald, in Dumfries-shire. John Sempill had been, like Mary Livingston, attached to the service of the queen from childhood, and received his education in France. The queen, of whom he was an especial favourite, was accustomed to call him playfully "my Englishman," for he was born at Newcastle. But his love of dancing, and skill and activity in that accomplishment, had obtained for him in her court the *sobriquet* of "John the dancer." His father, Lord Sempill, was always identified with the English party, and in opposition to the court, though he had allowed his son to be brought up a courtier. Mary Livingston, her brother, Lord Livingston, and her sister-in-law, Lady Livingston, were of the reformed faith, yet they stood very high in the favour of their liberal-minded sovereign, and held distinguished places in her household. It was not, therefore, possible for Lord Sempill to offer any objections to an alliance in every way suitable and honourable for his second son. On the contrary, as some of the Livingstons objected to the marriage of "lovely Mary Livingston" with a younger son as a disparagement to her, he endowed him with the barony of Belltries, the lands of Auchimanes and Calderhaugh, with the rights of fisheries in the water of Calder, thus making him nearly equal with the Master of Sempill, his eldest brother. The queen, who was much attached to Mary Livingston, and, unlike her royal sister of England, a great match-maker, highly approved of this engagement, and signified her wish that the marriage should take place soon; but, as Mary Livingston had united with Mary Fleming, Mary Beton, and Mary Seton in the rash vow by which they had all bound themselves to remain single till her majesty had entered into the holy state of matrimony, their union was necessarily delayed.

At last the queen insisted that the long love between her faithful servants—the friends and companions of her childhood—should be brought to the auspicious conclusion of wedlock.

The celebration of their nuptials was spoken of in the autumn of 1564 as an event which was soon expected to take place; but, from some cause, it was postponed till the beginning of the new year. Randolph writes to the Earl of Bedford, on the 9th of January, as follows :—

"I learned yesterday that there is a conspiracy here framed against you. The matter is this : Lord Sempill's son, being an Englishman born, shall be married, between this and Shrovetide, to the Lord Livingston's sister. The queen, willing him well, both maketh the marriage and endoweth the parties with land. To do them honour, she will have them marry in the court. The thing intended against your lordship is this—that Sempill himself shall come to Norwich within these fourteen days, and desire you to be at the bridal."

Two days afterwards (January 11th) the bride elect received from her royal mistress the appropriate present of a band covered with pearls. Queen Mary gave her, on the 17th, a basquina of gray satin and a mantle of black taffety, made in the Spanish fashion with silver buttons; and the next day a gown of black taffety.

The marriage was put off by the queen's progress into Fife, whither she was attended by Mary Livingston and the other Maries. They left Edinburgh on the 19th of January, and remained a few days at Balmerinock Castle, and proceeded to St. Andrews, and, after a merry sojourn there of ten days, left for Anstruther Castle, and arrived at West Wemyss Castle on the 13th of February, where Darnley came to pay his first visit to the queen. The weather was cold and stormy,

and the accommodations in that wild fortress of the Frith of Forth rough and circumscribed for court ladies. But Queen Mary and her Maries made themselves very happy there with their needlework, dancing, and music, for six days.

They left Wemyss Castle on the 19th of February. The approaching marriage of Mary Livingston was at that time the general topic of conversation in the good town of Edinburgh, and formed the subject of the following paragraph in the official report of the English ambassador, Randolph, to his diplomatic correspondent, Leicester:—

"It will not be above six or seven days before the queen will be in this town. Immediately after that ensueth the great marriage of this happy Englishman that shall marry lovely Livingston."

The queen returned to Holyrood with her ladies on the 24th of February. A season of great gaiety ensued. Knox complains "that there was at this period nothing but banqueting, *balling*, and dancing in the court."

Of course "John the Dancer" and lovely Mary Livingston did their part in footing it at the grand entertainment that was given by the Earl of Moray to the Earl of Lennox, Lord Darnley, the chief of the Scotch nobles, and all the ladies of the royal household. The queen sent word "that she wished herself in the company, and was sorry she was not bidden to the banquet."

It was merrily answered, "that the house was her own, and she was free to come uninvited."

Her majesty then sent word "that she summoned them all against Sunday, to be at her banquet at the marriage of her Englishman."

The approaching bridal of Mary Livingston and John Sempill is further alluded to by the English ambassador, in his report to Cecil, of the 4th of March, in these words:—"Divers of the noblemen are come to this great marriage, which to-morrow shall be celebrated."

The queen presented Mary Livingston, on the 3rd of March, "with a basquina of cloth of silver," and the "*devant*," or facing of a coat, of cloth of silver. This was a portion of the bridal dress, the whole of which was composed of white and silver tissue, the gift of the queen; and the cost of it was thirty pounds, as appears from the following curious entry in the treasury accounts of the 10th of March, 1564-5:—

Item: Ane pund viij vnce of silver to ane gowne of Marie Levingstoun's to her marriage, the vnce xxv s. Summa . . . . . xxx li

We also see, from Queen Mary's wardrobe book, that she gave the bride a rich bed of scarlet velvet, with taffety curtains and silk fringes of the same colour, embroidered with black velvet.

The treasury accounts prove that she had a mattress, palliasse, and feather-bed provided from the same source, and that the price was much the same as in the present times:—

Item: Be the said precept to Marie Levingstoun xxxj elnis ij quarters of quibite fustiane to be ane marterress, the eln viij s. Summa . . . xij li xij s  
 Item: xj elnis of cammes to be palzeass the eln vj s. Summa . . . liij li xvj s  
 Item: For nappes and feedders (*feathers*) . . . . . v li  
 Item: Ane elne of lane . . . . . xxx s  
 Item: ij vnce of silk . . . . . xx s

The marriage was solemnised with great pomp at Holyrood, on Shrove Tuesday,

in the presence of the queen, her whole court, and all the foreign ambassadors. In the evening a masque was performed, the memory of which has been revived, after the lapse of nearly three centuries, by the discovery of the following entry in Queen Mary's long-forgotten treasury records\* :—

Item : To the painter for the mask on Fastioni's coin to Marie Levingstoun's  
marriage . . . . . xij li

Queen Mary testified her affectionate regard for the friend of her childhood, Mary Livingston, whom she describes as her "familiar servatrice," on her marriage with "John Sempill, her daily and familiar servitor, which they had been during the whole of their youthhood and minority," she says, to grant them the lands of Auchtermuchtil in the county of Fife, the lands of Stewarton in the county of Ayr, the isle of Little Camray in the Sheriffdom of Bute, the lands of Gethie Blatherhill and King's Meadow in Renfrew, and the lands of Bancroft, which excited great envy among the courtiers, and the especial indignation of John Knox, which, as usual, being a confirmed woman-hater, he vents in a bitter philippic against the ladies. "What bruit," he says, "the Maries and the rest of the dancers of the court had, the ballads of that age did witness. But this was the common complaint of all godly and wise men, that if they thought such a court should long continue, and if they looked for no other life to come, they would have wished their sons and daughters rather to have been brought up with fiddlers and dancers, and to have been exercised in flinging upon a floor and the rest that follows, than to have been nourished in the company of the godly and exercised in virtue, which in that court was hated, and filthiness not only maintained, but also rewarded. Witness the lordship of Abercorn, the barony of Auchtermuchtil, and divers others, pertaining to the patrimony of the crown, given in heritage to skippers, dancers, and dallyers." He makes a coarse and most unjustifiable personal attack on the newly-wedded pair by speaking of what he, without the slightest foundation for the calumny, calls "the shame-hasted marriage betwixt John Sempill, called the dancer, and Mary Livingston, surnamed the lusty" (meaning the lovely or brilliant). The facts prove that the bridal of John Sempill and Mary Livingston, instead of being hurried forward for any indecorous reason, was postponed still several months later than the time originally appointed.

\* It took place, as we have shown, in March, 1564-5, and their first child was born in the year 1566.

Mary Livingston was the first of the four Maries who entered the holy pale of matrimony, and it was on this occasion that her royal mistress said, "I have now begun to marry off my Maries; they will all follow in time, and become wives, and perhaps, ere long, I may make one of the same band."

So far from losing her situation in the royal household in consequence of her having entered into the state of wedlock, Mary Livingston was promoted from the post of maid of honour to that of lady of the bedchamber to Queen Mary, at an increased salary. Her place among the Scotch maids of honour was supplied by her youthful relative, Magdelaine Livingston.

† Queen Mary had promised to honour Mary Livingston's infant nephew, the

\* At her Majesty's Register House, Edinburgh. I am indebted to the courtesy and kindness of J. Robertson, Esq., superintendent of the literary department, for the communication of the items connected with Queen Mary's gifts to the Four Maries derived from this source.

son and heir of her brother, Lord Livingston, and Lady Livingston, with her presence at the christening festival at Callender House, in Linlithgowshire, and, though they were Protestants, to present the babe at the baptismal font in person, and give him his name.

The 1st of July was the day appointed for her majesty's journey there with her secretly-wedded husband, Lord Darnley, his father, and three of her ladies, of whom Mary Livingston, though her name has not been mentioned, was undoubtedly one. Her husband, John Sempill, would be also in attendance among the lords in waiting.

The court was then at Perth, and in consequence of the ill-will of the Earl of Moray and his party to the marriage of the queen to Darnley, who had excited the hatred of the English party and conciliated the friendship of no one, a confederacy had been formed against him, between the Earls of Moray, Argyll, and Rothes, and the Duke of Châtellerauld, and they were to lie in wait for the royal party at the Parenwell with a strong ambush, and to slay or capture him and his father, take them from the queen, and hurry them to Berwick, while another party was to seize the queen and carry her off to Lochleven Castle, there to detain her as a prisoner till she had made such concessions as it might please Moray to dictate.

Fortunately, the evil designs of the conspirators were discovered by the loyal Lindsay, Laird of Dowhill, who resided in the neighbourhood of Parenwell; and, having learned that they expected the queen and her company to pass at ten o'clock on the Sunday morning, directly he had received the intelligence he took horse and rode off to Perth, and communicated what he had heard to the queen in her own chamber; for she had ridden from Dunkeld that afternoon, and, being much tired with her long journey, had already retired for the night. She immediately summoned a council, and was advised not to hazard the journey; but as she was considered in no less danger, if she remained at Perth, of being attacked by the traitors, she determined to keep her promise to Lord and Lady Livingston, and avoid the ambush by starting several hours sooner than she was expected. An escort of 200 armed horsemen was gathered together by the Earl of Athol and other loyal gentlemen in the night, ready to surround the person of their sovereign when she mounted. Queen Mary was in the saddle at five o'clock on the Sunday morning, attended by Darnley and his father, three of her ladies, her equerries and lords in waiting, and dashed past Lochleven and the Parenwell several hours before she was expected, crossed the Forth at North Ferry, and arrived safely at Callender House at ten o'clock, and afterwards performed her promise of presenting the heir of Livingston at the baptismal font, and disdained not to give her presence at a Protestant sermon, "which," says John Knox, "was reckoned a great matter."

A gloomy change came over the gay court of Holyrood after the queen's marriage with her English cousin, Darnley, whose violent temper, aggravated by the vice of intemperance—which he had learned of his evil-minded Scotch kindred, the Ruthvens and Douglasses, whose great study was to sow discord between him and his royal consort—produced misery and strife both in public and private. The queen's determination to resist his ungrateful desire of wresting from her the supreme authority caused him and his unprincipled faction to regard all her faithful and old attached servants, both gentlemen and ladies, with jealousy and

undisguised ill-will, and to demand their expulsion from her household—a requisition which, being unjust, she firmly withstood.

The tragic scene of the assassination of her deformed secretary, David Riccio, in the presence of the queen, took place just at the anniversary of Mary Livingston's marriage—a frightful contrast to the lively mask and jocund ball which had celebrated that happy event, and filled old Holyrood with mirth and revelry.

Mary Livingston and her husband were both in waiting in the abbey, though not in the queen's cabinet, the fatal evening when the butcher-work was perpetrated on the unfortunate secretary, in the queen's presence; yet an imminent peril impended over Mary Livingston, as her brother, Lord Livingston, had been marked for one of the victims whose slaughter was premeditated. The conspirators also intended to drown several of the queen's most attached ladies, among whom she might be reckoned. The remorse of Darnley after the cowardly massacre of the deformed little secretary had been perpetrated, and his horror of the proceedings of the ferocious traitors who had beguiled him into that disloyal confederacy against his royal wife, disconcerted the plans of the conspirators, and preserved Mary Livingston, her brother, and her husband from their malice.

When the queen's ladies, who had all been prevented by Ruthven and Morton from coming to the assistance of their royal mistress during the first twenty-four hours of horror which succeeded the murder of Riccio, were at last sent to her by Darnley, she immediately employed Mary Livingston to engage John Sempill to abstract from David Riccio's chamber, which was placed under Lord Sempill's guard, the black box containing her foreign correspondence and the keys of her various ciphers.

This important service Mary Livingston's husband, through her conjugal influence and instructions, was happily able to perform for their captive queen.

The circumstance of his father, Lord Sempill, being banded with the confederacy against Riccio gave John Sempill great facilities for rendering the assistance to the distressed queen which she required at that time. There can be no doubt, therefore, that it was principally through the co-operation of this faithful young couple, and their active exertions and transmission of messages to her loyal friends, that Mary and Darnley were able to circumvent the conspirators, and to effect their escape from the restraint in which they were detained at Holyrood.

Mary Livingston was with the queen in Edinburgh Castle after the return of the royal pair to Edinburgh, on the flight of Morton, Ruthven, and such of the conspirators as had committed themselves by the overt act of treason of murdering Riccio in their sovereign's presence, and then restraining her person.

The queen, who, in consequence of the fright, agitation, and personal violence she had suffered on that occasion, did not expect to survive the birth of her child, caused an inventory of her jewels and rich dresses to be made in June, and wrote against each the name of the friend or servant to whom she bequeathed it, in token of her love and remembrance. This interesting document, which has lately been brought to light, is attested by the autograph signature of Mary Livingston, as witness, opposite to that of the queen, in a firm, fine character. The articles marked as her bequest to Mary Livingston are as follow:—

“24 aiguillettes, enamelled, containing 44 small pearls.” These were ornaments made of gold to be sewn on a dress.

"An embroidery." A rich piece of needlework, probably worked by the queen's own hands, to serve as a state counterpane or table-cover.

"An embroidered *douillette*" (a lady's wadded pelisse).

"A cottonere" (a petticoat).

"A carcan." A medallion necklace to encircle the throat.

"A chain."

"A string of coral of 63 pieces."

"Another string of coral."

"Another string of coral of 88 pieces."

"A remnant of a rosary."

"A girdle and cottonere enriched with pearls."\*

The queen survived to fulfil a sadder destiny than death in childbirth; but her story has been too fully told to require recapitulation here.†

Mary Livingston was driven away, with the rest of the faithful Scotch ladies, when the queen became Bothwell's captive; and when she had given herself up into the treacherous hands of the associate lords, at Carbury Hill, and was dragged into Edinburgh by them as their prisoner, Mary Livingston (who is erroneously called, in the French record, *Mademoiselle Sempill*, instead of *Mistress Sempill*) sought her hapless sovereign, with Mary Seton, and attended upon her in the midst of her foes; and her husband, John Sempill, was one of the brave gentlemen who assisted in effecting her escape from Lochleven Castle.

James Sempill, the firstborn child of Mary Livingston and her husband, John Sempill, Laird of Belltries, was about six months older than the infant heir of Scotland, with whom Queen Mary caused him to be associated in the nursery as a playfellow and companion from the hour of the prince's birth. The connexion of the grandfather, Robert, Lord Sempill, with the rebel party prevented her appointment from being altered after her fall, and the coronation of the innocent usurper of her throne. James Sempill received his education in the school-room of his young royal master, under the learned Buchanan, and shared the sports and sufferings of the poor oppressed babe who was mocked with the name of the sovereign of Scotland. Mary Livingston and her husband sometimes resided at Mayer Castle, in Auchtermuchtie, and occasionally at his fine mansion, called Blackland, near the cross in the main street of Paisley. Their union, which had been one of pure affection, was very happy. They had four children, three boys and one girl—James, Arthur, John, and Dorothea.

Her eldest brother and his wife, Lord and Lady Livingston, had accompanied their royal mistress in her flight to England, clung to her in her adversity with noble fidelity, and abandoned their country and fair lands in Scotland to share her captivity in her English prisons.

When the Earl of Lennox was appointed by Queen Elizabeth to the regency of Scotland, he by some means discovered that a portion of Queen Mary's jewels and wardrobe had been deposited with Mary Livingston and her husband, John Sempill. On their denying all knowledge of the articles, he arrested John Sempill and committed him to prison; and cited Mary Livingston before the lords of the Privy

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\* From Queen Mary's Testamentary Inventory, in the Register House, Edinburgh, kindly communicated by Joseph Robertson, Esq., superintendent of the literary and antiquarian department.

† See Life of Mary Stuart, in "Lives of Queens of Scotland," by Agnes Strickland.

Council, where he sharply questioned her touching certain "lang-tailit gowns garnished with fur of martrix and fur of sables," pertaining to Queen Mary, which were enumerated in her "Wardrobe Inventory, but absent without leave, and, by diligent inquiry, traced to the said Mary Livingston, spouse of John Sempill, Laird of Belltries, and confidently reported to be in her custody with other gear appertaining to the wardrobe of the king's highness's father."

The young noble matron at first affected ignorance on the subject, and exerted all her feminine wit and ingenuity to baffle the inquisition; but my lord regent was too cunning for her. He was apparently as deeply versed in the value of the materials and trimmings of ladies' dress as a man milliner, and too keen on the scent of such of the spoils of his royal daughter as had escaped the covetous Countess of Moray, wife of his predecessor in the regency, to be thus circumvented. After Mary Livingston had stood for many hours exposed to the cross-questioning and brow-beating of himself and the lords of the council, Lennox, infuriated by her inflexible firmness, at last threatened "to put her to the horn"—in plain English, to pass a sentence of outlawry upon her, which, according to the ancient customs of Scotland, was proclaimed at the market cross with three blasts of the horn in every town in Scotland. Mary Livingston's stout heart was at last vanquished by his ordering her husband to be brought into the council-chamber, and subjected to the torture of the boot in her presence. The terror of this menace extorted from her the acknowledgment that "she was actually in possession of the three lang-tailit gowns he demanded; but then she protested that they and the furs whereof he spake had been presented to her by the good queen her mistress as part of the perquisites of her office as one of the ladies of the bedchamber, were of little value, and would be of no use to any one." Lennox, however, insisted on the gowns being produced; nor was fair Mrs. Sempill, late as the hour was, permitted to return to her own lodging that night till she had given surety "that she would *compear* in the council-chamber on the morrow and surrender the gear." She did so, most reluctantly, and thus obtained her discharge.\*

The scene of her examination must have been an amusing one to witness, and the surrender of the long-tailed gowns in the council-chamber would furnish a good subject for an historical painter. Queen Mary, in one of her letters, complains bitterly of the conduct of her father-in-law, the Earl of Lennox, as the prosecutor of her faithful subjects; "and also," she says, "he presumes to spoil us of certain jewels—yea, the very best we have—resting in some particular hands in keeping, whom he torments by imprisonment, *basting* (menacing), and other unlawful rigors. He has imprisoned John Sempill because he refused to deliver to him those he keeps, and we know not what title or reason Lennox has to crave the same."†

Neither the resignation of Queen Mary's long-tailed gowns nor even the death of Lennox sufficed to deliver Mary Livingston nor her husband from their troubles. Their fidelity to their captive sovereign rendered them obnoxious to the Regent Morton, and he selected John Sempill for one of the hostages that were demanded by the English government for the safe return of Sir William Drury, his army,

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\* Appendix to "Inventory of Queen Mary's Wardrobe," edited by the late Thomas Thomson, of Shrubhill, Leith, Keeper of the Royal Records, H. M. Register House, Edinburgh.

† "Recueil des Lettres de Marie Stuart," par Prince Alexandre de Labanoff. Vol III.

guns, and battering-rams sent by Queen Elizabeth to crush the last hopes of her hapless kinswoman by the reduction of Edinburgh Castle.

Though Sempill had the good fortune to return in safety to his anxious wife and young family, their troubles were not over.

The fair lands in Fife that had been granted by Queen Mary, at a nominal rent, to them for their mutual lives, and to remain with the survivor, were part of the royal appanage, and Morton insisted that it ought to revert to the little king. The question was moved before the senators of the Justiciary Court, and, notwithstanding the grant held by Mary Livingston and her husband, under the great seal, it was perceived that might overcame right, for the regent sat as judge, personally to decide the cause against them in behalf of the crown, whereof he was the sole and uncontrolled recipient of the revenues.

John Sempill, in his exasperation for the loss of the lands, probably used expressions of a vindictive character, for he was soon after arrested on the charge of having conspired against the regent's life with his nephew, John Whytefurde, of Milnetoun, and that he had lain in wait by the kirk, within the kirkland of Paisley, to have shot him, in the month of January, 1575, at the instigation of the Lords John Hamilton and Claud Hamilton.

John Sempill was detained in prison on this charge till 1577, when he was brought to trial and condemned on his own confession, which had been extorted from him by the torture of the boot, which his feeble constitution and long imprisonment rendered him incapable of sustaining. Whytefurde had borne up with Spartan fortitude against the severest agonies the malice of his foes could inflict, and, after denying the charge, remained obstinately silent. Sempill's life was spared, in consideration of his having confessed; but it was a cruel mercy, for he never recovered the effects of the torture and the humiliation and pain of mind his confession had cost. He died on the 25th of April, 1579, in the prime of manhood.

Mary Livingston was left in great trouble, not only on account of the affliction into which the loss of her beloved husband plunged her, but their estates having been seized by Morton, she and her children were almost in a state of destitution till the fall of their insatiable persecutor, when she was allowed to receive the benefits of the provision made for her and her younger children in her husband's will. Her eldest son, Sir James Sempill of Belltries, succeeded quietly to his father's estate. He was the personal friend of his sovereign, James VI., with whom he had been educated, and who appointed him as his representative on several foreign embassies. He possessed great abilities, both as a poet and a diplomatist.\*

His unpublished letters to the king from the court of England are in the charter chest of his descendant, Sir John Maxwell, Bart., of Pollac. They are full of witty and sarcastic descriptions of the personal vanity of Queen Elizabeth, and the slavish homage with which her courtiers treated her.

The exact date of the death of Mary Livingston is not known, but she was living in the year 1592.

AGNES STRICKLAND.

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\* "Francis Sempill, a *pretty boy* of nine years of age, on the 24th of July, 1587, delivered the welcome oration to King James VI., when that monarch visited Paisley." This "*pretty boy*" was grandson of the provost and the beautiful Mary Livingston, one of the four Maries of Queen Mary.



## THE TOWN AND COUNTRY BELLE.

*Cudleychugh, September 24th, 1862.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE, IN THE STRAND, LONDON.

RESPECTED SIR,—I do not know whether it is usual for the people who write to you to introduce themselves, but I hope you will excuse it if it is a liberty, and I make bold to do so, because I see in your beautiful magazine so many *answers to correspondence*. There's nobody here to say anything too—leastway, if I did they would only laugh, or, at least, they would never feel that I was in earnest.

I live at Cudleychugh, and my father's a farmer—well off he is, of course—but mother always will have me attend to the house and help in the dairy; and I dare say she thinks it's quite right—perhaps it is so—because I shall be married some time, I dare to say, and then it's quite necessary to know such things. I really have had a good many young men speak to me; I don't mean that I ever quite was engaged to keep company with any of them, but one I like. He rents a very nice farm at Hazenorton, about three miles from here, and I know he means—at least, I mean he *did* mean—to offer. When I say he *did* mean, I forgot that I ought to tell you about my cousin Angelica coming down to see us this summer. You must know that I was at a London school for nigh a year, to finish my education; the same school it was—Ivy House—where Angelica went to, but she was older than me, and she is now—she knows it—so that I can tell you she never took much notice of me, no more than of a cat, except to give herself airs. But I won't be bad-tempered—that is not what I want to say. We had a letter—at least, mother had—early in the summer, to say that Angelica was, the doctors said, delicate, and that country air and farm-house living would be for her benefit; so mother and father wrote to our relations, Angel's mother and father—or, at least, her mother, who is my aunt—to ask her down here for a month or so, and, though I hadn't seen her for five years—because I left the school when I was fourteen, and she was seventeen, if not eighteen, then—I got her room all ready, and slaved and made myself all in a pucker to make her comfortable, and mother set everybody cooking and cleaning. All this I should never have minded, because I thought she might have turned out to be a nice girl, and, as father says, blood is thicker than water; beside, I knew she was quite a Bel in town, and must know all the fashions—not that I ever dress much in the fashion, for we are such very plain, countrified people at Cudleychugh, and father never will let one have cloths different to the other farmers' daughters. But our bookseller at the shop has your magazine from London, and I may tell you that I have made some things from those beautiful patterns. Mother knows it, because we both set to and worked at odd times, but father don't.

Well, after all, when Angelica came, father went in the new chaise to drive her over from Blackberry Station; he found such a many boxes and things that we had to send Joe for them with the cart the next day. When she got home she could hardly get in at the door, and father said that, as they drove along, all the men working in the fields laughed to see her great big greenolin hanging over the rear wheel. I don't see that she looked particularly delicate, except being pale, like most London girls. I know when father went to sleep she eat away at the creams and shortcake that mother and me made. She never said much to us about London.

and you wont believe it, peraps, but she never offered to kiss us when she went up to bed. I went with her to show her to her room, and I thought she would have asked me to stay and have a bit of talk, or peraps to sleep with her, but she didn't so much as open her mouth, excep to gaip, and to say, "Good night, Alice!—is your name Alice?—I shall see you at breakfast, I suppose?"

I think it was eleven before she made her appearance, dressed, I must say, lovely, but more as though she was going to the assembly than to see the farm-yard, which I asked her to do. She was a bit more pleasant in the morning,



and I took her over the farm—I wonder she wasn't afraid of spoiling all her things—and then she wore one of those little round boxes of hats that I hear are so fashionable in London—pork pies I hear they call them, and I think a good name—and a great thick veil, besides a parasol to keep the sun off, for fear of her skin.

I coodn't help feeling quite a common, corse person by the side of her, and she treated me so—just as if I was a servant, or a black negro, or something inferior. These paternising airs she kept up all the time she stayed with us, as distant and as strange, excep when she laughed at me, which she often did. She used to call me a "cure," whatever that meant, but I think it's the same as a guy. She had learnt this, and a good many other words, from some gentleman in London—in the Government, I hear—that was in love with her.

When her trunks came home, I thought she would ask me to come up and look at her things, but she never took any notice until I asked her whether I should help her to get them out. Then she said, Oh, yes, I might, for she wasn't used to folding up dresses, and she had a maid at home. They were *lovely*, some of them, so mother said too; but she couldn't never tell how they were made. I mean Angelica couldn't; she always left everything to the dressmaker she said. But the worst of all is to come. When Charley used to come to see me of an evening I could see that he could never keep his eyes off her. Mother said it really was almost disgusting to see her try to bring him into a net with her antika.

I never could say a word when they got talking; it seemed to take my breath away, and to bring on a choking in my throat; and I got to be miserable, and almost to wish I was dead; till one evening, when I missed her, and Charley hadn't come, I went out for a good long walk by myself. I was too dull even to change my dress, and so had all my morning things on, with only just my hat, and no gloves nor nothing; and I went on, without knowing it, to the lane where Charley and me used to go and pick blackberries when he first spoke to me. Close to the stile I saw them both—she leaning against a tree, and him cutting some letters on the bark with his knife.

Then I heard her say, in her nasty drawling way, as if she was too lazy to speak, "You must have lived in London, Charles" (she called him Charles, the minks did)—"you must have lived in London, Charles, to have learnt to pay such pretty compliments." Then he turned round and looked at her quite in a rapture, and he said, "Yes, I was ten years in London," he said, "and have never been in love since till now; but you see I come back to country manners, and carve my sweetheart's name on the trees." Then I looked; and, oh my! if there wasn't a great A—for Angelica, of course. I thought I should have dropped down dead; and went and sat down on a bank and cried till my heart almost broke.

After that I felt better, and turned down the lane to go home, when I run plump up against my cousin, and trod on her frock, and, I think, broke one of her hoops. "You clumsy thing," she says. "There's no need to call me names," I said, for I felt my spirit rise against her; and a worm will turn when it's trod on—or, at least, *she* was trod on—but that's one of my mistakes, which please excuse. "How would you like me to steal from you and try to rob you if I came to London to your house—which I wouldn't do—and met your gentleman in the Government?" "I don't know what you mean," she said; but she turned a little red, I can tell you. "I was passing by the stile just now," I said, "you false girl, and I should like you to tell me whose name's cut on that tree?" Well, she pulled her vail down over her face, and only burst out a-laughing. "Oh! is that all?" she says; "spare my blushes; there's no harm done." "No harm, Angelica Dundreary?" I said—her name's Dundreary: her other cousin on her father's side is a great lord—"no harm? oh! how *can* you be so cruel?" and I went home without her.

She went away the next day to go abroad to some foreign place with her family. She left a little note for me to say she should send me cards when she was married, and asking me to go and look how nicely the letters was cut on the tree. . . .

Oh, sir! since I wrote the last line I've snatched up my hat and *been* to the tree—my heart was so full—and, oh, dear, dear, Mr. Editor! it's all a mistake—the A was for ALICE, and that's *me*—and Charley's here, and I'm *so* happy, and it's all right.—Yours very obediently,

ALICE ROSE HAYFIELD.

## THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

OUR readers are aware that it is now the dead waste and middle of the night of the book no-season. There are no books to summarise; no books to review. The Book of the Month is comprised in falling leaves; and of them it is not so easy to say new things as true things. In our own mind they are for ever associated with "beggars or thieves," because, in a book of child's verses which we had when very young, there was a poem\* about the wind, beginning—

"Which way does the wind come, which way does he go?"

and containing, in its progress, the following:—

"Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a rock,  
Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard cock;  
Yet seek him—and what shall you find in the place?

Nothing but silence and I empty space,  
Save, in a corner, a heap of dry leaves,  
That he's left as a bed for beggars or thieves."

It was, of course, only the picturesque beggar and the picturesque thief that used, in our early fancies, to sleep on the bed of dry leaves left by the wind in a corner; it was a sort of couch on which we always looked with romantic longing; not omitting, however, to take the pleasure, which most grown people enjoy as well as any child can do—the pleasure of a good shuffle with the feet among the brown, crisp, dead creatures as they lie. Some dead leaves, indeed, might make couches for princesses; they are so pretty. Who would object to a bed of begonia leaves, for instance, or of such marvellously red specimens as one sometimes picks up under a hedge in a country walk at this time of year? Hardly the king's daughter who felt a pea through seven feather-beds: though she would be sure, after the experiment, to rise with a person patterned all over.

The falling leaves, however, have been so often reviewed before, that we fear we should tire our friends by repeating old matter if we were to say much more about them. It is true that there is, strictly speaking, no Book of the Month published; but, turning over in our minds the books of the last few months, we have remembered two which have found no place in our columns, but which should not be overlooked. So we have resolved to write retrospectively for once, and, as the books are books of poetry, to give a pleasant taste of both.

Certainly, one of the most noticeable books of the year 1862 is *Goblin Market* and *Other Poems*, by CHRISTINA ROSSETTI (Macmillan and Co.), with its two designs by her brother, Mr. Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Wonderful little designs they are, and wonderfully engraved in wood—the *genuine thing*, not that sort of wood engraving which mimics the fineness of steel—deformed (we need hardly say) with some Pre-

Raffaellite conceit, but full of power and meaning. The fact that mortal man can conceive such goblins, and hold fast the conception till he has put it down, is almost disturbing. One thinks, uneasily, "He *must* have been and seen them somewhere; and oh, if such creatures do exist, the good Lord deliver us!" The poems themselves contain, also, plenty of the affectations of the school, and (among them) a great deal more about "apple-blossoms," and "apple-trees," and "apples," than is necessary; but they are worth reading, as we shall show you. As for apples, we are sick of them, and do most humbly and heartily pray the Pre-Raffaellites to take to pears, or greengages, or even pumpkins for a change. At Goblin Market all sorts of fruit were sold, to girls who would "buy with a golden curl;" and the sensual little Laura gets into trouble by having a pennyworth. Her good sister Lizzie rescues her at some cost of pain and peril to herself, and they live happy ever after, and warn their children against goblins, and such-like, with much unction. Two of Miss Rossetti's smaller poems we will give. One is called—

## "A TRIAD.

"Three sang of love together: one with lips  
Crimson, with cheeks and bosom in a glow,  
Flushed to the yellow hair and finger tips;  
And one there sang who, soft and smooth as snow,  
Bloomed like a tinted hyacinth at a show;  
And one was blue with famine after love,  
Who, like a harpstring snapped, rang harsh and low  
The burden of what those were singing of.  
One shamed herself in love: one temperately  
Grew gross in soulless love, a sluggish wife;  
One, famished, died for love. Thus two of three  
Took death for love, and won him after strife;  
One dined in sweetness like a fattened hen:  
All on the threshold, yet all short of life."

Another extract we take from the "Devotional Poems," which we like very much for all their mannerism. One of the most exquisitely tender things in the Bible is thus set to music:—

## "A BRUISED REED SHALL HE NOT BREAK."

"I will accept thy will to do and be,  
Thy hatred and intolerance of sin,  
Thy will at least to love, that burns within,  
And thirdesth after Me;  
So will I render fruitful, blessing still,  
The germs and small beginnings in thy heart,  
Because thy will cleaves to the better part—  
*Alas, I cannot will!*  
"Dost not thou will, poor soul? Yet I receive  
The inner, unseen longings of the soul;  
I guide them turning towards Me; I control  
And charm hearts ill they grieve:  
If thou de-re, I yet shall come to pass,  
Though thou but wish, indeed, to choose My love;  
For I have power in earth and heaven above—  
*I cannot wish, alas!*  
"What, neither choose nor wish to choose? and yet  
I still must strive to win thee and constrain:  
For thee I hung upon the cross in pain;  
How, then, can I forget

\* We forget who the author was; but it was some one in the Lake circle, and it was a woman.

If thou as yet dost neither love, nor hate,  
Nor choose, nor wish—resign thyself, be still  
Till I infuse love, hatred, longing, will—  
*I do not deprecate.\**

And we cannot omit—though it was not our  
original intention to quote it—the last poem  
in the volume, called

"AMEN.

"It is over. What is over?  
Nay, how much is over truly!—  
Harvest days we toiled to sow for;  
Now the sheaves are gathered newly,  
Now the wheat is garnered duly.

"It is finished. What is finished?  
Much is finished known or unknown:  
Lives are finished; time diminished;  
Was the fallow field left unsown?  
Will these buds be always unblown?

"It suffices. What suffices?  
All suffices reckoned rightly:  
Spring shall bloom where now the ice is,  
Roses make the bramble slightly,  
And the quickening sun shine brightly,  
And the latter wind blow lightly,  
And my garden teem with spices."

Miss Rossetti is one of those writers upon  
whom criticism would be thrown away; and we  
will not venture to speculate ever so little as to  
her future. One thing, however, is certain—  
that her public will always be limited.

Her transitions of thought are rapid; her  
allusions are what is called remote. How many  
readers of the little poem we have last quoted  
will catch at once (as is necessary for the due  
effect of the writing) the reference to Canticles  
iv. 16? How many readers of her poetry in  
general will care to extract her meaning in  
short stories which are quaint little parables,  
and short lyrics which are, generally, downright  
riddles? In the first place, a great deal of  
reflection is necessary in order to find out what  
the lesson or suggestion of the writer is; and  
then, when it is secured, it looks like a truism  
to vulgar eyes. It was not until the third day  
after reading "Goblin Market" that we were  
able to imagine a story of real life to fit the  
parable. To this hour, we cannot make com-  
plete sense of the story of the girl who picked  
all the "blossoms" off her "apple-tree," and  
was then surprised not to find "apples" in  
season, besides being angry with "Willie" for  
helping another girl with her basket-full. Such  
woman's-wit as we have been able to call to  
our help suggests that the "apple blossoms"  
mean youth and beauty here, and that they  
were untimely plucked for "Willie." But, if  
that be all the story comes to, it is an affair of  
much cry and little wool. We strongly suspect  
it means nothing at all, and that these Pre-  
Raffaellite poets go mauling away about  
apple blossoms out of mere infatuation.

The other book to which we are going to  
refer is *Poems*, by ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH,  
sometime Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, with  
a Memoir (Macmillan and Co.). Mr. Clough  
was one of Arnold's pupils, and a favourite one.  
Throughout a short life of affectionate and  
quiet interest he was much beloved and  
honoured by his friends, for his utter un-  
worldliness as well as for his abilities, and  
died at forty-two years of age, partly hurried  
to the grave by labours voluntarily undertaken

to aid his wife's cousin, Florence Nightingale.  
The most remarkable poem in this collection is  
the story of a gentleman of brains and culture  
who marries a poor Highland girl, and takes  
her to New Zealand. He falls in love with  
her in the course of a vacation tour, and, after  
much debate with himself, and some debate  
with her, decides to drop fine-gentleman and  
fine-lady life in all their forms, and live a  
breezy, wholesome, flesh-and-blood life with  
her and the children—when they came. That  
this story—told in hexameters which are some-  
times difficult to scan—had some "foundation"  
(as people say) in Mr. Clough's own life, we  
may guess from the little poem we are going  
to quote:—

"ὁ θεὸς μετὰ σοῦ!"\*

"Farewell, my Highland lassie! when the year  
returns around,  
Be it Greece, or be it Norway, where my vagrant  
feet are found,  
I shall call to mind the place, I shall call to mind  
the day,  
The day that's gone for ever, and the glen that's  
far away;  
I shall mind me, be it Rhine or Rhone, Italian  
land or France,  
Of the laughings and the whispers, of the pipings  
and the dance;  
I shall see thy soft brown eyes dilate to wakening  
woman thought,  
And whiter still the white cheek grow to which  
the blush was brought;  
And oh, with thine commingling I thy breath of  
life shall feel,  
And clasp thy shyly passive hands in joyous  
Highland reel;  
I shall hear, and see, and feel, and, in sequence  
sadly true,  
Shall repeat the bitter-sweet of the lingering last  
adieu;  
I shall seem as now to leave thee, with the kiss  
upon the brow,  
And the fervent benediction of—

ὁ θεὸς μετὰ σοῦ!

"Ah me, my Highland lassie! though in winter  
dear and long  
Deep arose the heavy snows, and the stormy  
winds were strong,  
Though the rain, in summer's brightest, it were  
raining every day,  
With worldly comforts few and far, how glad  
were I to stay!  
I fall to sleep with dreams of life in some black  
boothie silent,  
Coarse portulids were thou changing there to  
gold of pure content,  
With barefoot lads and lassies round, and thee  
the cheery wife,  
In the braces of old Lochaber a laborious homely  
life;  
But I wake—to leave thee smiling, with the kiss  
upon the brow,  
And the peaceful benediction of—

ὁ θεὸς μετὰ σοῦ!"

Perhaps this is the most tangible of all his  
minor poems: the remainder are chiefly the  
rhymed meditations of a soul which had learned  
to doubt of everything but the goodness of its  
own intent. That was a basis on which to raise  
a large philosophic superstructure; but Clough  
never seems to have got much further, and to  
have seen Him who "is greater than our hearts"  
through a cloud all his lifetime.

\* Ὁ Θεὸς μετὰ σοῦ—God be with you.

## THE FASHIONS.

THE season has now arrived when ladies are beginning to think of providing themselves with winter garments, and they will certainly have but little difficulty in choosing something to their taste, for the large West-End establishments of London are now so stocked with an *embarras des richesses*, in the way of mantles, pardessus, cloaks, &c., that the most fastidious would not fail to select something to please herself.

The newest and most fashionable material for the coming winter, for PALETÔTS, is called *drap de velours*, and is likely to be very extensively adopted this season for outer garments. This *drap de velours* is a thick, soft, velvet-looking cloth, and is made in several shades, the tints being quite as bright as if the material were silk. The imperial blue is of a richness that surpasses description, and the manufacture of the tissue is so exquisite, that there appears quite a bloom on the surface of the cloth. It contrasts to the greatest advantage the black silk and velvet ornaments usually added to complete the garment.

Another material likely to be very general is ribbed cloth, which is manufactured in blue, drab, black, and grey, and is particularly suited for driving paletôts, or for walking wear during the very cold weather. Then there is the plain cloth, which is always more or less in vogue, plain velvet, and such-like materials, which do not carry their date, but which can be worn for two seasons consecutively without appearing old-fashioned, whereas the *very novel* materials sometimes only live for a season, and then cannot possibly be any longer worn.

THE MANTLES this winter are to be decidedly shorter than those of last year, and the paletôt seems to be the shape that will be most generally adopted. It is comfortable wear, warm, and easily put on, and so will be likely to enjoy a great degree of favour.

All the new paletôts are made with sleeves cut with a seam at the elbow, like a gentleman's coat-sleeve, and many have—what is decidedly a charming idea—a little stand-up collar, made of the same material as the paletôt. This gives a pretty, coquettish aspect to the garment.

We will now describe some winter novelties which Messrs. Farmer and Rogers, of 171, Regent-street, have permitted us to look at, and we think our readers, when they have followed our remarks, will agree with us in saying that the garments are in exquisite taste. It is due here for us to say that the creations of this establishment are the genuine works of manufacturers of real merit—of persons who thoroughly and completely understand their business; therefore we have much pleasure in speaking of a firm whose merchandise we can conscientiously recommend as possessing *good taste and some originality*.

The first thing we saw at Messrs. Farmer and Rogers' house was a material called *whirlpool cloth*, a rough, shaggy fabric, suitable for paletôts, and which is manufactured solely for the use of this establishment. For serviceable gar-

ments we predict a great amount of popularity in this material, as it is nice, useful wear.

Our attention was next directed to a drab short paletôt in ribbed cloth. This, we were told, was intended for a driving coat, and was really very masculine in its appearance, it having a stand-up collar, coat-sleeves, and pockets. Nevertheless, it was not in the least degree *outré* being so nicely cut, and made up in such a good fabric.

A paletôt made in the new material, *drap de velours*, of the beautiful bright blue, was ornamented with medallions of black braid, and profusely braided in front. The inside of the sleeve, which was small at the bottom, had the addition of a ribbon *ruche*, which contributed to the completeness of the garment.

A long jacket or paletôt, slightly inclining to the figure, and composed of pale grey cloth, was finished off round the neck with a band of velvet, scalloped at the edge, and ornamented with five rows of binding round the scallops. The trimming of the sleeves, of course, corresponded, and the buttons down the front were of black velvet, with steel centres.

One of the great attractions at Messrs. Farmer and Rogers' establishment is the evening, or OPERA CLOAK, department, in which much taste is displayed.

We very much admired a *sortie de bal* we saw there a short time since, called "The Rosa;" and, certainly, no prettier or more suitable name could have been selected with which to christen this elegant article. It was composed of cloth of the new shade of pink, soft and delicate, and was trimmed with bands of swansdown, looped over at regular distances with black velvet. This trimming was carried down *one side* of the front, over the shoulder, and in a diagonal direction across the back, down to the bottom of the cloak, which was merely of the large circular shape. The mixture of the black, white, and pink was, indeed, happily conceived. For a brunette, a scarlet cloak arranged in this manner would be equally stylish.

"EVERYBODY'S CLOAK"—a title that we fear would rather deter ladies from purchasing it—is also another production of Messrs. Farmer and Rogers. It is a simple paletôt, composed of drab *drap de velours*, ornamented with two rows of tambour, one black and one white row, arranged in a pretty pointed device. But if this is to be everybody's cloak, we imagine *everybody* will not care about wearing a garment that would be in such general use, and it is a pity that such a title was given to an article that would be much liked if it were not for the name.

One fashionable mode of making high-dress bodies is with a *double point in front, a small swallow-tail behind, and straight at the sides*; that is to say, with no basque on the hips. The sleeve that best suits this style of body is a demi-closed one, shaped to the elbow, like a large coat-sleeve, the bottom portion being sloped off near the seam in the shape of a V.

The sleeve is rather long, and reaches nearly to the wrist. The new under-sleeves, called "*Les Religieuses*," or nun's sleeves, consisting of a broad stitched linen band, *large enough for the hand to slip through*, and made up on cambric under-sleeves, would assort very nicely with these bodies.

Plain glacé silks are being trimmed at the bottom with one full ruche—medallions of some kind being placed at intervals round the skirt on the ruche. A dress we saw arranged in this manner was of violet silk, with a double ruche round the bottom of violet and black, divided at regular distances by stiff cardboard bows covered with black and dotted with steel beads; a steel slide or ornament forming the knot to the bow. This dress was both novel and elegant.

Another dress, of a delicate fawn shade, made in silk rep, a material that is now being very much worn, was trimmed with bands of silk, crossed and recrossed, arranged on each side of the skirt. This silk was edged with black velvet, put on with sewing silk, of the same colour as the dress, in little wheel patterns, similar to a *point Russe*. The bodice of this dress was arranged like one we have just described; namely, with a double point in front, a swallow-tail behind, and short at the sides.

Now that the season for black silk dresses is coming on, a few hints as to the newest and most fashionable mode of making them will, we hope, prove acceptable to our readers. A black silk skirt looks prettily, ornamented at the bottom with three *very tiny pleated flounces*, each flounce edged with a row of narrow white blonde. Above these flounces a row of velvet and steel trimming should be run on, the trimming having a slight mixture of white in it, which accords nicely with the blonde. Another mode of making a black silk skirt is with five narrow pleated flounces at the bottom, carrying the flounces up on one side; two rows of black ruching, put on in vandykes, make the skirt still prettier. Another simple but pretty fashion is to have one pleated flounce placed quite at the bottom, with three rows of the tiniest black velvet run on the flounce. This flounce should be brought half way up the skirt on the *left* side, and finished off with a bow of silk, trimmed with tiny velvet to correspond with the flounce. A *moire* skirt made up in this manner is also pretty and stylish.

We have visited another good West-End establishment—that of Messrs. Grant and Gask, 58, Oxford Street, London, who have obtained so many medals at the International Exhibition for their silks, shawls, mantles, &c. In a previous number we had occasion to notice a manufacture of Messrs. Grant and Gask, called *tissu de verre*, an excellent manufacture, which has created quite a *furor* in this great city of ours. Messrs. Grant and Gask are one of our oracles of taste; their models are very *distingués*, and continually varied, that, every time a visit is paid to their establishment, an immense assortment of *novelties* will be seen. We hope to be frequently able to chronicle some specimens *du bon goût* exercised by Messrs. Grant and Gask, which will keep our readers

*au courant* with what is being done by one of our greatest fashion emporiums.

This month we will speak of some silk dresses which Messrs. Grant and Gask had just received, but which, to our taste, were decidedly more novel than pretty. They consisted of plain glacé silk, *printed in black to imitate lace*, some being ornamented with wide and some with narrow lace. The colours we saw were green, drab, brown, and blue, and, as a specimen of what can be done in the way of manufacture, these silks certainly were extraordinary, but a woman of taste would prefer the lace sewn on to the silk, in preference to an imitation of this description. As a rule, everything that looks like an imitation should be avoided in matters of dress, and it is better to be simply attired than to wear articles got up to appear what they really are not. However, Messrs. Grant and Gask are obliged to consult the public taste, and doubtless there are some ladies who would think these silks pretty. *Chacun à son goût.*

Hundreds of silk dresses, made and in the piece, we had a peep at, to suit every taste, every figure, and every complexion, and we will briefly notice a few which we considered the prettiest and the most useful. A drab and white checked silk dress was trimmed at the bottom with a plain drab glacé flounce (pleated, of course), headed by a ruche of the same colour. We also saw some elegant chiné silks, and were told that these would continue to be very much worn during the coming winter. They were woven with a chiné border round the *bottom* of the skirt, the rest of the skirt having a *set* pattern of leaves or medallions to correspond with the border. The prettiest were drab with green chiné leaves—grey with mauve leaves. *One great advantage that these dresses with a border at the bottom possess is*, that, when a little *passé* and *shabby*, they can be easily renovated and altered so as to appear almost like another dress. By covering up the border at the bottom with a trimming of some description, the style of the garment is at once changed.

Another pretty dress which Messrs. Grant and Gask showed us, and which was quite new, was a glacé silk of the new colour called cuir, or leather shade, embroidered in coral pattern round the skirt with a *thick, stiff, black cord*. For each spray of coral the silk was pierced, the cord passed through and fastened off on the wrong side, the same as for braiding. The black cord contrasted the cuir colour very well.

Messrs. Grant and Gask have presented many novelties to the world of fashion in the way of mantles and shawls. Some velvet mantles, of the most elaborate description, came under our notice, profusely embroidered in silk, and they were so thickly worked that the velvet, as it were, appeared almost to stand alone. Three mantles, embroidered in this manner, we saw; one a very large circular, with a handsome lace pelerine; another the *paletôt* shape, with deep lace round the bottom, lace pocket, trimmings behind, and lace pelerine; another plain velvet *paletôt*, of the *sauto-en-barque* shape, made with no trimming but a few *plain* buttons.

For dinner dresses, Messrs. Grant and Gask

are selling a very rich and handsome material, called tartan velvet, being a mixture of terry and Genoa velvets. The groundwork of the plaid is of the latter material, whilst the plaid is figured in the terry velvet. The beauty of the pattern is shown to great advantage on this beautiful fabric.

To descend to garments more suitable for every-day wear, and rather less elaborate in their nature, we may mention that braided or embroidered Aberdeen linseys will be one of the popular dresses for the coming winter, and worn with cloaks to correspond. A grey linsey, braided in mauve, or black with a tiny quilling of mauve, a black ribbon at the bottom of the skirt, and a large circular cloak, braided and trimmed to correspond with the skirt, would be a pretty and useful toilet for walking. Very many garments will be braided or embroidered this winter—in fact, either of these ornamentations will be the trimming of the season.

Messrs. Grant and Gask's reversible plaid shawls are indeed comfortable, useful garments, and just the thing for putting on of an evening, now the weather is getting chilly towards that time. These shawls are manufactured of the softest wool, with different plaids on each side—for instance, a black and white plaid on one side, and a scarlet and black on the other—the wearer by this means obtaining a variety.

The Astracan shawls, in scarlet and black, and the Astracan jackets, are also pretty, useful garments. Our space will not permit of our saying anything more on the subject of mantles and dresses, but we hope to be able to give our readers, next month, a lengthy description of very warm mantles, suited to the frosty weather. These will be of a rough and shaggy nature.

We think it every woman's duty to preserve her good looks as long as she possibly can, by careful attention in little matters of the toilet; and although it is not wise often to have recourse to cosmetics, still there are certain preparations, a moderate use of which will often bring about very favourable results. So it is with Mr. Douglas's hair-wash. This lotion is composed of harmless ingredients, and is beneficial in cases where the hair is falling off; and we should not think of recommending a preparation of this description did we not know, from experience, that much benefit had been derived from the use of it. The hair lotion of Mr. Douglas, 21, New Bond-street, London, may, we think, be considered as one of the greatest boons to "the thin-haired" amongst woman-kind that have as yet appeared.

The pretty gold Combs still continue to be worn; and, when *really good*, no more charming addition can be found to a massive coil of plaits at the back of the head. But, like everything that is pretty, this fashion has been imitated in cheap materials; and for an almost nominal price combs with ornamental gilt tops may be obtained. It is on this account that, amongst women who really have a pretension to taste in matters of dress, these gilt combs will, most likely, not remain much longer in favour. However, as soon as one fashion becomes too general, another is sure to take its

place, and so it is in the matter of ornamental combs. Ladies are now wearing back and side-combs in Naples tortoiseshell, studded and inlaid with gold in all sorts of devices. At Mr. Douglas's establishment we noticed a large assortment of these fashionable articles; some with knobs dotted all over with stars; others inlaid at the back in the Greek pattern (these were excessively chaste and neat); and others with rings interlaced one in the other; in fact, there seemed no end to the patterns. The gold on the shell contrasted well together; and besides the combs there were bracelets, brooches, solitaires, and studs, all in this Neapolitan work, which will become very popular, as it is so very pretty. A handsome *pale tortoiseshell* back-comb is now considered a pretty and suitable present for a bride, and certainly nothing is more useful or lasting. The favourite style for these combs is to have them arranged with graduated balls at the top, and, put in a head of rich black hair, nothing can be more becoming.

One word as to CRINOLINES and JUPONS. To those ladies who prefer the open petticoats, or cages, we recommend Thomson's patent crown skirts, as being very durable, and not easily bent or broken. The steels are threaded on *very broad* strong binding, each steel being secured by a metal eyelet-hole, so well fastened that it is impossible for it to slip. It will be seen that Thomson's crinolines possess two advantages over those ordinarily manufactured, inasmuch as the binding on which the steels are threaded cannot break in consequence of its being so broad; and the eyelet-holes *do not wear away the tape* so quickly as *do the metal claws* usually used to secure the steels in their places. The back of the jupon is threaded in the shape of a gore, to suit the fashionable train skirts.

We know Thomson's skirts to be very strong and durable, but would recommend any of our readers who think of purchasing one to have it covered *inside and out*, to the height of about eighteen inches, with some material, either white or coloured, to prevent any accident occurring by the foot catching in the steel. A case can be very easily arranged in white figured jaconet, *gored to the shape of the jupon*, made to slip over the petticoat, and either buttoned or tied on to the steel just above the case. The bottom can be ornamented with a little frill, which should be gauffered when the petticoat cover is washed. When this is necessary, the case has merely to be unbuttoned and sent to the laundress, and in a few minutes another one can be arranged over the steels. Coloured French merino looks prettily puffed over the steels, or a series of tiny flounces, and is perhaps more suitable than white for the approaching season. The colour of the upper petticoat, the jupon case, and the stockings should all be the same, as nothing can be in worse taste than to see a variety of shades in articles of under-clothing, and, as coloured under-garments are now so extensively worn, it is well, when purchasing, to have them all to agree; even good contrasts should be avoided.



## OUR COLOURED PLATE.

1st FIGURE ON THE LEFT.—The bonnet is composed of white terry velvet, trimmed with white blonde, and plumes of feathers of the new shade called *rose fuchsine*. The strings and bandeau are also of the same hue. The *Pardessus Monténégro* is made in black velvet, ornamented at the edge with bands of sable. It is a garment that does not fit *tightly* to the figure, yet is sufficiently shaped slightly to define it. It will be seen that this style of mantle is worn much shorter than it was last season, and is decidedly prettier and more convenient. The *pardessus* is made to fasten from the waist to the throat, and is trimmed down each side of the front with a row of buttons, these reaching quite to the bottom of the garment. The sleeve is cut with a seam at the elbow, and the fur is carried up the back a short distance, to imitate an opening. The pockets on each side are also finished off at the top with bands of fur. This cloak, or *pardessus*, might be made in corded silk, trimmed with ermine, or in black cloth, ornamented with a *double quilled* *ruche* of good *broad aurené ribbon*, with a *satén edge*. The dress is of *rep rose fuchsine*, trimmed at the bottom with black velvet, cut pointed at the top.

2ND FIGURE.—The bonnet is of maroon velvet, trimmed with black lace and black feathers, which are so arranged as to form part of the bandeau. Lalla Rookh mantle. This garment is composed of pale grey cloth, trimmed with black velvet, and forms a plain circular in front. Braces and bands of velvet finish off the cloak at the top, the braces being ornamented with three small gimp tassels at each end, both *behind* and *before*. The cloth is cut away from under the braces, so as to allow of the garment sitting flatly on the shoulders, and the material is pleated at the extremity of each brace. This mantle would, of course, be equally pretty in black cloth. The dress is of green silk, trimmed at the bottom with a narrow quilled ribbon and bands of velvet.

3RD FIGURE.—The bonnet is of grey straw, trimmed with grey feathers, and has a bandeau of roses in front. Black velvet pelisse. This really elegant mantle, which fits nearly tightly to the figure, is made perfectly plain; the only ornamentation it has being the lace pelerine and the pocket trimmings of lace. The sleeve is cut with a seam at the elbow, and has no trimming whatever. The lace pelerine and the ornamental pockets are useful, of course, for other mantles, such as glacé or corded silk.

4TH FIGURE.—The bonnet is of blue terry velvet, trimmed with blue ribbon and black lace. The *pardessus* is of black corded silk, and is made to resemble a dress body with a pleated skirt. This skirt is ornamented at the top with a row of deep lace, which is filled in with the skirt. The armholes and neck of the body of the mantle are trimmed with velvet and small *grelots*, or drop buttons. It must be borne in mind that the skirt of the mantle must be very full, to sit nicely over the very full skirts that are now so much in vogue.

5TH FIGURE.—LITTLE GIRL FROM SIX TO NINE YEARS OF AGE.—The hat, which is of the *Immatriculée* shape, is composed of

black velvet, trimmed with bands of cerise velvet and black and cerise feathers. The *Alexandra pardessus* is made of cloth, trimmed with velvet, cut on the crossway of the material. It is arranged with a tightly-fitting body and a pelerine. This style of garment is very suitable for children's wear, as the cape protects the chest and shoulders so nicely. The dress is of scarlet merino, trimmed at the bottom with rows of narrow velvet, put on in a lattice-work pattern.

Full-sized paper patterns, tacked together and trimmed, of any of the mantles illustrated, may be had of Madame Adolphe Goubaud, 248, Strand, W.C., at the following prices:—

	s.	d.
<i>Pardessus Monténégro</i> .....	3	6
Lalla Rookh Mantle .....	3	6
Black Velvet Pelisse .....	3	6
Cordé Silk tightly-fitting <i>Pardessus</i> ...	3	6
Little Girl's <i>Alexandra Paletôt</i> .....	3	0

Including a flat pattern, 6d. extra.

Madame Goubaud requests that the width round the shoulders and size of waist may accompany the order for any of the tightly-fitting mantles. In the case of the child's *pardessus* this must be particularly attended to.

## OUR COLOURED PATTERN.

BABY'S BOOT EMBROIDERED IN SILK.—Materials: A few pieces of white cashmere or French merino; 2 skeins of bright blue coarse sewing silk; a small piece of cambric for lining. For the small sum of twopence, any of our readers, if they happen to have in their possession a few cuttings or pieces of white cashmere or French merino, can make a pair of pretty little boots, which are nice presents for young ladies to give to their married sisters, and which form pretty and inexpensive contributions to fancy fairs or Christmas trees. The boot is composed of 3 pieces—the sole, the toe, and the upper portion. The pattern of the toe is given; the sole measures  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches long, and 2 inches at the widest part, and the upper portion measures 8 inches from point to point, and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches from the bottom of the heel to the top. The manner in which the latter piece is cut will be easily understood by referring to the illustration. The toe of the boot is embroidered in silk in round and oval dots, edged with a double chain of coarse button-hole stitch, and the upper portion is embroidered to imitate a frill laid over. The boot is lined throughout with a piece of fine white cambric, the toe is stitched on to the upper portion, and the sole is run in, and back-stitched here and there. The tassel may be made of the sewing silk, and loops of plaited silk should be tastefully arranged to imitate a bow. These bows and tassels are only intended to make a pretty finish to the boot, it being fastened by means of a tiny hook and loop. The price of a pair of baby's boots, made and embroidered in any colour, is 2s. 6d. (postage not included), and they may be had of Mrs. Wilcockson, 44, Goodge-street, Tottenham-court-road, W.

\*.\* In consequence of the more than ordinary space occupied by our article on "Fashions" this month, we are obliged to omit our usual page of Correspondence.



**PATRICIA.**—The immense increase of wealth in this country is doing what you complain of. Transitions are the order of the day. Change in the fashion of one's dress is now as necessary as the weekly change of household linen. And if a new and pretty pattern makes its appearance in costly silk, and manufacturers, shopkeepers, and the public admire it, you may consider it certain that that pattern will be reproduced and imitated in a humbler material; and as you, PATRICIA, are wearing this last new design—say, for the third time—your friend Conscrip's lady's-maid will appear before you, sailing from the village church, in a wonderful imitation, in more plebeian stuff, of your favourite "silk." The flattering unctuous must not be laid to your soul either that this state of things is going to alter. *Au contraire*, it will continue to increase. And there is this comfort in it—that your well-bred women are now, as they have been, and ever will be, recognised for their bearing, their conversation, and their general accomplishments, as well as for their exquisite taste in their toilets, which latter excellency we should not be faithful to our cloth were we to disparage or condemn.

**BECKY SHARPE.**—We are not of your opinion, and are sorry, therefore, that, as the greater includes the lesser, we don't agree, in so far as it goes with you, with Mr. Thackeray. There is a wonderfully fine cynical feeling abroad now, for much of which Mr. Thackeray, we think, is responsible. He "puts his foot down," *à la* President Lincoln, on snobbishness, which includes all servility, hypocrisy, and various minor social iniquities. That is well enough; but he does appear, in his gentlemanlike contempt for everything that is not *haut ton*, to have lost all care, and solicitude, and praise for minor virtues. Thus, his admiration for any man who can drink seems to us excessive; for instance, the "athletic and bolstorous" genius of Fielding one cannot put, perhaps, on too high a ground. But Mr. Thackeray's reasons for his admiration of Fielding seem to be principally that he did like sack-posset, and did not like tea—that he preferred tavern choruses and grey dawns to household organs and early sheets. In fact, his decision as to Fielding's genius is correct; but, as we have often been told, one's decision is very likely to be a right one, but your reasons wrong ones. To sneer and caricature, if a man can sneer and caricature well, is a talent by no means to be despised. But one doesn't want it always; and it is because we find the author of "Esmoud" using these weapons of scorn and derision over much, that we are not in concord with him. He has become dexterous, through long familiarity, with the passes of his sharp rapier. Let them lie in their scabbards awhile. Mr. Thackeray might then take up the heavier basket-hilt and show us if he can do any broadsword play. A good soldier is unsatisfied with knowing the attack and defence of one "iron" alone.

A LADY writes to us from Ireland—"Having seen an advertisement in the 'Stamford Mercury,' last week, to the effect that employment was given to females from the 'School of Arts Studio,' 90, Great Portland-street, Oxford-street, London, W., I sent for their Prospectus, which I inclose; and I would be greatly obliged if you would kindly let me know whether you think it is possible that a person could learn the art (lithography is the art referred to) in so short a time (a short and easy course of six

lessons, occupying about a month), as I am anxious to learn a business, and I am not in a position to risk time and money without it being an advantage to me. I trust you will excuse me troubling you, but, being a subscriber to the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE, I feel sure that you would answer any question that you could."—We will make inquiries concerning Messrs. Fuller and Co., the teachers of the art, and, next month, will print the results.

**AUTHORESS.**—You are scarcely so frank as was Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle, who lived and wrote in the latter half of the 17th century. Thus, in one of her ladyship's last productions, she avows, with commendable candour, a most inexpressible *cacothés scribendi*.—"I imagine all those who have read my former books will say I have writt enough, unless they were better; but say what you will, it pleaseth me, and, since my delights are harmless, I will satisfy my humour:—" "For had my brain as many fancies in't

To fill the world, I'd put them all in print;  
No matter whether they be well or ill exprest,  
*My will* is done, and that pleases woman best."

**G. NELSON.**—The pride of ancestry is strong amongst most men. Byron was, it has been said, prouder of being a descendant of those Byrons who came into England with William the Conqueror than of having been the author of "Childe Harold" and "Manfred." Napoleon, on the contrary, cared nothing for his descent. When officious Italians desired to make out that his forefathers had been popes, or at least cardinals, he told them that he did not care a jot about such things, for, like Rudolph of Hapsburg, he desired to be the first of his family.

A SUBSCRIBER (Thurles, Ireland). Not greatly approving ladies enamelling their faces, and thinkin' it not far short of ridiculous, we have not entered into the mysteries of this art, and do not pretend to give any information on the subject. Be sides, would it not be presumptuous to try and divine for a moment the secrets of the celebrated Madame Rachel? We would recommend you to apply to this great *artiste*; but, before being operated on, counsel you to make some arrangements as to pecuniary consideration, or you may find yourself in an awkward predicament, as did a certain lady not very long since, through not having a proper understanding. Enamelling is an expensive process, and, as the French say, "The game is no worth the candle"—even a wax enamelled one.

**IRENE.**—There will be no distribution in 1863.

**MARY STUART.**—You take upon yourself a great responsibility when you undertake to teach anything to children. It is not possible for us to determine whether any lady "would take you to instruct her children in music." If you have the requisite knowledge, and know how to impart it to other (and, remember, teaching is a very different affair from learning), and have connexions, then it will be easy for you; but, unless you are working with these conditions, you will find many difficulties in procuring the permission of respectable parents to instruct their young girls.

**CONTRIBUTORS RESPECTFULLY DROINED.**—"The Poor Man's Rose;" "England's Address to her Queen;" "To \*\*\*\*\*;" "On Three Little Graves lying in W— Churchyard;" "The Dying Girl;" "The Lofly and Barren Mountain;" "The Water-Lily;" Lady Kate's "To Florence;" Acton Carew's "Answered Prayer."

#### NOTICES.

The SHILLING EDITION comprises, besides the contents of this Magazine, an 8-page Supplement, containing Illustrations of Winter Bonnets, Different Modes of Making Dresses, Collar and Sleeve in Muslin and Net, Insertion for Braiding and Embroidery, Collar, Trimming for Under-Linen, Handkerchief Design in Muslin and Net, and an effective Coral Slipper Pattern. Also a Fashion Plate, including a Riding Costume. Also a Coloured Picture in Lithography, varnished ready for framing.

A few Copies of this Magazine for May, 1860—viz., Part I of the present Series—are wanted. Forward to the Publisher.



